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THE

# MAN OF TWO LIVES.

## A Narrative

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

( Boaden, Jas. )

"The spirit transmigrates; and far from losing its principle of life by the change of its appearance, it is renovated in its new organs with the fresh vigour of a juvenile activity."

BURKE. 1790.

"Hoc habuit ex munere Mercurii, tem ut vivens, tum mortuus, omnium quæ contigeret, MEMORIAM *teneret.*"

LAERT. in vitâ Pythag.

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BOSTON:
WELLS AND LILLY,—COURT-STREET.

1829.

# THE MAN OF TWO LIVES.

## CHAPTER I.

I AM ignorant whether any other being ever imagined or possessed the gift which has been *mine*. To enjoy and abuse the usual gift of *life*, inestimable though it be, is common enough; and vainly to wish for opportunity to correct its errors, naturally attends even our own partial review of existence. How far a *second* life, if granted, might produce a result so desirable, may be left as a matter of speculation to the moralist. When the bourn is once passed from which no traveller returns, our reckoning with *man* at least is finally closed—we can neither do nor suffer more upon the earth.

I have a thousand times struggled against the singular conviction of my own mind, against the positive evidence of my senses. In a strain of unaffected humility I have exclaimed: "Who am I, that I should be singled out as a mark so striking, and alone possess an unexampled privilege?" Often in tears I have suspected that

I was the victim of some mental delusion.—"Does madness claim me," said I, "with the Philosopher in Rasselas, or will ridicule, immortal as its author, class me among the *Strulbrugs* of Gulliver?" All this I *know* should be beyond my care. I am faithfully to record the convictions of my experience,—I have only yielded to such evidence, as the reader will see could not be resisted.

If consciousness alone establishes our identity, (for our body is in a constant state of change,) *that* principle in me might render other proof unnecessary. I need only express my consciousness that one and the same mind has animated and directed two distinct persons, was intimate with their growth and their decay, their pleasures and their pains, their mental and moral discipline, their hopes and their fears. I *am* the man now writing his present history, and am equally sure that I *was* that other being whose life I also record, because I know it to have been mine.

As this life resembles, in fact, no other that has ever been written, it should commence in a manner utterly unlike every other biography. The reader, therefore, will allow me to tell him, in the outset, that I died at the early age of forty-five, in the City of Frankfort on the Maine. I distinctly remember the last expres-

sions that I used, as life was ebbing fast away. After a rapid survey of a mispent existence, I suddenly clasped my hands together, and exclaimed with convulsive energy—"O, that I could return again into the womb of my mother, and spring once more into a world in which I have trifled with time, and abused the blessings of my condition! I have suffered much, and deserved to suffer; never having promoted the happiness of others, I of necessity poisoned my own." At that agonizing moment, did I fancy a voice of more than human sweetness, or did really some immortal spirit speak to my mind, rather than to an ear stiffening into clay, the words which follow?—UNHAPPY MIND, THY WISH IS GRANTED; THOU SHALT ONCE MORE ANIMATE A HUMAN FORM.

> He ended; or I heard no more: for now
> My earthly, by his heavenly overpower'd,
> As with an object that excels the sense,
> Dazzled and spent sunk down.

The deliquium into which I had fallen, was to my thought like the soft spell that consigns the living man to slumber; the objects of sense are withdrawn, and pure intellect itself seems for an instant to repose. My mind, divested of corporeal senses, was as a library, whose doors are closed, a memory upon which no call is made. But I found myself, after an inter-

val, which successive ideas only could have enabled me to measure, united to a helpless infant, frequently in pain, and goaded by frequent wants; these were constantly supplied, and by the gentlest means; the sweetest odours ascended my nostrils; I turned towards the fountain of my gratification, and found its taste more than answerable to its perfume.

But I soon discovered that I was not permitted merely to enjoy and be at rest. Hands, to which I became accustomed, compressed, but did not hurt, my tender substance—a refreshing coolness often flowed around me; and, after a compulsory exertion of my infant limbs, which wearied the elastic power that it called into action, I sunk into a slumber not undelightful, and my last waking sensation was the pressure of the lips of fondness, which shed a honied dew as they departed.

It is by no means my wish to describe the growing pleasures which every opening sense afforded to my consciousness; as to light itself, and the flood of glory which is its essence, it must be now as then veiled to the inadequacy of my powers; an equivalent for such description, if existing, can only be found in the soaring blindness of the bard of Paradise, whose rapture has styled it the coeternal beam of Deity, in which he dwelt from eternity, and must ever dwell.

In its bright, yet softened medium, I soon distinguished with peculiar pleasure a figure of gentle motion, all whose parts were smooth and fair, who seemed to fix my gaze by a power which I turned to like the light itself, and whose expression called the corresponding sense in me into action, and character, and meaning. Sounds of the softest melody accompanied her breathing over me; I listened to them in preference to all others, and my imperfect organs began the work of imitation. My weak attempts appeared to inspire her with delight; she kissed me so as to interrupt the very murmur which gave her joy, and I repeated the sounds to secure a repetition of the caresses—nor were they barren sounds I uttered, for as I pronounced them, I found the sacred idea of mother awakened in my mind. I say awakened, for there it had long been—it came not as a stranger, but as a friend. Whether I felt more than others I know not; my sensations were limited to my experience; but I was conscious that the idea, MOTHER, with its delights, had been known and enjoyed before.

Let me bend with more than common reverence at the mention of that hallowed being! The lower races of animal nature know it no longer than they need its help. Man alone is capable of a grateful sense more lasting than

the benefits conferred. He only can invert the relation of parent and child, and give to the being from which he derived his own, a succour, all but parental. Such however is neither the feeling, nor can it be the speculation of infancy. Let me return to the condition of my early self.

Other forms occasionally were forced upon my attention: the sympathy they excited was different in kind and in degree. One being in particular soon drew to himself a large share of my notice.

> "Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
> Than that smooth female image,"

there was something awful even in his caresses. He seemed less framed for soothing and repose. His voice roused and somewhat startled—it did excite a laugh, but somewhat accompanied with fear.

One female, however, there was still more constantly employed about me than my mother. But the expression of the two could not be mistaken, even by infancy. While the superior softness seemed to look within my eyes, and divine the very wishes of my thought, the coarser being made up in noise and bustle for the want of actual tenderness. By being in constant action she excited attention, and se-

cured her power by her arts. I became speedily sensible that much of this effort, however lavished upon me, was not intended to gratify the child alone. The greater portion was levelled at a higher observer: to my mother she was perpetually displaying the volatile force of my little person. I was taught to spring forward in her arms at a sound she uttered, and sometimes continued the action without the command. Before the admiring mother my laughing agility was extravagantly commended; but when we were unattended or unobserved, I was often checked and chidden for the very excellence which distinguished me. At such times a sharply interjected sound of a hissing and disagreeable nature, which I afterwards found was "See! see!" alarmed even myself as to the danger which might follow the too constant exertion of my powers. Infant wilfulness would often spontaneously demand indulgence in her arms, and if a contest arose between us, passion displayed itself in sobs and tears, until I obtained a removal to the bosom of that superior softness, who captivated in so many ways—who silenced the cravings of appetite, and dried up every tear; the trembling lustre of whose blue eyes was like the unclouded expanse above us, rendered intelligible by wisdom and by love.

One feeling of infancy I shall run the risk of specifying, which related to my father. Whenever my mother transferred me from her own arms to his, I became instantly sensible of a difference which was comparatively painful. The stronger grasp did not more securely hold: by not yielding to the yielding substance which it compressed, it gave uneasiness and begot fear. There was the awkwardness that attends a want of habit. The arm was too powerful for its task, and required more maturity in the pupil to be used as its master. When firmly clasped to the breast of my father, the buttons on his coat felt hard and cutting to my soft, though elastic substance, and if he suddenly kissed my cheek, his manly chin offended the delicate texture of my flesh; but the glow of smart sensation subsided soon when my face renewed its contact with the pillow of my couch, or the far more delightful and more natural pressure of the maternal bosom.

I record these earliest impressions, because I had a mind previously exercised, and, therefore, capable of retaining them. All infancy perceives them, but before language is acquired, objects only transiently affect the brain. Ideas have but little clearness until we fix their lineaments by names; and the greatest of all

poets made no mistake, when he makes Prospero speak thus to Caliban, in that masterwork, the Tempest:

> "When thou *didst not*, savage,
> *Know* thine own meaning, but would'st gabble, like
> A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
> With words that made them known."

But here I drop the nursery, with its attendant pains or sports, and hasten to the period when I might be called a thinking being.

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## CHAPTER II.

At the period to which I have alluded, I found myself to be the son of George Sydenham, Esq. and of Sophia his wife, a lady of great personal beauty, and of accomplishments carried much beyond the routine of education, by a disposition of the happiest kind. The greatest harmony existed between my parents. Independent as to fortune, their virtues were never fiercely tried and proved by adversity, so that they kept a placid and even tenour in life, were admired for their decorum, and beloved for their beneficence. Without ostentation, they dispensed the blessings of an elegant

sufficiency; and their chief and anxious hope was that myself, an only child, with the good qualities of both, might by his mind and manners confer honour on the stock from which he sprung.

As I grew up I showed an application to study rather beyond that of the youth of my own standing. But I was chiefly remarkable for an abstraction of thought, which seemed excited by other than the surrounding occurrences of my family and connexions; and incoherent expressions would sometimes escape me, relating to places remote from home, and persons whose names were utterly unknown to both my parents. I talked, for instance, of foreign modes of tuition; and described a certain German university so minutely, that my mother asked me what tour upon the continent I had been recently reading, and begged me to get it for her. I replied, "there is no allusion to books in the description which I gave. I merely give in my best manner what is visible to my mind's eye—I distinctly bring before me the lofty tower of the grand church opening upon the square—hear the tuneful chimes that called the pupils to the public school, where the name of Frederic Werner is, perhaps, still to be seen deeply cut into the great

centre beam of chestnut, that binds as a girder the opposite walls of the building."

"Your fancy," said my fond mother, "finishes its pictures so minutely, that I am almost tempted to enquire how they agree with the fact? Churches have usually towers, and the cathedrals abroad sometimes boast of the excellence of their chimes; and open commonly into squares, from whose spacious area the architectural beauty of the building is best seen: but you venture into hazardous matter, when you put down a positive *name*, which youthful climbing ambition cuts upon the central beam of the ceiling where it studies."

I found afterwards that the dear lady had mentioned this *Werner* fancy of mine to my father, for in the midst of a very agreeable conversation, he one day spoke of associations, the *causes* of which were easily found. "I believe," said he, "Edward, the name of Dryden is still legible in your own school of Westminster, whose Abbey chimes, though not peculiarly musical, strike awfully upon the ear of the sluggard; and may even call back a vagrant fancy from the scenes of foreign discipline, to the duties of present study and arduous competition." A slight flush of colour in my cheek preceded the expression of my hope, "that my application in one place would never be blunt-

ed by the notion I could not but entertain of another."

"I should hope so too," he rejoined, "but one cannot but feel alarm at any thing like eccentricity. When I say this," he added, "I ought to declare, to your honour, that the masters of the school speak of you to me in very high terms, both as to your regularity and your progress." For this declaration I had in truth been prepared by their language to myself; and the facility discovered by me on a variety of occasions, led the head master once to exclaim—"the boy Sydenham seems to *recollect*, I think, rather than learn."

Here, for the present at least, the matter appeared to drop: but I had excited more attention than was suffered to appear. My father, I believe, rather sought the company of persons who had resided upon the Continent, and would incidentally draw from them descriptions of the various objects which his son's fancy was impressed with so strangely. For the most part there was no other difference, than that which the same things excite from different degrees of attention and taste. But it was with infinite surprise he discovered that my knowledge of every thing was limited to its condition about forty years ago; of recent improvements in buildings I knew nothing—noth-

ing of present professors in the schools, however familiar I seemed to be with the classes they taught. Singular as this undoubtedly was, one effect resulted from it, that was to my credit in his mind. If he ever suspected the contrary, he was now convinced that I had not played off the childish trick of giving the accounts of my contemporaries as my own. But my father was to be still more astonished. In turning over one of the annual sale catalogues of his friend Payne at the Mews Gate, he found a very handsome work in folio, printed about the beginning of the eighteenth century, containing a very circumstantial description of the foreign universities, their foundations, endowments, professors, and chief ornaments, accompanied with accurate views, boldly designed, and executed something in the style of Hollar's plates to the works of Dugdale. When he had satisfied himself as to the objects with which I seemed conversant, he showed me the volume. On which I thus addressed him. "When I said that I did not derive these ideas of mine from books, I spoke in the general, and really was not at the time aware of the particular exception now before you. But after my personal acquaintance with the places it treats of, I bought that book because it treated of those scenes of my youth. Yes, sir, that copy

was once the property of my former self, and before I take it into my hands, if you will turn over the title page, upon the back, about the middle of it, you will see the two names 'Frederic Werner' written in a small but neat German hand." He hastily turned back the leaf, as I directed, and there in the centre stood the two names, which I had carved and written upon the Minerva of Germany.

The mystery did not clear up by this elucidation; on the contrary, it became too difficult for his handling. I cannot be sure that he did not believe the book had been seen by his son, before it fell into his own hands, and that I had read indeed, as I said, the signature of Frederic Werner, and could therefore accurately describe what I had never written. But as he knew human nature well, and loved truth religiously, he never hinted to me a possibility of wilful falsehood, and gave me the credit fully of being *myself* deceived, if I urged any thing that was deceptive. He made me a present however of this work, and, I remarked, left me immediately, with more solemnity than was usual to his kind nature.

Upon hearing this occurrence from my father, my mother merely said, "I can rely upon my child's goodness—any harmless visionary flight, like the present, must be dispelled when

he comes to mingle in the active business of the world. The present delusion is very strange, I grant; but, if it should continue, it can be of no detriment to him. To imagine a previous life is but as the biography of another man; and a fancied being, like a real one, may supply incidents for meditation and improvement."

Whether the female nature be more strongly tinctured with romance than the male, or that she caught with pride at any feature by which a son of hers became peculiar and extraordinary, I know not, but the subject excited in my mother no feeling of alarm. My father, I incline to think, looked deeper. How far such a delusion might affect the HAPPINESS of his son was to him a subject of deep anxiety. He knew that fancies long brooded upon operate as facts; and was alarmed at the conduct they might suggest, or the changes they might undergo. The religious fanaticism, for instance, when encouraged, had led to the most singular and profane convictions. Naylor began with a passionate love for the author of Christianity, but ended with asserting *himself* to be the saviour of the world.

With respect to the book, thus doubly mine, the associations connected with it were even painful, though quite irresistible. It was with much difficulty that I could detach myself from

the train of ideas it had set in motion, and confine myself to the actual interests of my present self. Indeed I found the matter so perplexing and discordant, that I resolved, for a time at least, to avoid all recurrence to the subject; and if I could not dispel my own conviction of another existence, in another country, and under another form and name, to keep that conviction and knowledge as much as possible to myself. Hereafter perhaps, said I, they may be used as suggestions to no illiberal curiosity; when entirely master of my own motions, I may visit the scenes of my former life, and in my present form meet a variety of persons intimately known to one, whom they must consider as a foreigner and a total stranger.

The book which excited so much attention, I had bought at Frankfort in the fortieth year of my age, because it had been written at the very period when I was at the university, and gave a very exact topography of places highly interesting to me. It was adorned with engravings very accurately and boldly executed, which by their spirit and truth reviving, at that time, the impressions of my youth, might contribute, not a little, to the vivid, and indeed graphic portraits to which so much wonder was attached.

It was at length recommended to me, (I forget by whom,) to take some lessons of the pencil, and the celebrated Paul Sandby condescended to direct my studies. They were a source of gratification so congenial to my fanciful disposition, that the merely manual power was rapidly acquired; and no sooner did my hand obey my wishes, and my touch become broad and expressive, than I filled my sketch-books with views which I derived from memory, though they were uniformly attributed to the fertility of my fancy, and a happy turn to composition. Sandby spoke of them as extraordinary; and it was a day of triumph, when some of my sketches were submitted to the inspection of two great men in the art, Mr. West, and Mr. Fuseli. The first said of them, "Here is nature in every touch;" the second, "and the character of the scenery German."

"Has our young friend ever visited Germany?" said Mr. West.

"Certainly not," replied my father.

"Then," exclaimed Fuseli, with a warmth which was characteristic of him, "then your son never made the sketches!" The decisive tone in which he spoke this, produced a wish for the grounds of his opinion, and he thus continued the subject—"The localities are known to me; they are too accurately made out to

be the work of fancy; the artist who drew them has seen the places."

"Granting this," said my mother, "they may be copies."

The two great artists, at the same instant, pronounced the monosyllable, "No!" After a slight pause, Mr. West said, "This is a matter which a man must be an artist to know. In the *touch* there is the feeling of an impression made upon the eye by actual objects."

He then besought me to apply without delay to the human figure. "That once mastered, the rest I have remarked to be without much difficulty. Mr. Fuseli, perhaps, may tell us why."

"The art," replied that singular man, "follows the nature. In man creation is consummated."

"You always, my dear sir, say *strong* things," exclaimed West, "and usually *just* ones."

"Come, come," rejoined Fuseli, with a peculiar laugh, "we must *divide* that compliment between us. I take the first half as my share, in both nature and art, and leave you *just*, as I found you."

West returned his *strong* friend's laugh with high good humour, and both artists were, perhaps, satisfied with the mode in which their own works represented the genius of Michael Angelo and Raffaele.

We have now, while I am writing this narrative, lost both these eminent men, and the place of each of them continues vacant. West in his invention was rather cold, and his compositions had great sameness; but if he did not enchant the fervid spirit, he soothed and satisfied the tender and the timid. His figures had relation to his sect, there was quaker in the bosoms of them all; and when he used, as he did copiously, the materials of the great masters, they always lost in his transcript the fulness and grandeur of their form and expression. Yet he was at the head of the correct and interesting painters of history; and notwithstanding his facility, and even tameness of composition, told a story thoroughly to the eye, and even to the heart.

I have often been asked, by insipid and shallow people, what was the merit of Fuseli? Surely, they all cry, you never saw such figures as his in nature! These people cannot be expected to penetrate the principle of such a man. It grew out of a truth, that presents the great difficulty of painting, as a representative art; namely, that the figures are seen only at one given point of the story. Hence proceeded the constant aim of Fuseli, to make every single figure the impersonation of its ruling passion, rather than an individual moved only by

the present action. He shows you, in his characters, not only what they then do, but all that they were made to do—their attitudes are their history. While his Goneril and Regan are regarding, perhaps enjoying the rejection of their sister Cordelia, every thing announces the ingratitude that will punish the dotage of Lear, and turn him forth to the mercy of the howling storm, on the first or the slenderest provocation.

But I am digressing, like many others, not in truth from self-love, but the admiration I feel for departed excellence, and a wish to make all unite in the praise of genius. I break off reluctantly, merely reminding the reader, that it was on the authority of these artists I devoted a considerable time to the study of the human figure.

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## CHAPTER III.

I HASTENED to put the advice I had received into practice. The use of the weapon I already possessed; its direction was now different, and I was rather mortified at first, to see how little I could achieve when Fuseli himself

placed me before the Apollo of Belvedere. The cast used on this occasion was one of the best that has been made. I laboured with great assiduity, and but slender success. In my reduction of the figure, the drawing exhibited the god too short, or too heavy; one half of the figure seemed loaded, the other thin and poor. Such was my disappointment in regard to the mere figure; but the meaning of the expression in its noble countenance defied me at every point. I felt the exquisite *beau idéal* of the Greek artist, yet my best efforts to fix it upon paper were abortive, and I should have thrown away the crayon in despair, had not my illustrious guide assured me, that he had seen many thousand drawings from the statue, and all of them more or less imperfect. "Shall we never, then, have a drawing from it," exclaimed I, "equal to the statue?" "Yes," replied Mr. Fuseli, "you may, whenever the artist before it is mentally equal to the sculptor: but then, though perhaps equal, it will be somewhat different."

Reconciled thus sensibly to my task, my proficiency became considerable; the proportions of the parts were mechanically assigned at once, and the power of drawing the human figure operated like an instinct, and acquired the certainty of one. The style of countenance

too seemed amid endless variety to admit of classification, which I likened to declension in language; nature herself submits to the limitations of art. Physiognomy, with respect to design, never admits of doubt or dispute. The consent of the great masters as to the personages of sacred history, is no deference to one genius of their own order, but a conviction arising from the study of human nature. The exterior bears the moral character of the being. We are formed to be guided by this sympathy between the mind and the body. If a Judas could be found in life with the lovely features of St. John, the artist who should so design him in picture would sin against instinctive truth. Art frames the features to an abstract character, and takes off the mask by which society is deceived.

I had no intention to become a painter by these studies, except as mere indulgence of taste; and besides, few arts are followed passionately without a view to profit; and a public practice of the art for the delight of others I should have disdained. My inducement to persevere was, that my hand might obey the suggestions of memory, and bring again visibly before me persons of great and various interest in the existence of Frederic Werner. I became a good deal absorbed in this visionary in-

dulgence, and frequently blotted with tears the unconscious resemblance of a deceased or distant friend. I sometimes laboured to express the beautiful features and lovely form of a lady perishing in the prime of her existence, a victim to desertion and its own passive melancholy. But an agony of passion obliterated immediately the fancy's creation; or if its striking resemblance saved it from destruction, I would turn it downwards in the portfolio, that it might not shock me by surprise. I thought a history attached to it, in which I felt myself implicated; and though, like Macbeth, I assumed the courage to exclaim, "There's no such thing;" I could equally with him have sworn, "If I stand here I saw her!" Another form, a mature and venerable lady, often solicited my pencil, and in attitudes of deep interest expressed the most intense feelings. Sometimes her features looked earnest reproof; at others awful yet tender forgiveness. The eye seemed unwilling to lose the object it was contemplating, and something more than human beamed through its dewy lustre. When I could at all succeed in this maternal delineation, an almost convulsive grief announced the triumph, but not the reward of art. Unlike all other beings, in the very frame of my mind I appeared to court occasions of pain, and laboured

after wretchedness with all the eagerness that others fly from it. The stillness of midnight, the deep shadows of my lamp, the unrestrained indulgence of fancy, and the anxious attention to the work before me, stole away, not merely the hue of youth and health, but added an untimely care to my expression, which even alarmed myself, when I beheld in any glass, by accident, the singular and devoted being before it.

As it had happened with the local scenery, so in the human subjects of my pencil, the character was decidedly German. I cannot say that this excited any surprise in those around me—it rather appeared a thing of course, in one so strongly impressed as I had been by some of the cities of Germany. I shall not describe my studies minutely, where they bore no reference to the singularity of my mind. I must however remark, that when by earnest entreaty I obtained a German master, the rapidity with which I acquired the language exceeded all previous example; if I found difficulty, it was to make the organization keep up with the conception. The words rather awaked in me, than were acquired by study—to speak and pronounce well demanded correction, and time and habit; but even here the quickness of my perception aided me greatly. My

master solved it like a German philosopher, by saying there was Saxon blood in my veins. Through how many strainers it had passed, my father told him, was matter of history. By degrees my predilection for what was German was no longer noticed at home; I was permitted to follow the bent of my mind, and take my own course in my studies and amusements. The reader will of himself supply the only other favourite study—music. The picture sense certainly adds much to the general interpreter, language. But music expresses the very moods of the mind, and its transitions from one passion, or humour, to another; and it effects this by its two resorts, melody and harmony. I became well grounded in the science, by which I mean its principles. The facility of making instruments, capable of distinct rapidity, has given to modern music a character of brilliant and pressing hurry, which confounds the mind; while the hearer, breathless and astonished, is afraid of failure, and impatient for the end.

It will readily be imagined that a student like myself preferred compositions that accorded with my own temperament; strains that were solemn and mysterious, sweet and unearthly. The great poet Milton, a fine musician, has displayed the charm by a metaphor so chaste, so elegant, as to be worth a volume of meaner verse—

"At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes."
COMUS.

While, indeed, he confirms Shakspeare's own word *sound* in a much disputed passage of "Twelfth Night," where his commentators are for reading south, (i. e. south *wind.*)

"O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets."

As I greatly preferred the organ to all other instruments, so I found it had stops so lulling and gentle as scarcely to interrupt the state of revery in which I would often court its aid; and its harmonies, without care, grew out of the mental feelings, which they composed therefore in a double sense, by setting them to music, and abating their keenness. My fond mother often stole in upon me at such moments, and placed herself at a distance from my observation, where she would listen in tears to the strange and melancholy inspirations of her unconscious son. One evening, I remember, she herself sat down to the instrument, and after playing, for a *theme*, the exquisite symphony which ushers in one of Purcel's aërial charms in the "Tempest," she broke away into accompaniments so suited to the subject, such a history of mental dejection and poignant regret, that every hearer was affected.

"In the name of heavenly sorrow," exclaimed my father, "where did you get those additions to Purcel?"

"From Edward here," replied my mother, "who, I'll answer for it, knew as little that he composed as that I heard him play them. I believe I have not lost a note of them, and I hope I never shall."

"That I will put at an absolute certainty," said I; "for, though I could not myself repeat those strains which you say are mine, I will note them down from your playing, and take them out of the reach of accident, merely because they give you pleasure." This I readily and truly accomplished, and so placed upon the same paper the reveries of a juvenile amateur, associated with the ideas of Shakspeare, and the music of Purcel.

In alluding to these domestic amusements, or studies, whichever the reader is pleased to style them, I am gratefully to remember the works of that eminent divine of our second Charles, Dr. Isaac Barrow, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, among whose students it was intended that I should complete my education. From his writings I may be said to have laid a foundation of moral science, compared with which the gleanings from the poets were but a trifle. It applied a timely correc-

tive to my intercourse with the world, and taught me also to estimate truly that *other* self, whose past conduct pressed so unaccountably upon me. The being of whom he was so distinguished a servant, seems to have revealed to Barrow the whole of that astonishing mystery, the nature of man. Sermons are commonly constructed to explain doctrine, or enforce duty, and these objects are accomplished by him in the most satisfactory manner; but he does not stop there; as if, like a dramatic writer, his aim and end had been to display character, he lets in day upon the closest concealments of man, and drags him forth as a spectacle to his kind, to escape, if he can, the condemnation of his own reason. To accomplish such purposes, the means given were adequate and unequalled. There is a fulness of conception in this writer which belongs to himself alone; and language hurries on to clothe his ideas, with terms precise as philosophy would demand, and harmonious beyond the metrical arrangements of our verse. All that follow him appear weak and meagre in their composition. Yet the body of Barrow's eloquence has nothing tumid in its fulness; it is always firm, elastic, and forcible. I have often been surprised that his writings were not chosen for the *pleasure* they afford, even by those, if such there could be,

insensible to the higher profit; that they were not selected as the most abundant source of ingenious recreation. The subtlety of this astonishing writer is a feature so singular and perfect, that his reader rejoices in the triumph of his master; though he is himself the captive, whose self-love is baffled, disgraced, and cast down. Such is the pungency of his attack. But he always disdains the short cut to success, the feminine appeal to the passions. Writing for a learned body, he applies constantly to their reason; and their religion is shown to need no other support. His mode of stating, as it were, the account between the Creator and the creature, calls forth the uncommon magnificence of his mind—it is so exact, as to admit of no hesitation or dispute; and we are compelled to see the folly, the meanness, and the wickedness of seeking to delay the easy settlement demanded from us. This profound author constantly lay upon my table.

Thus, though I freely confess my youth to have been abstracted and whimsical, I can deliberately affirm, that I had great application; and was commonly considered as not meanly accomplished. What I said carried, for the most part, greater weight than is commonly allowed to juvenile remarks. I had, literally, no

relish for the dissipations of life, and my abstinence therefore claims no praise as virtue. Admonition of any kind I seldom experienced, for I offended no decorum, neglected no duty. Obedient at home, assiduous to oblige, and averse even to horror from every thing uncharitable; no one bore ill-will to the strange enthusiast, as I was called; and some very grave persons ventured to express a deliberate opinion, that if I fell, in the course of existence, into barely tolerable connexions, I should be distinguished alike for wisdom and for virtue.

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## CHAPTER IV.

The period when English youth of condition pass from our public schools to the university, is commonly anticipated with desire, as putting the seal upon their independence and their manhood. I submitted to it as a matter of routine, and contemplated my change of residence without prejudice. Professors are always gratified by the attentive, and cannot long be expected to coerce the idle. We are earlier men than our fathers were. The dissolute are frequently warned, and sometimes expelled. The latter measure is, and ought to be, rarely

resorted to; for it is wisely remembered, that the years of college residence embrace the commencement and greatest tyranny of the passions. Every thing is therefore pardoned, that *can* be excused.

I missed, it is true, much that was grateful to me in our domestic life; but I was not without hope that a steady pursuit of mathematical studies, by chaining down the mind to rigid demonstration, might dispel the prepossessions under which I laboured; and accustom even Fancy itself to look to natural and received causes in all her operations. The novelty of the scene itself was a source of amusement, and the more so, that academic discipline was not at all unsuited to my humour. It was remarked that I was among the earliest at chapel, and that I wore my gown in the spirit of the foundation, as a symbol, not a cloak. It will hardly be expected that I should have formed many youthful intimacies at college. The young men of my own standing allowed me to enjoy, without the smallest envy, the friendship of my tutor, and the society of several of the fellows. I pursued my studies, therefore, not only free from all interruption, but with every desirable aid. My tutor, after some time had elapsed, I found was in correspondence with my father, and made so favourable

a report of me, that at length he himself noticed that my conduct gave him sincere pleasure. In addition to which I was apprised, that in whatever might conduce to my profit or pleasure, I was by no means to consider myself limited to the exact sum allowed for my expenses. My answer was, I believe, rather unusual to college residents. It was to the following effect:—"That his paternal goodness had abundantly supplied me—that, though I declined to accept any increase of income, his generous offer was most grateful to me, inasmuch as it made me feel more decidedly master of the amount originally allowed—the savings from which should be properly distributed among a neighbourhood of honest, simple peasantry, in whose prosperity I took an interest, when my distant walks made me glad of a resting-place in their humble cottages." And I accordingly strove to add something to their comforts, without relaxing their industry, or enlarging their prospects; fatal errors! to which the sanguine are by nature prone, and indeed the deepest cruelties in the shape of kindness. At first, I found among them a mysterious impression, inherited from past ages, that a scholar was a man acquainted with strange and forbidden matters, and some surprise was expressed that I did not wear a look

of habitual gravity and abstraction. The cordiality with which I inspired them, gave me the full enjoyment of their simplicity, without the smallest check or disguise. One instance will probably be sufficient. A good old woman, who was one of my lowly pensioners, saw me go something about to avail myself of the trunk of a tree, which had been thrown across a piece of water that lay in that flat country before her window. Upon my arrival, she expressed her astonishment that I had not availed myself of my *learning* on this occasion. Not being at that time aware of any better mode of crossing the water than that which I had adopted, I fairly told my poor friend, that I did not see how my learning, if I had any to spare, could assist me in the business. "Why then," said she, "sir, I remember to have heard my mother say, who had it from *her* mother, a woman whose word was never disputed, that a great scholar, whose name was Doctor Friend, had formerly arrived at night at this very same piece of water. It had been greatly increased by a rainy season, and the country around it had been flooded. The night was dark moreover, and the wise man wet and weary. In this situation he bethought himself of his books, and hastily called by name some of those spirits who are bound to obey the commands at which

they shudder. A long train of light instantly pierced the gloom, and enabled the sage to see the waters below him rolling fearfully along. He felt a strong grasp upon either arm hurrying him onward, without seeing any form, if form the power had, which had flown to his assistance. But as his feet reached the earth, on each side of him a sullen flame ran along the ground, the smell of which had nearly deprived him of his senses. As soon as the scholar arrived at the cottage, which, though different in its form, stood exactly where hers now did, he looked anxiously about the room, and seeing a Bible upon the shelf, he kneeled down in a small recess, and begged earnestly that, for one whole hour, he might not be disturbed. The old dame of that cottage sat and gazed upon her trembling visitor. He turned over the sacred volume, and read various passages aloud with great fervour, while perspiration dropt from his face, excited by the agony that convulsed his whole frame. So distinctly were these passages impressed, that she had no difficulty in finding them all, and had placed strings of reference for her own guidance and comfort. Indeed so great was their efficacy, that the owner of the book became a sort of wonder for her goodness and her happiness. All evil seemed to shun herself; and they who

took her advice in the village always prospered."

It would have been in vain to try to strip the legend of its marvels; I merely said, therefore, that unholy aid was not to be sought in any emergency; that in the case of Dr. Friend, whom she stated to have received it, she saw it instantly followed by an agony of repentance. I added, that the charm he used had passed away with himself, and, I believed, the whole of his science. But if the passages from which he sought comfort had been handed down in the family, I had no sort of doubt they would still be found as efficacious as ever. And if the strings which guided to them had fallen out, the volume might be explored for consolation with still greater confidence, as its pages would now probably be turned by the hand of innocent misfortune, or that of infirm old age.

The attentive creature told me, that the book she spoke of had been lost to the family. It had been distrained for rent in a hard season, with other things from her own mother, who had injured her circumstances by endeavouring to save a young man related to her from ruin. He had, it seems, run through the usual course of village profligacy, and the alehouse and the gaol had the most of his company. He had broken the hearts which loved him, and cheat-

ed all who trusted him. The discipline of the army took the last and only chance of reclaiming him. As far as his figure went, he was thought worthy to serve his king; and in the field of battle he was said not to want a ferocious or desperate courage. Though unworthy constantly of life, he never feared to die; and at last was sentenced to the gibbet for acts of outrage, in addition to plunder, calculated to stain the soldier, and disgrace his country. He went up the ladder as if he had been scaling a fortress; squirted his last quid of tobacco, with a laugh, in the face of the hangman, and sprang to his fate as he had done upon the enemy when he had surmounted the breach made by the field-pieces in their walls. What a singular thing is courage! The old woman shuddered at the wickedness of the ruffian; but his reckless obduracy was related in a tone of voice, that showed the feeling which contempt of danger always excites, until it is corrected by other considerations.

The good dame at length said, that she was sure the passages to which she had alluded, must be well known to a great scholar like myself, and that she should be happy beyond measure, if I would mark them down for her meditation and comfort. I was happily well read in the sacred writings, and promised my best

endeavours to supply her want. I accordingly bought for her at Cambridge a Bible printed in a firm bold type, suited to aged eyes, and by the usual helps, soon put down for her a series of consolatory passages, which the philosophy of all ages has never equalled, and revisited her cottage with the feeling of no ordinary spirit.

My present announced itself. Like the ministers of the religion, it wore its peculiar and proper dress. "I have greatly pleased myself, mother," said I, "in preparing this volume for your use. I hope I have myself profited also in the task of drawing together so many interesting passages. Their combined influence is irresistible. Under a few general heads you will find distinct references to the counsel and consolation which this book affords. I have disposed them in the order which best displays their force. To these you can have recourse when there is gloom around you; when the winds are sighing abroad, and the waste of waters is rolling with violence at your feet, here is a light which will show you a sure path, though you will not see the hand that urges you safely forward."

"Nay, now," said she, "you are reminding me of my foolish talk about Friend."

"Only just enough," I replied, "to make

you throw away all idle superstition, and seek in every thing its proper good. Whatever benefit your magician might derive from certain passages, they derive no credit whatever from his adoption of them. To be, or suppose one's self to be, in league with wicked spirits is a delusion wearing fast away; and, indeed, the passions in their excesses are abundant engines of human misery. You have yourself never known or happily survived their errors, and find all at peace in your remembrance. But there are those who feel it impossible to escape remorse. Think with tenderness of such sufferers, and pray that their anguish may be efficacious."

A look of some surprise followed the earnestness of my injunction; but my gift was received with a grateful feeling, too humble for the expression of any curiosity, and I shortly after rose and took my leave. In the vacations I usually passed my time in London, and, at the recommendation of my father, mixed a good deal in miscellaneous society, in order to try the effect of varied scenes and different characters upon a mind sinking under one too powerful impression. The west end of the town was easily exhausted; in the city there was a great and quick succession in the dining-houses, and I often met with natives of Sweden,

Denmark, and Germany, with whom I kept up my acquisition of the northern languages. Though chiefly engaged in commerce, I sometimes found among these gentlemen considerable literary attainments. And one of them left an impression upon me that has long survived the excellent man himself. The name of this gentleman was Herman. He was by birth a Swede, and, as a linguist, far surpassed the most general scholars of my acquaintance. He spoke the southern languages as perfectly as the northern; and of the Italian he possessed the dialects, numerous as they are, and, without the slightest confusion, passed from tongue to tongue, and from rusticity to refinement. He had made the world itself his school, and retained all that it had taught him. And this was the grand difference between Herman and the professors in our colleges. They were mere lexicons, accurate guides to books, and the knowledge of them: but to the living world, and the living tongues of the mighty Babel, they were in a great measure strangers. Herman's education had been classical, and his university had done him justice. Ten years in the world subsequently had made him the finished man I found him. As his knowledge was liberal, such, I may add, was his use of it. He saw in a moment what I did not know, and let

it drop from him incidentally, without an air of superiority or at all seeming to confer a benefit. I never yet met a human being so perfectly free from egotism. Of all my casual acquaintance this gentleman alone deeply interested me. We always met as often as I came to London, and I can safely say, that I looked forward to our meeting with a pleasure that never suffered disappointment. But I must not allow the reader to suppose, that I was of that unguarded temperament to allow these friendly meetings to pluck out the heart of my mystery. Herman, it is true, thought me a singular character, and once happily enough styled me in German: "The frozen Enthusiast;" "but," said he, "your own Shakspeare has touched you with his usual strength:

'Something 's in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood.'"

But my friend had none of that rudeness, which goes in the disguise of frankness, and is more bent upon gratifying an aching curiosity, than soothing a wounded spirit. He never questioned where he had no right to know—a sure proof that he would never utter what was commended to his trust. He who does not know the transcendent value of *discretion*, is a child in morals.

## CHAPTER V.

However reserved I was on a particular subject, I used frequently to question my German acquaintances as to the scenes with which my fancy or memory teemed; and, at length, from the constant agreement of their descriptions with my own impressions, I became convinced that I laboured under no delusion whatever; and, adopting the famous test of the miraculous proposed by Hume and accepted by Paley, it *was* more credible that the wonder about me should be *true*, than that Fancy alone should so constantly be accurate, in her representations of remote scenes, and persons not even *my* contemporaries.

It was during the present state of my mind, that a very remarkable incident occurred in my town life. My friend Herman and I had dined together, at a favourite house not far from the Bank. The usual sets of company had in succession retired from the spacious room in which we were sitting. The evening looked stormy from the windows, and the rain began soon to fall in torrents, after a vivid flash of lightning had burst through the dense mass of vapour that hung so heavily over our heads. We had intended that night to visit the theatre togeth-

er, to enjoy the tragedy of Lear, which Garrick had purified from much of Tate's pollution; retaining, in fact, little of the Psalmist but the happy catastrophe. The "dreadful pudder o'er our heads," however, led us to change our purpose, and remain warmly housed from the pitiless storm without. We, therefore, a thing unusual to us, ordered a second bottle of our landlord's excellent port; the waiter threw additional coals upon the fire; and we took, as we thought, sole and undisturbed possession of the apartment, which Dr. Johnson deemed the luxury of existence, and its seat the throne of human felicity.

Our conversation, I remember, that evening embraced many interesting subjects. The author of the tragedy, whose performance we had relinquished, possessed in absolute fee the whole world of spirits, and after examining his use of the popular notions, and wondering at that tact which enabled him to utter every mysterious sound, to which our startled senses responded so faithfully, we ventured to enquire into the possibility of such beings, and to estimate that testimony on which they had been received in all ages. We could not avoid discerning a remarkable proneness in our common nature to such a belief as had not merely captivated the weak, but was really seated upon the

very hearts of the wise themselves, though ashamed to confess their conviction. As a kindred theme we touched upon the occult sciences, and the possessors, real or fanciful, of extraordinary powers. We had mentioned the celebrated Compte Cagliostro, whom Herman had seen, and respecting whose practices on the Continent he related many most amusing and some even astonishing stories, when a gentleman rose from the last table in the room, whose green silk curtains had concealed him from our view, and politely said that, if he did not intrude upon privacy, he would draw nearer to the fire-side, and join our society while he finished the wine then before him. Our reply was such a one as the courteous terms of the proposal required among gentlemen. He first settled his bill, and then rose to occupy his new seat and more comfortable situation.

The waiter placed his decanter and a clean glass on the table next to ours, so that we were separated only by the hearth, and the fire that now blazed cheerfully between us. He laid down his hat beside him, and exhibited to us a figure and a countenance on which Herman and I gazed with an interest, which we noticed to each other by a rapid consentaneous glance. On *his* side for a few moments there was the same observation of us. He surveyed

my partner with a look of benevolent admiration; but his eye rested upon me with an expression of scrutiny, that the cast of my features and the pallor of my complexion sanctioned, for an instant, as kindness; but which continued would have become oppressive and rude. However, to all coarseness he was a total stranger.

After the usual preliminaries of English conversation, the weather which had equally detained us, and the obligation he had to it for the happiness of joining our society, I returned his gaze upon me with interest; that is to say, there was something about him that I never saw but faintly in any other face, and which it was utterly impossible to forget. His look was highly intellectual, and indicated vast power, rather than much toil. The common effects of study are seen in a rather painful stress upon the eye-brows—long-continued silence imparts a peculiar character to the mouth—thought enlarges the forehead, and generally inclines the head from intensity of application. His general look was that of eloquent candour and primitive simplicity. His eyes were finely placed, and in colour of a bright blue—his brows free, wavy, and marking—his hair was like fine gold wire, curling naturally, but not falling below the point of the shoulders, and unsullied

by powder. If we could draw such an inference against the law of mortal frames,

"He look'd like youth that never could be old."

There was a foppery in the dress of the period I am writing of, from which our new acquaintance resiled with evident care. His linen was plain, when frills and ruffles, in lace or fanciful patterns, were all but universal. He wore a suit of one uniform quaker colour, but his clothes were not stiffly made. His manners had a polish, which ensured him consideration from all ranks, and the sound of his voice resembled the mellow and best tones of the violincello, when a master bends over that fine instrument.

He found no difficulty in leading us back to the subject he had interrupted, though I feel at a loss to recollect by what medium he did it. He did not say that he heard any part of our conversation before he joined us—neither was there any abruptness when he brought on the topic. In short, he was one of those masters of speech whose art seems to be nature itself; in whom the utmost strength is graced by so captivating a facility and ease, that they give what tone they please to the intercourse of various minds, and dominate without the slightest air of assumption.

"Upon the subject of extraordinary qualities in any individuals who may assert their possession, the safe side," said he, "is undoubtedly the sceptical. The probabilities of life are against them. One may reasonably ask how the object has merited the distinction, and of what benefit it may be to himself or others? The slightest tinge of self-interest, in the child of wonder himself, will properly alarm and ultimately detect. The strongest argument for the second sight of the Hebrides is, that the visionary seer is painfully affected; suddenly struck with intelligence as with a disease, the baleful warner generally of casualities in which personally he has no interest. For the most part too he would gladly resign his melancholy distinction, and for the future harass neither others nor himself. It is true, that he sometimes starts at the splendour of unexpected unions, and the arrivals of stranger forms; but is oftener condemned to view the victims of the night-blast, and hear the shrieking sailor or passenger's voice bubbling up from the ocean, when their bark has sunk in its passage between his dreary yet hospitable islands.

"Among the least reasonable and yet most attractive of these children of wonder are those who boast an intimacy with invisible spirits of the elements. The ignorance of man disposes

him to the mysterious, and those who practise upon his credulity are sometimes aware of imposition, but are frequently dupes themselves. The latter case may easily happen. The Rosicrusian who believes (no impossible thing) that elementary spirits may choose to manifest themselves to purified mortals, in some doubtful important event utters, to such friend or guardian, a mental enquiry as to the result; his own thoughts marshal themselves soon into a reply from the evidence before them, giving the preponderance to the weightier likelihood. Our mystic, however, attributes to inspiration this answer of his reason, and afterwards confidently applies to the oracle without, rather than that within, which alone considers or answers the demand. The balance of evidence really decides him, and not the benevolent fairy, whom dreams alone have connected with his existence.

"If you should dispute, however, his assertion as to his invisible guide, how are you answered?—That his conviction is intimate, and if such communication be made in any case, why not in his? In vain you object the greater object in the undisputed instances; he will tell you that greater or less may have other measures than our feeble and erroneous estimates, and the most amazing results flow from

means of apparent slightness. He will remind you of the Emperor Constantine and the Hermit Peter, whose conviction could change the destiny of millions, and yet defy you to give proof of the absolute appearance of the labarum in the one instance, or in the other of that inspired exclamation, "It is the will of God," which at once emptied all the warlike population of Europe out upon the Holy Land, fated to redeem the even yet unredeemed sepulchre of the Messiah.

"In the mean time, among these fanciful mystics, some plot of more consequence than Belinda's machinery to guard a lock of hair is actually in progress; and the hierophant of sylphs and gnomes is actually the agent of secret and mysterious societies, preparing the ultimate downfall of superstition, and all undelegated power. Wealth, subscribed by innumerable purses, invests him with a sort of wonder. You cannot penetrate his resources. To such a person is often imputed the art of making the precious metals, or the diamond itself; and he will usually be more disposed to confirm than remove a mistake so serviceable to his purposes. Hence have originated all those brotherhoods, secret as to their signs, simple as to their doctrines, symbolical in their language.

...inati, for obvious reasons, commit

nothing to paper, and by terrific oaths render all evidence against them impossible. They are sure, however, to think alike; and they alone know, and without acquaintance, recognise each other."

"Now, in truth," said Herman, "the actual reformer may return to the fairy hall from which he started on his mission, and instruct the fraternities, that a power has arisen in their interest which nothing can long withstand—I mean the Press. It tells mankind, that what was ordered for them by God himself, and the constitution of their natures, it is treasonable alike to resist and not to claim; and that all selfish opposition to these rights must be lighter than chaff before the hurricane. That such a doctrine, as prescribed by Cicero, is now disgraced by mystery, and all supernatural, which may be equivalent to impossible assistance. To the nursery then with such sprites as live in the colours of the rainbow, and play in the plighted clouds. Let those alone hear angelic harps, whose auricular nerve rings under the impression of a recent cold; and let the possessor of qualities, which are held in common with his kind, acquiesce in the common sense of their operations."

"And yet," said the stranger, "plausible as all this sounds, I feel it impossible for me to

acquiesce in the truth of it. Not only do I maintain the almost incommensurable degrees in which different minds hold the same sort of powers, but I believe that 'to some may be intrusted privileges enjoyed by themselves *alone*.'"

I now thought I might venture to put, afar off, a question in which the reader knows the interest I so painfully took. I therefore asked the stranger, what was his opinion on the subject of a transfer of the immortal part of our nature from one fleshly habitation to another? He chose to give a rather extraordinary reply to my demand.

"If," said he, "you are once satisfied that the thinking part of us is utterly different in its nature from body, and that ideas have no dimensions; in other words, that the Universal History, the Ecclesiastical History of Fleury, the Statute Law of England, with all their facts, comments, provisions, restrictions, and limitations, occupy no more space in pure *mind* than the point of an epigram, it is little likely that such a being should be capable of decomposition with the body: why should it not, like our corporeal elements themselves, become the spiritual, as they are the material parts of other beings? But, it may be said, this transfusion, or transfer of the mind from one frame into another, is never suspected to have hap-

pened by the person himself, nor known to exist by any other being; so that the question is one of pure curiosity, which never can be solved. On this subject I hold a very different, and, to myself at least, convincing opinion. I not only credit the possibility of the fact, but I affirm its absolute certainty, on my own knowledge."

Herman and I, from astonishment, yet on very different grounds, lost all power of remark. The stranger saw he had created some embarrassment in his hearers, and pursued the subject in the following terms :—

" I not only, gentlemen, believe in the transfer of the sentient principle from one being to another; but, that, in some peculiar cases, the memory of the first existence returns upon the second. Berkeley has told us, that nothing exists but as perceived by some mind ; and I assert, that there are, indeed must be, minds cognizant of such an extraordinary possession as that which I have named. And now, I fear, I must strain to the utmost your benevolent construction of me, my understanding and my purposes, when I solemnly declare, that the person who now addresses you is *himself* gifted with the discernment of such natures. I add only, that I knew a man, whose *mind* has transmigrated to another frame, and to the na-

tive of even another land; that his name in Germany was Frederic Werner, and I *have told him* that I am acquainted with its present residence.

"But it is full time for me to close a discussion in which I have insensibly become chief speaker. As some apology for such a liberty, I can only say, that I obeyed involuntarily my internal monitor, (as I always do,) and must leave what may appear strange in either my matter, or manner to your liberal interpretation." He then looked at ME, (whose face I am confident betrayed sure marks of confusion,) with an expression of infinite benevolence, and bowing to Herman, rose, quitted the box and the apartment, and left us in a state not very difficult for the reader to imagine.

We both together made an effort to ring the bell for the waiter, and then sat down in silence. The waiter stood a few seconds waiting our pleasure, before we thought of the object which made us ring for him. At length I said, (not very firmly, I am sure,) "Pray do you know that gentleman who has just left the room?"

"Really can't say, sir."

"I mean the gentleman who joined our party; whose wine you removed to that table, *there*," (pointing to it.)

"O, that gentleman!"

"Yes, the same!"

"No, sir, I don't recollect ever seeing his person before. We have so many guests come to this house, that it is difficult to recollect them all."

"That I am aware of; and therefore it is only from peculiarity in features, dress, or manner, that I should expect you to be much struck. Now I cannot but think that it is next to impossible you should not observe something very distinct from other visitors in the gentleman just gone."

The waiter preserved, while I spoke, the appearance of a man who listens without the slightest notion of what is said to him. Herman asked me, in German, whether I did not admit the power bestowed by Prospero upon Ariel, and translated very beautifully into that language the two following lines of Shakspeare:—

> "Be subject to no sight but *thine* and *mine*,
> Invisible to every eye-ball else."

He waved his hand for the waiter to leave us, and then continued his allusion to our unknown friend. "I believe," said he, "I am the last man in the world to indulge lightly what are termed fanciful notions; but let me, at the

same time, disclaim the rash theory, that higher powers are never employed in works of tenderness or admonition to man. As, however, the communication so importantly delivered is unintelligible to me, I conclude that your understanding is enlightened expressly to comprehend the drift of the speaker, and to act in some manner on the fact related of this Frederic Werner. In my approaching visit to Germany, I may possibly hear something of him, though I shall certainly never enquire after such a person. In the mean time, I shall neither be offended, nor even surprised, if you should avoid mentioning the subject again to me. I need only add that I shall be always happy to cultivate your friendship; but I know all the duties of a real friend, and shall be sure not to forget the most winning of them all, *delicacy*."

I pressed his hand cordially in silent expression of my gratitude; and finding little desire, on either side, to continue the subject, and no power to call another into our thoughts, we soon after rose, and returned to our several homes.

## CHAPTER VI.

I NEVER more needed retirement, than I did after this adventure; and on reaching my father's house, withdrew to my own apartments, to consider well all that had just happened. The terms used by the stranger, as to Werner, were equivocal; but only so far, I thought, as to prevent one person who was present from fully understanding them. To my sense, or my apprehension rather, "I have told him," meant decidedly, "and I now tell him," that I discern him in his second frame—he is before me, an Englishman, of another name and age, but the covering cannot conceal from *me* the original mind.

Herman, quite at variance with his usual habit, had been so struck with the whole scene, as to ascribe it at once to supernatural influence. But there was a possibility, though I confess it did not weigh much with me, that this stranger, whoever he was, notwithstanding the family reserve on the subject, might have heard of my singular *persuasion*, and have thus amused himself by seeking me in public, and addressing me in the manner stated. But there were many things against this mode of accounting for the matter. The rencontre look-

ed quite accidental. But for the storm, I should have been in Drury Lane Theatre. The subject of our conversation might have been different, and have excited therefore no interest in the stranger. Had we not supposed ourselves quite alone, we should have spoken in a lower tone of voice, and therefore attracted no attention. "It is not clear," said I, "that he now knows either my present name or residence." Dismissing this unworthy, because inhuman trifling, let me look at it as serious, both to himself and me. However conducted to the place, he saw in the person before him the faculty which, perhaps, he could not *but* discern; and which, as he said, he was irresistibly impelled to make known to that person himself, whom he neither knew otherwise, nor interests himself about, now that he has made the communication.

However this might be, I was not sorry when the departure of Herman for the Continent left me at liberty to put myself *singly* in the stranger's way, if he frequented the house where we had met, and might choose to add any thing to his mysterious hint. In fact, during the time I remained in town, I scarcely dined, out of the family, any where else. But I saw nothing of my alarmist, either there, or in the public walks of the idle or the busy.

At the tavern itself, any accidental conversation was sure to remind me of the superiority of Herman, whose absence I soon regretted, although I had desired it in the pursuit of further intimacy with the gifted monitor of Werner. At length the very place became unwelcome from the painful sensations it excited, and I left it finally with joy, if any feeling of mine could merit so warm a term.

Though I had one more chance than other men of being born a politician, I yet happily escaped that mania. One poison is expelled sometimes by another; I therefore did not bestow that unceasing attention upon newspapers, which is common with nearly all the reading public. My unknown guide, however, one day threw me upon considering the mystery about the great unknown of politics. My readers know that I allude to a writer signing himself Junius, who, for five years together, exposed a printer to prosecution, fine, pillory, and imprisonment, and never declared his real name. It struck me that the use of the Roman signature of this great writer would be more likely to excite notice than any other, I therefore used it in an article which I drew up, and paid for as an advertisement in the newspaper most read at the time. The reader will not easily imagine the mode of doing so—thus it was then, verbatim :

"TO THE UNKNOWN JUNIUS.

"A CARD.

"JUNIUS is requested to state, whether, by the words 'and I have told him so,' he meant 'and I NOW tell him so?' He may be pleased to say also to Werner or his representative, whether the mask will ever be dropt, and the party know to whom he owes an intimation so astonishing?"

I expected a reply through the same channel, but it reached me by the post, properly addressed, at the family residence. It was as follows:

ANSWER.

"JUNIUS must still continue to be oracular. But he feels no difficulty in replying to the query. He *did* mean, 'I NOW tell him so,' and he saw that he was thoroughly understood. Here, for the present, all communication must end. Nor will the person need further admonition. Like other travellers, he may at once gratify his curiosity, extend his benevolence, and correct his errors."

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I was even amused to see how readily my sagacious friend could adopt the tone of a political writer, and congratulated myself on the

happy choice of a word, that was sure of every reading man's attention. To the real Junius, if then living, the card must have been as great a mystery as his own personality was to enquiring multitudes. The words "like other travellers" contained both injunction and inference. I was directed to visit the scenes of a former existence; and assured that opportunities would offer of indulging curiosity after objects with which I had once been connected; to the extension of my benevolence where it was due, and the correction of essential errors which I had committed.

My monitor did not permit me to penetrate his secret, and I insensibly resigned the wish to ascertain his nature. Whether from a superior or one of mere mortality, I saw every reason to think the advice admirable, and to be followed implicitly. I should soon complete the usual residence at college, and then, I knew, there would be no objection at home to my making the tour of Europe, which my father thought essential to all gentlemen of fortune and education. It would then be in my power to make what stay in Germany seemed called for by circumstances, which I resolved should dispose of me absolutely, at least as far as Werner was any way concerned. Although Herman did not thrust himself into my secret,

but on the contrary, with true delicacy had put me entirely at ease on the subject, I could not but admit that he was in every sense worthy of my confidence; and, indeed, the man of all others whom I should prefer as my companion and guide in the tour I meditated, if his own avocations would permit the devotion of so much time to my advantage. All that would be necessary, therefore, on his return, was to introduce him to my parents, upon whom his character and accomplishments must make the most favourable impression. He was considerably my senior, independent in his circumstances, rich moreover in experience; and there could be no doubt that he would exert the full influence of his mind over the friend whose welfare he in fact directed. I could sound him on this subject, when he should pay me his promised visit at Cambridge; and, having thus slightly sketched in the plan of my future proceedings, my mind obtained a degree of tranquillity, to which it had long been a stranger. I resumed my studies with ardour, well knowing that the interval between any important design, and its coming into action, must be filled with business, or become an aching void of restless and unappeasable anxiety.

I was not aware that my frequent absences from the family dinner-party would produce any

comment, and for this reason; that, when a character for singularity is once acquired, it is received of itself as a sufficient excuse for what, in the usual course of life, may be deemed remarkable; and unless the deviations be palpably prejudicial to the person himself or others, no notice is taken beyond the current exclamation:—"It is his way—so as he feels amused, it is of little moment where he dines—innocent he is sure to be." But there was one person who felt too keenly to be indifferent even as to trifles, or to remain unacquainted with any thing in which her son's health or happiness might be involved. My mother had been paying the closest attention to me, that could be given without annoyance; and one evening as I sat in my study with my books before me, she entered the room with a smiling countenance, and said, that as my father had an engagement at Lincoln's Inn, with his solicitor, she thought I might be kind enough to contribute to her amusement; and for once leave sound learning to sound repose in the very tasteful dormitory I had constructed for it. I told her, with great truth, that there were more hours for study even in busy lives, than were steadily devoted; but that, in a life like mine, either the elegance of her conversation, or the kindness of her object, conferred

an obligation that I should always feel with delight; and that I really regretted she should leave me so much to myself; since it seldom, I thought, happened that loneliness, if it continued virtuous, did not sour the temper and render its votary unhappy.

"There is no doubt, my son, of the general truth of your remark, but no great occasion to apply it at present," said the dear lady. "Perhaps you owe this visit to your recent tranquillity. I have perceived with great satisfaction latterly, that you are become more cheerful in your manner, and that your health daily improves. A change so favourable, I naturally ascribe to a mitigation of the uneasy impression which you labour under, and I confess my curiosity to know the cause of so great a blessing. I presume, however, that circumstances have occurred, which at length show you the absolute impossibility of your singular persuasion."

"Quite the contrary, madam," said I; it is because I have now not the slightest doubt remaining, that you see me restored to a composure, which, until that conviction arrived, I neither could feel, nor even imagine the road to."

"Well," replied my mother, "in this case there is no wonder, or all is wonder. I should

not be surprised, my son, if the proof you speak of partook of the wonder it proved; and was equally out of the way of ordinary life."

"Exactly so, indeed," rejoined I; "and although I did not intend to trouble you with a relation of the matter, yet as I really do not love mystery, and cannot be ungrateful to your affectionate solicitude about me, if you can waste a little time upon another of my fits and fancies, it shall be at your service, literally as I conceive it to have befallen me." I then minutely related to her what the reader has been already told, and, finally, showed her the mysterious reply which had been made to the query inserted in the public newspaper.

"Ink and paper," said she, "are at least no imaginations, and they imply a pen and a writer of human thoughts in human language. There is a mortal *agent* in the business, that one may certainly pronounce. Though of the more fanciful sex, I do not at once, like your friend Herman, hurry to the supernatural. Your strange alarmist acted, spoke, and has written as a human being. The storm which prevented you from seeing Lear, exhibited all but equal wonder in compensation, and I suppose you make up your mind to obey your monitor, and explore the interest which opens to you in Germany?"

"You are not, I hope, against my doing so, madam?"

"Certainly not; it seems the only course you can take under the circumstances. Your friend Herman now would be the person best calculated for your companion."

"It is my intention," I replied, "to solicit his assistance. But the time for such a tour is not exactly arrived. He is indeed at present in Germany; when he returns, I shall present him to my father and yourself, and receive, I have no doubt, your compliments upon being able to attach so valuable an acquaintance."

"Part of mine, at least," said she, "shall anticipate the introduction. He must be an acquisition in any circle. But, Edward, as I seldom conceal any occurrence, of an agreeable nature, at least, from your father, I suppose I am at liberty to let him partake of his son's wonders?"

"That," I replied, "may be properly left to your own kindness and discretion. He can but smile at my astonishment, if he do not feel my own conviction; and will, at all events, be gratified that I am less uneasy than I have been. He has, I make no doubt, fancied that I should be anxious to visit (if I must not say *re*-visit) Germany; and if he gives any credit to my feeling, and indeed knowledge, he may

have figured to himself the endless perplexities by which I should be besieged. The meeting with old acquaintances, who cannot in a mere youth, a stranger, recognise any title to their confidence, or feel that they would be justified in speaking to him of Werner in the language of either affection or reproach. To all these difficulties, as they crowd upon my fancy, the answer must be—Let us await the result. The Powers, who arrange or permit the succession of human events, certainly know, and most probably conduct them to their proper termination. In my case, I think it would be wilful blindness not to perceive, that something peculiar is intended, and announced in modes not to be mistaken. Of this gift, which I feel so strongly, it may be difficult to say whether the possession implies favour or otherwise; but if I looked at it only as a philosopher, it would be difficult to avoid considering it of the last importance. It demonstrates the nature of that thinking essence which each man calls himself. It proves the possibility of retaining impressions when the senses, through which they were made, are withdrawn; and further, to retain them, when it is surrounded by new ones of similar organization, claiming in their turn a right to be obeyed, and have their edicts registered."

My mother gently reminded me, that if we were Christians in any thing beyond the name, the *nature* of the soul was decided upon much higher authority than any experience of mine could ever constitute. "I seldom indeed trouble myself," said she, "with what is called philosophy, with an *emphasis* designed to raise it at the expense of religion; though, if the meaning of the word be the *love of wisdom*, to my understanding, and my heart, they are the same things. But your mother," she added, "is no scholar."

"You must, at least, choose another proof than the present, madam," said I, "if you expect to be credited."

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## CHAPTER VII.

I LAID my account with having a long and painful explanation to make in consequence of my frankness, but I was mistaken. My father cut the matter rather short, and merely told me, that he had been informed of my strange monitor, and of his letter in confirmation of his address to me. "Were you, or rather were we, of greater importance in the world, I should regard the whole affair as an arrangement sim-

ply of awakening circumstances, used by some secret confederacy for objects of its own. And I should yet think so, without being able to see our consequence to them, could I at all account for the mode by which so much positive knowledge of persons and places has been infused into your mind. There, however, I must confess myself completely thrown out; and knowing well the verity of your character, and believing that fanciful conjecture could never be so constantly right, I am obliged to receive the wonderful solution of which you are yourself persuaded, that they are the actual impressions of a previous existence.

"I do not doubt either, when you come to trace the influence of Werner's conduct, in surviving persons with whom he had been connected in life, (and I intend ere long to furnish you with an opportunity of doing so,) that as you approach any links of the association, the whole will return strongly upon you, and that much which is now in your memory but vague, or at most general notion, will then revive in all the freshness suited to the former being, and that you will accordingly derive both pleasures and pains peculiar to the situation, and unknown to other mortals. If you have been mysteriously warned, I think your Junius puts the journey in its true point of view, and that

your heart, as well as head, must be the better for it. In truth, I am led to hope, and why should I not say expect, for Edward Sydenham's maturity, a life of greater purity and happiness than, I fear, has been passed by Frederic Werner. Indeed, the lesson I anticipate to you, and to all who may be acquainted with the occurrence, is shortly this:—*How important it is to live so as to leave nothing wrong unatoned for.*" He gave me his hand most cordially at parting, and I rejoiced to find him in the exact frame of mind that my wishes could have figured out. This I attributed, in no slight degree, to the gentle and excellent being who had prepared him for the meeting with his wayward son. Not long after I quitted my parents and the metropolis for Cambridge.

I have already alluded to my tutor, and my obligations to that wise and excellent person. His name was Hervey, and he was related to the great man of that name, whom Cowley's friendship, as much as his verse, has immortalized. During my residence in town, I amused myself with attending the public sales, which from the stores of former collectors turn out, to taste and veneration, objects of much rarity and value. On one of my visits to Christie's, I bought, in the highest preservation, a beautiful head of the poet Cowley, enamelled by

Zinck. Such things are invaluable, when faithfully reduced: a few hundred years pass over a head upon canvass, and it becomes all but a blank: in miniatures, some of the colours do not stand; and if originals, in *that* mode of portrait painting, they are, for the most part, feeble. But when the fire has burnt in the beautiful labour of the enamellist, the likeness must be battered to pieces, for the work will last for ages.

I purchased this interesting picture of Cowley, with the intention of presenting it to Dr. Hervey, who was a great admirer of that poet. He had an hereditary excuse, if he valued his poetry rather more than the present, or perhaps the best kind of criticism will justify. He had once instituted, for the improvement of my taste in poetry, a critical enquiry into the merits of the rival monodies, Milton's Lycidas, and Cowley's Hervey. As to the first, he did not, with Dr. Johnson, disparage the grief on account of the figurative luxuriance. He styled them both mausoleums of exquisite, but very opposite architecture. That of Milton resembled the florid gothic, that of Cowley the plainer and more solid Tuscan. "But I confess," said he, "I have often exclaimed of the composition of Cowley, as Bassanio did of the leaden casket in the 'Merchant of Venice,'

'Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence.'

There is no approach to luxuriance—the terms are those of every day life—the thoughts, however, are deep and weighty and natural to the occasion. Poetry has never done her work more effectually than in Cowley's first two stanzas on the death of Mr. William Hervey. The reader may not be sorry to find them here. Cowley is now but little known. In the present dull age, it is novelty to recall a man, whose admirable sense is almost lost in the measureless abundance of his wit. His real grief *only* could suppress it for a moment.

1.

It was a dismal and a fearful night,
Scarce could the morn drive on th' unwilling light,
When *Sleep*, death's image, left my troubled breast,
By something *liker* death possest.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some *intolerable fate*.
What bell was that?—Ah me! too much I know.

2.

My sweet companion, and my gentle Peere,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy *end* for ever, and my *life* to moan?
O, thou hast left me all alone.
Thy soul and body, when death's agony
Besieg'd around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part,
Than I, my dearest friend, do part from *thee*.

Nor did Mr. William Hervey's namesake and relation fall below him in the love of science, and the practice of moral goodness. The picture, as it presented the poet, recalled the verse. Dr. Hervey received my present with a satisfaction that taught me the full value of exact portrait; it tended to renew in him all the affection which his relative bore to the excellent original.

"It is pleasing to see," said the Doctor, "how sometimes an act of friendship, often a mere poetical tribute of feeling, paid without design, a melancholy indulgence of the mind and the muse, shall originate a stream of events, and quite fashion the future life. It was entirely so with Cowley. His verses on the Death of my Relation, his fellow-student, made him known to that gentleman's brother, Mr. John Hervey, who became his zealous friend through life, and introduced him to that munificent royalist, Lord St. Albans. But it is a subject of lasting regret that, attending the queen mother, as Cowley did for a period of twelve years, and being an eye witness and an agent in the long struggle which she made to preserve her husband and her family; it is melancholy indeed, to lose such a record as he could have written of this heroic woman. For it was by her command he un-

dertook those missions in various parts of Europe, of the utmost importance to the royal cause, and in which his own liberty, nay life, were in continual peril.*

"When I consider the irreproachable con-

* There can be little question that the memoirs of those disastrous times, written by Cowley, if they wanted the grave and statesman-like dignity which we admire in Clarendon, would have possessed that enchanting ease and correctness, which have carried his Essays into closets never penetrated by his epic poem. As may be seen in the volumes of Hume, a very few changes of expression sufficed to blend his character of Cromwell with the narrative of our great historian; and if Mr. Hume himself did not apprize the reader of the circumstance, few indeed would detect the several parts in the composition.

But elaborate works are seldom produced in retirement. A disgust is conceived by the idle, for even the scenes of former activity; and great fame and fortune are very seldom achieved together. The world then is deemed unjust to our merits; and we become soured against our contemporaries. But often, very often, is our own indolence resented—we do little; but we meditate great things. Cowley threatened to exhaust the inexhaustible history of religion, and to digest a complete body of natural knowledge. But these were forgotten or neglected, and he lost, in his state of modest competence, the energy and the health, which constantly attended his struggles and his cares.

duct of Cowley, his grateful attachments, his love of science, his ardent desire to reform academic instruction, and then meditate the affecting 'Complaint' of so fine a genius, my mind becomes as it were pictured over with the story of his being; and so strong a hold is gained of my imagination, that I appear almost to identify myself with him, and live over again his various and striking existence. This, however, I do not attribute entirely to the excellence of the poet, the politician, or the man, but to my family connexion with the best beloved of his friends; a circumstance which you have so affectionately remembered in your present."

"The remark," said I, "which has just escaped you, carried a little further, doctor, would lead into a question on which I have frequently wished your opinion, not being able to rely very confidently on my own. The expression that you could *almost* identify yourself with the life of Cowley, suggests the enquiry whether it be possible for the spiritual part of one being to inform the body of another, retaining at the same time a distinct perception of the first existence in the second?"

"I reply to it," said Doctor Hervey, "as a pure speculative query, (for I know not that such a case was ever pretended,) and see nothing impossible, or even unlikely, in the first

part of the question. As to the second, or perception of both beings, there is more difficulty. Let us look, however, a little into the first part of the enquiry. The spiritual substance, be it creation or effusion, can hardly be kept inactive; it is an energy, and must operate on something else. But you discover a sort of predilection for the German philosophers. Let us consider a little what a very great man, Herder, says upon the subject.*

"'The power which thinks and acts in me, is from its nature, as eternal as that which holds together the sun and the stars: its organs may wear out, and the sphere of its activity may change, as earths wear away, and stars change their places; but the laws through which it is, where it is, and *will come again in other forms*, never alter. Its nature is as eternal as the mind of God; and the foundations of my *being* (not of my corporeal frame,) are as fixed as the pillars of the universe. For all being is alike an indivisible idea, in the greatest, as well as the least, founded on the same laws. Thus the structure of the universe confirms the eternity of the core of my being, of my intrinsic life. Wherever, or whatever I may be, I shall

* In his famous tract, "Another Philosophy of History." 1774.

be, as I now am, a *power* in the universal system of powers, a being in the inconceivable harmony of some world of God.' And still, I think, more pointedly as to our subject, in the same work.

" ' Nought here below can exceed the subtlety, swiftness, and efficacy of a human thought; nought the energy, purity, and warmth of a human volition. Let man's thoughts be as devoid of reason as possible, still on every occasion, when he thinks, he imitates the disposing Deity; in whatever he wills and performs, he imitates the creating God. The similitude lies in the thing itself; it is grounded in the essence of his mind. Shall the power that is capable of knowing, loving, and imitating God; nay, that from the very essence of its reason, is compelled to know and to imitate him as it were against its will, (since even its very faults and errors arise only from weakness and illusion,) be no more? and the most powerful sovereign upon earth perish; because an external circumstance of composition is changed, and some of its lowest subjects have revolted? Does the artist no longer exist, because the tools have dropped from his hand? If so, where is the *concatenation* of our thoughts?"

" Now," said the doctor, " Herder, you perceive, is directly opposed to some of our ina-

tomical physiologists, who (not very decently in a Christian country) openly teach that our whole being is organization. According to our sublime German, there is something *besides*, which is more properly *us*; its organs may wear out, and the sphere of its action may *change*, but its nature is as eternal as the mind of God. This, too, separated from one corporeal habitation, he thinks may return in *other forms*. So far your question is supported, perhaps was suggested to you by him.

"The remaining, and most difficult point is, that mind's retaining, in any case, a consciousness of the acts of its former energy. If the first position be a true one, and the mind succeed to endless habitations, its entrance to any new one seems to drop an oblivious curtain upon all that was done in the former. In its present abode it submits to be informed by a fresh set of senses, finer or coarser than its last, and discovers no consciousness out of the immediate sphere of its action. But if an instance were ever to occur, when this mind, in addition to the ideas derived from its present organs, should appear to retain a lively memory of another frame, mixed up with events long past, and persons totally unknown and unrelated to the present individual, I should still, I say, be slow to credit a gift out of the usual course, unless I could be made to see some

greatly important good the obvious and exclusive result of such a peculiarity.

"I am aware, however, that from experience alone am I enabled to judge of what *is* greatly important; and that, in such a scheme of things as human existence, nothing in its remote consequences ought to be pronounced decidedly unimportant. However, prove but such a consciousness; prove that the facts remembered could only be known to the man on the supposition that his own mind was the agent in them; and that single instance (if there never should be another) will be more important to our species, than all the guesses of philosophy, ancient or modern, since men first imagined a mind, and laboured to discover its nature and its properties."

We were now arrived at the precise point in the discussion, which admitted of my interposition.

"The next step, however, my dear sir," said I, "if you please, and we may dismiss the subject. Grant the full conviction, as you have stated it, to be in any man; what ought his conduct to be, and what would you expect to be the result of it?"

"I should expect a being so distinguished, to be distinguished further. That an impulse quite irresistible would be continually exciting

him, which, as it bore no relation to the concerns of the present being, would clearly enough ally itself to the past; and this I should unquestionably allow to determine MYSELF; leaving the effects to work themselves out in the action; nor in the least doubting that to me it was important to obey impulses growing out of a peculiarity absolutely in my own nature.

"I know that you are now going to assemble objections in great force to my notions, thrown out without much care at your desire; but, (said he, with a smile,) as I believe they are all of them equally present to me, I shall save you the trouble of prolonging a fruitless discussion. It is not pretended that the case you speak of ever yet occurred, and reason has always claims of more moment than any question of speculative possibility. We may be as discursive as we choose in preparing for the actual life that calls upon us, our foresight should provide against the known evils of existence. But to imagine a burden we cannot be called upon to bear, purely to arm our courage where no danger is apprehended, is at best but a mental sport, which occupies the place or time of actual business. I had once a pupil who chose the wonders of astronomy for the ground of fanciful speculation. It may amuse you to trace the course it took. We had been going

over the comparative revolutions of the planets, and the extreme likelihood that they were all of them inhabited, made him deduce a set of very whimsical and not unamusing inferences. For instance, the affinity of these planets to one another, and to one common centre, (said he,) would lead one to suppose, that their inhabitants partook of this generic similarity. Mercury, on such a plan, must have its man, as well as the earth. But the revolution of that near visitant of our sun round its own axis, is made in six hours. The day, therefore, of Mercury consists of but three hours, for meals, and their provision and preparation, exercise, business, and pleasure. One of our common trials there would starve the whole court. The mercurial senate would have sunk under the combined wit and wisdom of our Pitt and Fox, Burke and Sheridan. The action there is probably quicker, through its whole animal existence, than ours. Ideas must flow quicker. Our winged words would creep to them. The tongue must move faster, and even language itself be still further abbreviated to suit the demands of such rapid communication. But if we should be of opinion, that as Mercury completes his year in eighty-eight days, and is six times as strongly enlightened by the sun as we are, he may not be cool enough for animal pro-

duction; this will not be supposed of our more intimate acquaintance Jupiter, who, though his revolution round the common sun takes him nearly twelve of our years to accomplish, has a day of scarcely five hours, and six hundred and eighteen of our weeks to be distributed in business, pleasure, and repose. As to Saturn, with a day and night of only seven hours, and not having so much as a hundredth part of the light enjoyed by Jupiter, with thirty of our years to wander in twilight dejection round the sun, the men there, perhaps, slumber between thought and thought, and all conversation is a suit in Chancery. But though it may be true, that in planets enjoying a middle position, like our earth, the safest and best walking may be found for beings like ourselves, it would be too much to assume, that upon nearer or more distant worlds there is no walking at all. Vast power is, no doubt, capable of amazing varieties in creation. The very senses may be fewer, more numerous, or possess other properties than ours. The human creatures of Saturn may, for instance, have that sort of phosphoric ignition in the dark, which lights certain animals here to their prey, and probably fascinates as well as shows it. Day and night, moreover, with the Saturnine may not be the unavoidable alternations of labour and repose, but the

strength, as well as the will to labour, may carry them through a period of activity equal to our own. To be sure, the opposite conclusion is more likely to be true, because where the grossness is greater, there is more torpor, and night may not arrive too soon after an active day of five, four, or even three of our own hours.

"To all this amusing speculation, what (said the good man) could I reply, but that such meditations, even by their uncertainty, might extend our conceptions of the Divine Being; inasmuch as they seemed to imply, by different exigencies, the immense resources of his provident wisdom. But to dwell on them pertinaciously drew off the mind from the positive duties of our condition, or studies at least of more infallible result. Yet do not imagine that I at all concur with the poet Cowper—

'God never meant that man should scale the heavens
By strides of human wisdom.'

I think he *did* mean that we should achieve the wonders of astronomy; or he would have denied us faculties to suggest the topics, and invent the instruments by which the laws that regulate the planets are made known to us. But with their bulk, and motion, and attendants we must stop. Of their inhabitants we can

know nothing. Fancy has sometimes trifled in other worlds, and satire converted them into vehicles of misanthropy. Bitter sarcasms upon human nature, too obvious to be mistaken, are vented boldly upon imaginary beings. But the veil is too thin for deception, even if philosophy did not teach us, that we *derive* all our knowledge, and can only combine the materials scattered around us, the experience of others or our own. Such views of mankind, too, prove an unseemly vanity or arrogance in the being who indulges in them. He, who best knew the nature of man, was its frequent apologist; and enjoined, as the first of duties, a general charity to general imperfection."

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## CHAPTER VIII.

THE turn which the doctor had given to his exposure of what he called fanciful speculation, showed me the inutility of prolonging the discussion. Incidentally indeed he had told me, how he conceived a person was bound to act, who should feel in himself such a conviction as I had stated. He had thus confirmed me in my design, without in the least suspecting my

secret. But I somehow became impressed with a conviction, that it was indiscreet in me to bring such a subject before him. A seat of learning is the last of all places to be trusted with eccentricity. It is little indulgent to what threatens to disturb by innovation its received and settled opinions. The treatment of the sagacious Locke was an instance never to be forgotten; and I therefore closed the subject with my tutor, by an excuse for troubling him with my reveries, however springing from a strong expression of his own; but I said, and with great truth, that I would often review the passage he had selected from Herder, and reconsider his admirable work.

My friend Herman, upon his return from the Continent, paid me his promised visit at Cambridge, and with the aid of Dr. Hervey, I led him to that intimate acquaintance with our literary stores, that gave him a high idea of the splendid endowments of our seats of learning. I thought it necessary to apprise him, that I had not intrusted our strange adventure to my tutor.

"Apropos," said he, "of Werner; I do not know whether in defiance of my own rule I might not have made some enquiries as to such a person, but as I entered the place where I intended to make them, an oblivion of the very name came unaccountably over me, until the

mystery about him was secured by my removal. I therefore concluded," continued he, "in the spirit of Don Quixote himself, that the adventure was reserved for some other knight-errant, and determined to do nothing in the business, except keep what I had heard and my opinion upon it to myself."

"A determination," said I, "which I fervently hope you will change, since I have set my heart upon your accompanying me in my intended tour, and aiding me with your friendly counsels. I added, that my parents, from my representation of him, had united to express the same wish.

He told me that he had anticipated the desire on my part, but never for a moment doubted as to the propriety of his declining it, should it be made. "Without any compliment, my friend," said he, "I have never seen another young man gifted with so strong a prudence, or a temper so unfailing as your own. If there be any thing in my judgment of this matter, you will be led in it securely every step you take. Whatever you do or suffer will be governed by a necessity arising out of the case, and the whole be infinitely superior to any human help or hindrance. One thing only I will not decline, and that not to gratify, believe me, a curiosity strongly excited, but in the hope of

relieving your mind in some anxious moments. If you think ME worthy of the preference, I shall be glad to hear from you, what you may judge it proper to communicate—and when you ask my opinion at any time, I answer for its being ingenuous and well considered.

"As to my own concerns," he added, "the objects of my journey are completely acquired. I have secured a valuable independence, which will leave me completely master of my time and my pursuits. And most probably the rest of my existence will be passed between London and Paris; the only residences for either the social or the studious man. Thus, my dear Sydenham, with that frankness which becomes our friendship, I communicate my decision as to your proposal; and only beg that you will believe it to be governed by what I think *your* interest, not my own."

I replied that this determination had a little disarranged my plans, but that doing full justice to his motive, he probably but obeyed a suggestion emanating from the source of so many other singular incidents in my destiny. "Possibly," said I, "the permission to correspond with you on the business of my journey may be the best assistance I can receive, and the only one that suits the nature of the case." Upon my wish to introduce him to my parents,

he met me with all the warmth I expected. We therefore agreed that I should, as he said, put him in nomination for a seat among their chosen friends, if he should be thought duly qualified on presenting himself before them. Our business being thus arranged, we devoted our time at Cambridge, with little interruption to each other's studies; and I did not forget to take my friend Herman with me in my little tours of benevolence. He had the goodness to make a particular note of the residences of my lowly pensioners: "this," said he, "I do, in case my own visits should be intercepted by pleasure or business; for it is not likely, when I can run down to Cambridge, that I should ever forget one foot of the pious circuit that you have marked out for me." I call this man the friend of my heart, and with reason; he entered into all its objects with a warmth so grateful and so unaffected, that I number his acquaintance among the principal blessings which Providence has bestowed upon me.

The period of my residence in the university being expired, I took a very affectionate leave of Dr. Hervey, and of a few other learned members of different colleges, who had distinguished me by their kindness; and Herman accompanied me to London, exceedingly gratified by the attentions he had experienced.

Shortly after our arrival in the metropolis, I had the pleasure to introduce him to my parents. His exterior was at once noble, frank, and courteous, and so congenial to their wishes and feelings, that he looked rather like a relative returned from a distant journey, than a stranger whom they had never seen before. With my father Herman seemed greatly pleased; indeed there was a strong personal resemblance between them; and my mother observed that, though my friend did not look entirely of the same nation, he might be supposed of the same family. That gentle and excellent woman herself at once impressed Herman with reverence and affectionate admiration. An eloquent expression of his emotion, when she spoke to him of her son, did not escape me. I read in it a full conviction of the *right* in kindred spirits to be made known to each other.

The reader will naturally suppose the anxiety of a mother to receive from my companion a relation of the extraordinary scene, which I had described to her as occurring on the memorable night of King Lear; and she endeavoured to draw from Herman something beyond a mere corroboration of the facts. She said, in truth, enough to enable one only half as penetrating, to see the persuasion of the fa-

mily, that something out of the common course of events associated me with the person named Werner. Finding, therefore, that he did not awaken any unpleasant feelings, he had no reserve whatever in declaring his own. He ingenuously exhibited his ideas upon the subject; though it should be observed, that he was entirely unacquainted with my impressions from infancy to manhood, sometimes so irresistibly proclaiming themselves. I thought my own portrait of the *stranger* partook sufficiently of the mysterious; but the stronger fancy of the Swede arrayed him at once as a superior nature, putting on humanity as a garment, to instruct some favoured mortal in the only road to his honour and his peace.

My friend Herman, in this first visit, gracefully yielded himself to female eloquence. Mrs. Sydenham was inferior to no mother in the power of impressing her son's good qualities. Indeed no one of my accomplishments escaped its due, and perhaps more than its due share of applause. That to which she could best speak, because she could herself exhibit it, my talent for musical composition, was very audibly enforced by her performance of my additions to Purcell's magical airs in the Tempest. This drama Herman had studied with all the fervour which the German critics had kindled on

the continent for Shakspeare. My father could hardly avoid expressing his surprise, when in the words of his favourite poet, Herman, after musing over the theme he had heard from my mother, exclaimed with the happiest compliment,

> "Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd
> If all could so become it."

He read what was passing in my father's mind, for he said: "My dear sir, the poet of nature at length gives the law through all her civilized bounds. It could once be a *distinction* to admire Shakspeare, and jealous vanity prompted a Frenchman to say 'that the islanders, his countrymen, had it to themselves.' But if ever the Parisians obtain a chance of hearing and understanding him in his own language, they will all *but* join the northern nations in the homage paid to his genius. My countrymen have long, in a close translation, enjoyed the incomparable tragedy of Macbeth. But the transfusion of poetical beauties is comparatively easy into a sister tongue."

I had an opportunity shortly after to show my ingenious friend into my study; and he recognised at once a very striking likeness of himself in crayons, which my facility in seizing character had enabled me to place continually before me. With the opportunity I now had

of correcting any slight disagreement between the picture and the original, I really doubted whether I could at all improve the characteristic markings of the sketch. He said, might he be allowed to decide the point, it should remain as it now stood, because he felt proud of having so strongly impressed me ; and, as far as my art was concerned, the fewer means enjoyed of obtaining the likeness, the greater was the triumph where it had succeeded. When he spoke to me of my parents, he thanked me for two enlightened and kind friends, with whom, said he, " I shall feelingly remember, but in some degree be consoled for my own loss of parents worthy to be compared with them." He turned his head aside to conceal his emotion, and finding the keys of my chamber-organ close to his hand, he sat down to it, and running his fingers over them in a very masterly prelude, and with a somewhat fuller and more scientific accompaniment, recorded (as he termed it) my own lesson, which he had caught from the fair performer in the drawing room.

The sound of the instrument brought my mother from her dressing room on the same floor, and she surprised, not her son, but her new acquaintance, rivalling her own facility of acquisition. Perhaps her figure, at the me-

ment I speak of, was the most beautiful expression of the maternal character that was ever seen. She gave Herman her hand, as the best praise, and in a subdued tone of voice exclaimed, "One of ourselves." We were shortly after summoned to some friends, who had been invited to pass the evening with us, and banishing every irksome subject for the time, my friend and I exerted ourselves to please, and happily succeeded. Herman was indeed highly accomplished, and when the song for a few minutes was silent, and even the dance stood still, unexhausted by either, the polished traveller drew around him the gay as well as the grave—for he had a flow of brilliant expression and a peculiar talent of exhibiting groupes of national character.

I remember one of these flights of his fancy, which was as whimsical as it was natural. Man is the only risible animal, and it may be conceived, that mirth is not very strongly discriminated by character. Laughter belongs to all conditions of life. But to show how much may be distinguished by a nice observer,—he exhibited, in succession, the humours of a fair, as he saw them in the different nations of Europe. The common desire of merriment partially checked by station, condition, age, or sex, until the whole warmed into that reckless gaiety,

when distinction all but ceases, and turbulence begins. All this too, growing out of the strong national tendency to constitutional buoyancy or constitutional phlegm, afforded a picture, or succession of living pictures, which a true philosopher might have studied with profit, and all must have beheld with delight. The ladies appeared most surprised at the slight aids which were sought by Herman to keep his characters distinct; a handkerchief, a shawl, little more was necessary to enable this perfect actor to be any thing he chose to represent. The reader has already been told his extraordinary gift as a linguist. Yet with all this whim and animation, he was rather of a grave and critical turn; and the general belief in the room, that the possessor of such powers must be the happiest of mankind, was, I have reason to think, fallacious.

My father pronounced his panegyric by thanking me for making him acquainted with a man so uniformly excellent. "Yesterday," said he, "his person was unknown to me, and to-day I feel that my heart is in his hand. It is the beauty, my son, of TRUTH alone, that could thus have won upon me!"

## CHAPTER IX.

The period that elapsed until my visit to the Continent I purposely omit. My father's banker supplied me with a general letter of credit, and had the friendship to add some notes of personal introduction, which gave me at once the best society where I chose to reside. Herman added to these passports through my travels, and judiciously considered my peculiar frame of mind in the acquaintance he selected for me. Some struggles I had at parting with home, and its fonder indulgence. Young as I was, the opening scene before me tempted by no gaiety; and, if hope at all coloured the prospect, it was rather by a removal of pain than any acquisition of positive pleasure.

Herman soon found a young Swiss to attend me, who spoke both French and German; he was of good parentage, and rather a sort of humble friend than an absolute servant. He belonged to a race of men, which I fear the egotism of this commercial age will extinguish for ever. The connexion between master and servant is now an affair of mere calculation. It is so much service for so much money, until the parties, restless or capricious, become dissatisfied with each other; they then separate with

less kindness than they came together. But the best qualities of the head can but ill compensate the want of the old family attachment, which grew up in what was always deemed a sure dependence for life, and in which life itself was at all times cheerfully risked. To the shame of practical politicians, such attachments are always strongest among the genuine hardy sons of freedom, the mountaineers. It is not in crowded cities, in the midst of noisy debates, and pamphlets, and newspapers, that such a virtue, or indeed any virtue of this class, can be cultivated.. The whole body becomes sordid, selfish, and vain, and laughs at the expectation of any thing beyond the literal performance of the contract between the parties.

"Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up,
Even with the having."

And this might have been as truly said of Sillery, as Shakspeare said it of the venerable Adam in "As You Like It."

Through a considerable portion of my life he has remained steadily attached to me, and never in any hasty moment expressed a thought of changing his master. Yet Sillery, like other men, has his distant prospect of perfect happiness. It is, in the decline of life, with the sav-

ings of frugality, and the rewards of zeal, to retire to his native mountains, and close his existence where it commenced.

A short time before I quitted England, I one day surprised my most affectionate parent, pensive, and in tears. As my journey had seemed, up to that moment, to have her cordial concurrence, it did not, at first, strike me what view of it could now distress her. She was very explicit on the subject, and her reasons did honour to her understanding and her heart. She dried up her tears hastily, and struggling for composure, thus solemnly addressed me. "My dear Edward has seen how readily I came into his wishes, as to the visit he is about to pay to the Continent. What the results may be of the experiment is matter of pure conjecture. If his health and peace are restored and confirmed, I ought to rejoice in the means, though they occasion my son's absence. But the apprehension of a mother reaches beyond the mere absence of the person, and trembles lest the calls of Werner upon Sydenham should leave him, by their interest, a Sydenham only in name. How am I to be sure, Edward, of your affections? How can I avoid dreading that the whole man may be engrossed by this inconceivable relation to the past, which, in its very commencements, estranged you from much of the proper

claims upon your present existence? Your youth has passed away in cheerless imaginations and melancholy abstraction. The errors and offences of another have hung heavily upon you:—is the cloud ever to be withdrawn, and my son to be restored to me, rid of the burden that prevents him from showing like his proper self? As a parent, why should I be doomed to reap only barrenness, and, like a character in romance, exclaim, 'my son lives it is true, but not for me?'"

I was deeply affected by this touching appeal to my filial relation—and, for a time, resolved, at whatever pain to myself, to abandon my design, rather than expose the being, whom I best loved, to apprehensions whose termination I could not foresee. However, upon my offering to give up the journey altogether, she said, with great warmth,—"No, my son, that shall not be; the experiment ought to be made, and I must deal with my weak fears as I can. But at least I must know from yourself, that you constantly think of me; and rely securely, that you will communicate, of your concerns abroad, all that may be proper for me to know. With such a promise, I shall be satisfied; and, I hope, calmly expect the time, when no divided interest shall longer detain you from me." I gave her the pledge she required, in the most

solemn manner, and sealed it with my kisses and my tears.

The morning of my departure arrived. It was calm and mild, but cloudy, and as I entered the chaise with Herman, Sillery sitting on the box, the rain, which had till then kept up, fell in as it were a few prelusive drops, which I thought I understood, but entirely ceased before we arrived at Dartford. Herman had insisted upon accompanying me to Dover, and I was really the better for his society. He could talk to me exactly in harmony with my feelings, and lead me by degrees to the proper state of mind for such an expedition as I had undertaken. Nothing of much consequence occurred until we reached Canterbury. As admirers of the choral service, we took our seats in the cathedral, and were, I truly say, for a time, all ear. As the blessing was pronounced at the close of it, I looked without design, across the choir; in one of the stalls, for a moment, a powerful eye seemed to regard me with interest, it was that of the mysterious stranger. I turned hastily to Herman, to ask him whether he also recognised the person, but he was gone from the choir, and as he did not seek us, I concluded that he either doubted, as to my identity with his young friend, or chose to keep up the mystery about him, by allow-

ing no opportunity of courting further explanation.

The frequent intercourse of my readers with the Continent, renders it unnecessary for me to add to the great mass of description already before them. My journey was effected without the slightest accident, and for the first time, as Edward Sydenham, I entered the noble city of Frankfort. I presented my letters of credit and introduction to the senior partner of the banking-house, and he invited me to use, for a few days, the accommodation of his dwelling-house, a mansion of the first-rate, in the best quarter of the city. I made no scruple to accept his hospitality, and instructed Sillery accordingly as to the removal of our slight baggage from the kaiser, at which we had put up on our arrival. M. Willich despatched, in my presence, instructions to his principal servant to prepare apartments for my use. "You will choose, perhaps, first," said he, "to make a slight survey of our *improvements*, (I started!) before you honour me as a guest. I am so used to the sort of accommodation, very humble, but always hearty, which it is in my power to offer travellers, that an hour is sufficient, at any time, to prepare my establishment for an accession to the family. I have a large, and, on the old principle, convenient mansion, well

built, without a tinge of modish, or even classical affectation, in its outward form, or inward furnishings. If a former race were to return *again* (a slight hectic passed over me!) they would find themselves as much at home with me as their own relations; and probably the same recesses remaining, and the venerable oak and chestnut cabinets, which their fathers had sat at through life, and in whose secret repositories, they might conceal perhaps much information, lost sometimes for ages to their descendants. You may understand by this latter piece of information, that I took the whole building and furniture at the equitable valuation of its former possessor, and have never seen cause to wish them, in any particular, different from what I found them."

There was something so cordial and homely, so much of the plain business of goodness about this gentleman, that I felt not merely gratified, but cheered by his kindness. I could not but look upon the introduction as a sort of auspice to the business I came upon; and, in a great degree, the doubt and alarm I brought with me yielded to a conviction, that I had done wisely in obeying the impulse to travel hither, and submit myself to the trials that were prepared for me.

When I left him, he had the politeness to

offer me a guide, but I told him I preferred selecting my own objects of remark, and had a slight plan of the city to assist me. I said this to him, but the truth was, that a panorama of the grand buildings, the river Mayn, the streets, the costumes of the people floated before my fancy, or started from memory at the moment, so that London itself was hardly better known to me. As I walked along the high street, and drew insensibly toward the postern, (a highly wrought gate of Saxon architecture that led to the cathedral,) my ear was struck by the fine chimes from the high tower, and I sat down to listen to the music that had sounded regularly from my youth to that present hour, a period of more than fifty years. It was a venerable German psalm. The voice of praise from mere mechanism was an irresistible appeal to my heart. I hurried into the only kind of edifice suited to the worship of the Deity, and dropt in speechless adoration before the tomb of the good man, who had educated my former youth. As I rose, I noticed the excellent bust, which preserved in marble even his vital expression along with his features. I entered into no dispute as to the attention which the departed spirit may be permitted to pay to those who evoke it from its beatitude or its repose.—I ardently apostro-

phised the ashes that lay beneath my feet, and fancied the placid benignity of the bust a reply to the invocation of my reverential love.

In the south transept lay the remains of one in whom I had a still nearer interest. Upon a purple slab of marble I read an inscription that filled my eyes with tears, and my bosom with an agitation that exceeded every previous emotion. I stood over the tomb of Frederic Werner, with whose conduct I was destined to sympathise in a manner so remarkable. The inscription was just what I wished. It commemorated the birth and the death. The age of forty-five indicated a period too long for glaring imperfection, and too short, unhappily, for atonement. The latter work was still to be accomplished, and clouded, for a time at least, the happiness of another person.

As I stood contemplating the tranquil scene, I appeared to draw in, with every breath, fresh animation to pursue my object. "Yes, behold me!" I exclaimed, apostrophising the corporeal structure beneath, "behold me entered on my task of giving true peace to the remains of Werner. Could you resume your former sensibility, a throb of delight would rush upon the nerves, outvaluing your whole existence!" I was slowly retreating from the place, when my attention was attracted by a lady, in a deep

and thick black veil, followed by a servant, who carried a small cushion, such as is placed below a *prie dieu* in the oratories of Catholic houses. They advanced towards the spot I had left; and, taking the shelter of a neighbouring column, I stood and observed, unseen, the mourner kneeling upon the tomb of Werter, and paying the unaffected tribute of a friend, or perhaps relation. In England such a thing would be thought too obtrusive for real grief—we mask our vices to serve ourselves, and sometimes our *virtues*, that we may not injure the self-love of others. We should call the visit one of hypocrisy or affectation—and, if twenty years had elapsed since the loss, pronounce it the result of dotage or insanity. On the Continent, no notice is taken of an act of becoming piety, which all in their turn would perform; and in nothing are foreigners so superior to ourselves, as in the silent respect they pay to the sorrows of others.

If any one should ask how the immortal part is interested or affected by these testimonials of affection or regret, let a sublime poet of our own country answer the question, in lines supposed to be spoken by a deceased lady to an eulogist, in whose praise she found matter worthy the notice of an unbodied spirit.

"Stript to the naked soul, escap'd from clay,
From doubts unfetter'd, and dissolv'd in day;

Unwarm'd by vanity, unreach'd by strife,
And all my hopes and fears thrown off with life;
Why am I charm'd by friendship's fond essays,
And, tho' unbodied, conscious of thy praise?
Has pride a portion in the parted soul?
Does passion still the formless mind control?
Can gratitude out-pant the silent breath,
Or a friend's sorrow pierce the glooms of death?
No—'tis a spirit's nobler taste of bliss,
That feels the worth it left, in proofs like this;
That not its own applause but thine approves,
Whose practice praises, and whose virtue loves."

The situation and description of the spirit praised, and the reflecting the praise back upon the virtue which bestows it, are among the happiest things of this, the most polished of our poets.

My time thus passed, in a way entirely suited to my frame of thought, I slowly quitted the cathedral, and without difficulty walked direct to my new friend Willich's mansion. I found Sillery waiting my arrival, who with evident pleasure in his looks, preceded me to a very handsome suite of apartments in one of the wings of the building. When I had inspected the rooms, by direction of our liberal host, he presented me with the keys of two fine old cabinets, which had been cleared out for my accommodation. I then threw up one of the sashes to enjoy the delightful prospect before

me, and told Sillery to get things ready in the dressing-room, and I would come to him in a few minutes. I perfectly succeeded in suppressing the expression of my astonishment; but the cabinets before me were *really* mine, and afforded matter of deliberation as to a point of propriety. But as there was no occasion to decide immediately on this point, I deferred it until I should be perfectly at liberty to pursue the idea they had excited, and perhaps take the advice of Herman for my surer determination.

## CHAPTER X.

M. Willich proved himself to be not only a hospitable landlord, but a most intelligent and amiable man. The reputation of great wealth is often alone the cause of brilliant society; but the banker enjoyed more than the external respect of his acquaintance. There was more heart apparent in the circle of which he was the centre than mere opulence ever excited; and, without the pretensions to patronage, he was even distinguished by the number of learned and scientific men who sought his table; not as in Paris for opportunities of display, (that

egotism which shines on all alike, but not like the sun to benefit all or any,) but because they really found more happiness there than in other societies; and, after the intense application of their studies, knew the full value of laying down the real or fancied superiorities, which vanity might privately whisper, in general urbanity and polished manners.

M. Willich had remained single to that period of existence when the habits are commonly fixed, and last to the end of it. His brother, he said, had determined *his* course for him, by dying a few years since and leaving his two daughters entirely to his protection. The cultivating their happy dispositions, and superintending their studies, added hourly to his interest in their comfort, and established for them a sort of right in him, which should never be invaded. These nieces took the entire management now of his, or rather *their*, domestic concerns. Indeed they had repaid his goodness by an affection so truly filial, that they became parts, as it were, of himself, and he wished to live only with them, and for them. He presented me to them as a young English gentleman, in whom he hoped to receive a friend.

I replied gratefully to his compliment, and thinking that a few words of one sister to the other, in German, might lead them to speak *of*

me, as a point of delicacy, I at once accosted them in that language, and relieved them by doing so, from the awkwardness inflicted, by finding *that* understood by a third person, which was meant to be undeclared. The younger lady, by a smile of much archness, and passing her hand rapidly across her eyes, gave me to understand that I had anticipated what was really coming; and her elder sister, with infinite grace, curtsied to her uncle, and thanked him for the honour he had done them.

I have seldom met with two sisters more perfectly amiable than these. There was much resemblance, combined with incessant diversity. They were, in one sense, compensations to each other—L'allegro and Il penseroso—rivals in sweetness and grace, and yet companions, though rivals—of one parent, but of very different qualities.

During the conversation, before we entered the saloon, I alluded to the interest which I took in the cathedral, when I observed the tribute paid to a departed friend, by the lady so deeply veiled at the grave of ——

"Werner!" exclaimed the elder sister. "She is a friend of ours, and we shall have the pleasure of introducing you to her acquaintance. You will find her a highly-gifted and most interesting woman. This, I imagine, must

have been the anniversary of Werner's death, which she always so commemorates; but there are more relations to that person about you than you are, I suppose, aware of. My uncle told us he resided in this very house. I am unacquainted with his story, which, however, I believe to have some unhappy points about it; but let us think with charity of all men."

"With all my heart," added the younger sister, "but for the present, at least, let us think only of the expectations of our guest. An Englishman does not travel, I believe, to collect subjects of melancholy, but to dispel them."

"Such, madam," said I, "is their hope, and in your presence, I should think they must be sure of success."

"I rather fancy," she rejoined, "this must be a miserable world upon the whole, and that there is some unaccountable pleasure in pain. I offer you even proof along with my notion—a rarity among the fanciful. Now here do I, in pure charity, let my high spirits take their course. My patients, for a time, revive under the discipline, but soon fly their best physician. One look of pensive sweetness, from my sober sister there, dissolves the benevolent spell I had cast upon them; and they sigh out their satisfac-

tion in unison, at having closed an effort too burdensome for them to sustain."

"There Mr. Sydenham," said M. Willich, "my nieces have given you a pretty fair estimate of their characters, except that they do not keep quite so wide of each other as they pretend. The elder can enjoy the vivacity of the younger, and in tenderness of affection for each other they are equal. But pray let them take nothing with you upon my motion."

"Not even dinner, uncle, which I should think is served by this time?" said the lively lady.

"Why, yes," replied the good man, "I there will say something in your favour, that few ladies know better how to do the honours of the table; and that assertion passes my word for more than is commonly ascribed to that accomplishment: a quick discernment of character, conciliation, good sense, and good taste."

The ladies honoured me with their arms in a most graceful manner, and I led them from their own drawing-room, as that we were in was called, and felt myself happy.

At table I perceived sensibly the value of the English character, and with a little exertion, did not, I hope, discredit the reputation of my country. Other nations excel us in the quick flow of their ideas, and the untiring vi-

vacity of their pretensions. It is only by the cooler estimate of time, that we can restore ourselves to our own good opinion. We are led also into a considerable error, when we take the foreign gaiety for happiness. Their displeasure is as vivid as their enjoyment, and they are agitated to a hurricane, where the English surface would be unruffled. The company paid me the compliment of denizenship, because I spoke their languages correctly; and, perhaps, it is not possible to possess the language, without acquiring something of the manners which accompany the tongue.

Our guests were among the leading people of the place, and extremely polite and well informed. The young ladies, in the happiest way, drew them out on the subjects they could best illustrate, and compelled even myself to take a greater share in the conversation, than my natural reserve very willingly supplied. During the evening, in the drawing-room, the elder sister prevailed upon me to sit down to the piano-forte. She wished to hear some of the English masters, and I was fortunately able to exhibit their science, as well as their power of air. Her taste was theatrical though grave, and this led her to the study of Gluck, in whose Alceste she absolutely looked inspired. In her dress she leant to the Greek costume,

as far as real taste could do without singularity, and the full masses of dark hair, that crossed the forehead in bands, in the simplicity of their effect, far surpassed the labour of the most brilliant decoration. In my samples of national song, I had given some of Handel and Arne from the smaller poems of Milton. She informed me that she had become enraptured with the "Paradise Lost," from the German translation first, and latterly from the great original itself; but the smaller poems she had never seen. I told her that she should not be long without that pleasure, for I never travelled without them; and, in reference to the grander work of Milton, I termed them flowers "worthy of Paradise." "Besides," said I, "you are to learn, that he was a prophet as well as a poet, and has drawn your portrait, as if he had seen you visibly."

"See," said Miss Caroline, "the expressive curiosity of my sage sister. Do, pray, Mr. Sydenham, indulge me with something like her; which, with pride, equal to my affection, I must say I have not hitherto met with."

"Hush," replied Miss Sophia, looking at the circle, "do not publish the weakness you have detected. Mr. Sydenham will, perhaps, use his pencil to convey Milton's, and we will keep our triumph to our pillows."

I wrote for them accordingly, upon a blank leaf of the volume containing the opera of Alceste, the following lines of the Penseroso.

" Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes."

The major part of the company having seated themselves at the card-tables, our amiable sisters read, *silently*, the expressive compliment with which Milton had so happily supplied me; and then begged I would add to their instruction, as well as their pleasure, by the volume I had promised. " I hope your divine bard prophesied of me also," said Caroline.

" In truth, yes," replied I; " but his Euphrosyne, though a fair representative of your gaiety, wants the evidence of the sisterhood, that speaks through even opposite graces, in the ladies before me."

As I had but that day arrived among them, they had the goodness to allow me to retire early to my room, and I threw myself into a

chair opposite to the remarkable cabinet before me, not so much for my ease, as to consider how it might be proper for me to act. I became so absorbed in my reflection, that I absolutely forgot poor Sillery, who was waiting my orders. At length I started up, and he followed me into my chamber, where the usual nurse of hurt minds, sleep, soon folded my fatigue and my anxiety in her maternal bosom, and banished even the subject from my mind until the morning.

In the morning I amused myself in placing the few papers I had brought with me in the cabinet, which seemed to be quite cleared out; but the doubt on my mind was, supposing that its private recess should never have been discovered, as probably it had been shown by the workman who contrived it only to its former possessor, how I could with any propriety avail myself of my knowledge. What right I had, or reason I could pretend, for inspecting papers that might remain there; and the best course, in a word, to be taken, in bringing to light writings, which affected either the memory or the fortune of Werner. With the sudden impulse that was then upon me, I touched the secret spring at the back of one of the recesses, and it dropt a key immediately before me, which opened the private drawer. I hastily

replaced the tempter in its secret position, and resolved not to commit myself on my own judgment merely,. where change of property having occurred, M. Willich, and the representatives of Werner, would have a question to discuss, and, at all events, to authenticate whatever documents might, as by accident, be found there. As this was a point on which Herman was well fitted to decide, I seized the opportunity of consulting him upon my doubt, and communicating to my friends in England the agreeable style in which I was domesticated at Frankfort. I insert my letter, on the present occasion, as offering an accurate picture of my state of mind.

" My dear Herman,

" When you consented to the correspondence agreed upon, you were fully aware of the extraordinary subjects which would be likely to occupy it; and I probably do not overrate my own consequence, when I figure to myself the degree of earnestness with which you expect my first communication. Every thing hitherto seems to invite me forward, and indeed shows a very singular concurrence of circumstances in favour of my design. My introduction to M. Willich the banker, the first step, was like the march of the poet, and plunged into the midst of the business before me. The house of his

residence, but little changed, is that in which Werner lived and died, and I write this letter sitting at the cabinet which belonged to my former self. To this repository I shall return, after relating the few occurrences which followed my arrival here, and which you will impart to my dear parents, to whom I shall write fully the first leisure morning that I can make for the purpose. Between the time of my introduction to M. Willich, and the arrival at his dwelling-house, I strolled through the city, which exactly corresponded with the previous impressions I had of it; some of which I had accurately drawn at home to the astonishment of all who inspected them. You will conceive my feelings readily, upon finding myself before the monument of my venerable preceptor, and perhaps shudder, as I did, when I at last fixed my gaze upon the marble which covered the remains of that unfortunate for whose errors I am called upon to atone. Suffering as I did at the moment, it was a comfort to me to observe, that whoever had inscribed the stone, had flung no undue incense upon the grave. It contained what has been strikingly called 'all our history,'—the two ends of the line of life, its commencement and termination. Hamlet, in the melancholy wisdom of his character, asks—'Should the *poor* be flattered?' A deeper

question arises from the tomb—'Should the creature of imperfection and error?' Coincidence the first. I arrived here, to ponder over the remains of Werner, on the anniversary of his death. That it was so, I learned by mere accident. You have frequently, my dear friend, detailed to me some of those lovely ceremonies, with which the survivors salute the narrow dwellings of their relatives and friends in foreign countries. I was now to witness one of them. A lady, very closely and deeply veiled, attended by a single servant, entered the cathedral, and slowly proceeded to the spot from which I had retired. It was a figure of great dignity, rather past the middle of life; the face I could not see; but the action of this interesting woman was a book that all could read, and drew tears from one, who unperceived, yet studied it at a distance. Gracious heaven! could it be ——? But when I noticed the circumstance to the nieces of M. Willich, they told me that she was their friend; that the attention I had witnessed was annually paid by her in the same place, and commemorated the death of Frederic Werner, who had formerly lived in the mansion, that was now happy in my society. Mighty Providence! By what paradox in man's nature do we find his returns so disproportionate to the

treatment he has received! Years of undeviating affection repaid by coldness, neglect, or indifference; years of coldness, neglect, or indifference, by a life of rooted, undeviating affection! I am to be presented to the lady in question, and am probably to hear from her own lips, of excellence to which I can never now be united, thrown away in the wanton folly of other days, and still regretting one exclusively dear, however unworthy. Forgive my anticipation. You have probably seen the nieces of M. Willich: they are extremely amiable, and remarkably accomplished; they seem pleased to draw out the little talent in me, which you first made me value; and you will smile when I tell you, that in the recollection of your social merits, I have *tried* to be gay when under the eye of Miss Caroline, the younger sister. With the elder I only indulge my constitutional pensiveness. She is a divine enthusiast in music, and in my judgment a truly classical representative of the *heroines* of Grecian and Roman story. Let me a little change the language, and rather say, of our imaginations of those impassioned and graceful beings. We form our ideas of them usually from a *single* act in their lives, and thus blot out the diversity which rendered their entire character inferior to the selected part of it.

"Knowing before whom this description would be laid, I was induced to say more than the object of my letter readily admitted. That object is really an affair of business. Let me state it to you for your consideration. Suppose that I should be aware, while writing at my cabinet, that it contains a secret drawer, in which *important papers* were deposited; and *that* so curiously fabricated that, except myself and the maker, no person would suspect its existence; and that probably to the present hour it had never been discovered. It is clear that I could never legally authenticate them—they are not mine—not mine even to indulge in their perusal. Neither, I think, can they be the property of M. Willich, for it was not presumed to exist in the purchase he made. I would not trust myself with the temptation to peruse them, strong as is the interest they excite in me. However out of the usual course the case may be that calls upon me, as far as is possible, I must concur with the usages of the world, and above all, in *principles* more sacred than usages, and which, in truth, the latter sometimes knowingly violate. Advise me, my respected and true friend, how I am to proceed in this matter. You are not only a master of the moral bearings of our acts, but skilled also in the shades of construction which they admit

in the customs of different nations. The interval, until the receipt of your answer, shall forget the subject if possible, and be applied solely in cultivating the friendship of my worthy host, and the agreeable society in which he lives. Pray let me thank you for Sillery—he is not merely an aid, but a comfort, and suits my humour admirably.

"Yours ever most faithfully,

"EDWARD SYDENHAM."

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## CHAPTER XI.

MY fair friends, in a day or two, reminded me of the introduction they had promised, and I accompanied them in their morning drive to the residence of the lady who had so strongly excited my curiosity. She lived a few miles from the city, in one of the loveliest situations that art or nature ever produced. You could not look at it without feeling the full evidence that it was the retirement of an elegant mind. The building rather affected the monastic order, and its gilt fanes from the summits of a few scattered spires, rising above a plantation of well-grown elms, impressed you with the

ideas of religious seclusion and content. As you drew nigher, something of this notion was lost, from the open windows, that admitted the view of every exterior comfort, and did not forbid the gaze of the passenger at the signs of affluence and taste that pervaded the whole establishment.

The young ladies presented me in a very agreeable manner to the owner of the mansion. "Give me leave, Mrs. Kreutzner," said Caroline, "to introduce to you a spirit of your own order, Mr. Sydenham, a young English gentleman, whom my uncle has thought proper to intrust us with, in spite of our acknowledged charms. But indeed there was the less danger, as I think on the day of his arrival, his heart was entirely won by a superior nature, to which, in his name, I tender his perfect allegiance."

A smile of infinite sweetness was excited in Mrs. Kreutzner by the lively lady's pleasantry, and I expressed my entire concurrence in the devotion she had made of my best services.

"I should think, sir," said she, "that I had frequently heard your *voice* before; but you are an Englishman, and I perceive besides, from your age, that it is impossible. Its tones will always be interesting to me, and as you may be curious to know the possessor of an organ

of similar quality to your own, I can easily show you a very fine likeness of the person." She threw open the folding-doors of a smaller, but highly decorated room, and drawing up a curtain of green velvet, displayed the portrait of a gentleman, who, she said, would always be dear to her—though she could not trust herself then to say more upon the subject.

I stood mute and motionless for some minutes before the resemblance of Werner, my other self; whom I yet represented, as it appeared, by my voice, and rejoiced to think, in her presence, by that only. The curtain, upon being drawn entirely up, and the line looped at the side, arranged itself into a grave picturesque decoration. I sat down before the portrait, to reconsider the man. Sophia stood behind the chair I sat on, and looked with nearly my earnestness, but with a different object.

"Do you know, Mr. Sydenham," said she, "that I have been so fortunate as to meet personally, and to reverence of course, the virtuous physiognomer of Zurich, Lavater. Nay more, that I pretend to be able to read something in the great book of nature, and believe his principles to be true, to an extent bounded in their application *only* by the talent of the scholar."

"I cannot listen, my dear, to your reading,"

exclaimed Mrs. Kreutzner; "besides, I have the whole volume by heart."

I heard her sigh as she turned from us to retire, and was glad to conceal my sympathy by steadily examining the picture.

"There is *difficulty* here," said Sophia in a low tone; "the general character approaches to the commanding, and the features are perfectly formed. As far as the sitter could sustain the expression he wished to wear, he has done it; but the mind gets weary of the constraint, resumes its own diversities of thought, and at these moments the painter seizes the real man, and obliterates the mask he has been previously amused with. I was one day contemplating, with the sagacious Caspar, a portrait thus faithfully painted, and struck by the want of moral harmony in the whole, I suddenly exclaimed, 'My dear sir, what is all this?' 'Evidence, my gentle young friend,' he replied, 'of the fall of man.'

> 'A beam ethereal sullied and absorpt;
> Though sullied and dishonour'd, still divine.'"

I turned my head round to look at the lovely speaker, when Miss Caroline claimed my attention to the following lively remark: "Well," said she, "if I, without a grain of the science, may interfere in a matter involving such pro-

found mysteries and harmonies, I think I should say, that Werner's features are exactly like those of Mr. Sydenham, only that I confess I do not see so distinctly the evidence of the *fall* you spoke of in the younger gentleman before us."

"One evidence of that fall, with all his imperfections, you shall never see," I replied. "He will never be insensible to the excellencies of the two ladies, who cannot be aware of the interest they have excited by their comments."

We then followed Mrs. Kreutzner into the drawing room. I for some time doubted whether the likeness pointed out by Miss Caroline had struck the owner of the picture, and should have quitted the house with a conviction to the contrary; for she only occasionally looked towards me, and then merely to pay the usual polite attention of directing your speech by your eye, that you may be seen as well as heard to address a particular person.

As we came away in the carriage I observed this to the sisters, as rather against their discovery of resemblance; but my lively friend renewed her keen pleasantry at our expense.

"Well, in truth, you grave people do live in a world of shadows," said she; "and substances are too *thin* to excite your attention.

So then you did not remark that, as soon as Mrs. Kreutzner saw the exact place occupied by your person in the drawing room, she drew her own chair in the same line, so that she turned her head but slightly to speak to you; while, all the rest of the time, she had the advantage of studying your looks in the mirror opposite to your chairs; from which, except for the purpose before mentioned, she never withdrew her attention for a single minute."

Miss Sophia replied, "Indeed, Caroline, your hint merits attention; and, for aught I know, Mr. Sydenham might, in the same manner, return the widow's compliment."

I believe I looked unaffectedly grave on the supposition, and they dropped the subject on seeing that, unaccountably to them, it had become painful.

A few days after this occurrence, the sisters had a visit from Mrs. Kreutzner, and they obligingly informed me, that she thanked them earnestly for the very agreeable surprise that their friend Mr. Sydenham had brought with him. "I mean to request," she added, "that he will oblige me by calling occasionally at my hermitage. My time of life and character guaranty the visits from every vestige of impropriety; and I have some presentiment, that my mind, in such an intercourse, may find a relief, which

I but slenderly expected on this side the grave."

"She spoke this," said Sophia, "with the tears trembling upon her eyelids, and I thought her," added the enthusiast, "more beautiful than even the Ariadnes of the Italian school—a matronly dignity too shielding the object from the trivial imputation of the softer passions, which, however common in our nature, carry little respect along with the sympathy they excite.

"Once more," continued Miss Willich, "I turned myself round with a view to meditate upon the excellence before me. But an expression of the whole being left me no power for examination—it seemed essential to her nature to charm without design, and command equal reverence and love."

As Miss Willich spoke this, she looked at me with a steady scrutinizing eye. I have no doubt of the real expression of my countenance; and she must have seen, with perfect astonishment, in *me*, a youth and a foreigner, all the marks of compunction; as if, in spite of time itself, I had in some way contributed to the unhappiness of her friend. For once I was in haste to withdraw from their presence.

It was not long before I ventured at the hermitage to make my enquiries after the health

of its interesting owner; and, catching at the likeness which Miss Willich had pointed out, I solicited her permission to make a drawing from the picture of Werner, at any season perfectly convenient to her, from the anxiety I felt to possess an accurate sketch of a gentleman, to whom I bore a strong personal resemblance. "Besides," I added, "your sweet friend has promised me a very particular lecture in physiognomy, when I place the drawing before her; though she is herself one of the best lessons in the science that can be wished."

"There is a cloud upon that picture, Mr. Sydenham—you should have seen Werner in his *brightness*, as I once saw him, before he became the dupe of depravity—female depravity. You may one day know more, if the impulse should ever be strong enough in me to trust the subject to language; in the mean time, I shall not expect to be excluded while you are drawing from the picture by the modern Titian. Whether I act wisely or not in this request I know not, but young man as you are, I think you both liberal and just."

With an impression compounded of various feelings, I bowed to her with reverence, and the conversation took a lighter turn.

"You are then an artist, Mr. Sydenham?" said she.

I confessed that I had drawn a great deal, and under the direction of able masters; but had never aspired to the pallet, having used the little talent I possessed, rather to fix my recollection of persons and places, than to copy from the nature itself in the first instance.

"And you are exact in these sketches of distant objects?"

"As to character, I may say, remarkably. In the detail, the want of *present* nature can never be fully compensated."

"I too," said she, "sometimes take up the crayon, and as I love to be instructed, and at any age always hope to acquire, I will show show you a mere beginning of our friend Miss Willich, if you will promise to be unsparing in your criticism." She led the way to her study, and I sat down at her drawing-table, while she placed her work before me. She even entreated me to touch upon her drawing, and occasionally talking to me, and even writing a few complimentary notes at a side table, while I drew; she at length confessed her curiosity to have become impatient. I arose, and she took my place. In about an hour, I had given firmness and freedom to her outline of Sophia, and composed with it a rather striking sketch of her lively sister Caroline. I wrote under the drawing,

" An offering at the shrine of Virtue."

" Sign it then," said she.

" After you, madam."

" Well then, for my *intention* only, I comply."

FRANCINA KREUTZNER.

EDWARD SYDENHAM.

She then said, " After having satisfied the superior sentiment conveyed by your compliment to my sweet friends; in order due, follow my acknowledgments to the master, who has given value to my work, and harmonized it with his own."

We soon discovered a frame, the contents of which had no striking interest, and our lovely ladies were to be gratified, on their next visit, by the station they occupied in front of their sincere admirer, whenever she sat down at her escritoire. I promised faithfully not to frustrate this little surprise, by even a hint of our joint performance; and after fixing an early day for my serious labour, the head of Werner, and assuring me that every thing should be zealously in order for the occasion, she had the goodness to offer me her hand at parting, and accompanied me to the head of the stairs leading into the hall. Sillery, whom I had despatched to the next village, was by this come

back with the few trifles I sent him for. As soon as I mounted my horse, I looked up at the window of the drawing-room, and saw a beautiful hand and arm waving an additional salute through the open lattices. I took off my hat as I would have done to the reigning empress, and felt then as I ought to have done, when similar favours, from youth as well as excellence, long since attended me.

I now revert to the letter which I had written to Herman, the reply to which I received in the usual course by post. I give it in his own words.

"My dear Sydenham,

"Your letter is exactly what I anticipated. I have laid it before the second parents you have bestowed upon me, and believe I express their feelings nearly in the following recital of my own. I say nearly, for, without undervaluing the ties of friendship, there are undoubtedly some much stronger, and you are happy in their entire and most enviable possession. We all admire the singular coincidences you point out, and are deeply interested in the enduring affection of the lady whose graceful piety saluted you in the cathedral. We do not doubt that your heart was correctly admonished, and penetrated that deep veil, which the less piere-

ing eye could not struggle through. Mrs. Sydenham sent for your portfolio of drawings, and soon selected a sketch, supplied by imagination and the power of hand with every charm of sensibility and hopeless sorrow. It has the name Francina in the German character, and was frequently referred to by us all, as throwing the best light upon the incident. You are, however, long before this can reach you, in a condition to answer your own query, 'Can this be——?' by the ready introduction offered to you by Miss Willichs. I have seen those delightful sisters, and believe we shall never differ much in our opinions of the real excellence which they display, in character very considerably varied. They inhabit the absolute residence of what was *Werner*, and are the channel through which his vicarious representative enters on his work of compensation. Good! may one of them crown the work when it is accomplished! We are now arrived at the cabinet, and its concealed drawer. Mr. Sydenham seemed to think the conduct ought to be regulated by the presumed *contents*, and that you yourself could alone judge upon that head. 'The word you have used, sir,' I took the liberty to say, 'decides against the opinion, which it seems to have hastily excited in your mind. What, by the beings of the world before us,

can be presumed of the contents of papers hitherto unexamined? To ourselves, who think your son guided by a knowledge peculiar and unfailing, the inference is easily made, but *not* so soon justified. He must act as if he did *not* know—and the real truth after all must be, that he can only partially remember what writings were there deposited. How often, with shorter intervals, are we ourselves doubtful or even mistaken as to points which have before interested us? Property too may be involved, for a wish may often be allowed the effect of a testament, by a relative strictly conscientious, as it, on less honourable motives, may by one too wealthy to care for that of which it would dispose.' Your father and mother both came into my opinion; which I therefore with some confidence propose for your government. I should take an opportunity of asking Mr. Willich, whether the cabinet with which he had accommodated me had been examined as to any secret drawers it might contain? The reasons of my enquiry I should state to be my having been well acquainted with one of a construction remarkably similar to that before me; and if he answered in the negative, I should then propose that we made the examination in the presence of a public notary, who would legally certify the papers; and this I

should say was a proper measure, as to the representative of the former owner, if any survived, or as to any persons who, on whatever account, might, by possibility, be referred to in the papers we might find.

"You do not, my dear friend, here give me your impression as to the *sort* of papers which you seem strongly to expect to be there deposited. Hours of melancholy reflection arrive to all. I should fancy myself that Werner, a mixed character, might often meditate the acts of justice which his pride withheld, and treat himself very unsparingly in the private censure, which, while unpublished, furnished no one matter for triumph. He may have been artful and insidious, he may have been profligate, and a dupe. There may be hearts even yet wringing under anguish that he has inflicted; there may exist in families alienations, which one page of ingenuous truth would change into mutual regard. As your own happiness is someway involved in the conduct of Werner, your impulse has no doubt led you right as to the steps to be taken in his concerns, and I think you will in the course I point out, be not liable even to error in the matter of form.

"HERMAN."

I read this letter over with much attention, and notwithstanding the slight finesse, in the

way of mentioning the subject to M. Willich, which stated a truth, but in a way that concealed a part of it from the person spoken to, I could see no other way of talking about the cabinet, without opening to him the heart of my mystery, for which at present there appeared no necessity. But I was relieved even from this irksome point by M. Willich himself, who came one day into my apartment smiling, and said, "Mr. Sydenham, when my man cleared out your cabinet, I really had not time to turn over the few trifles, which occupied the drawers; but I did so this morning, and have found a slip of paper, which seems to have been intended to discover, one day or other, a concealed depositary of papers. But you shall see it, and advise me. I read in the hand-writing of Frederic Werner,

"Upon touching a spring at the back of drawer No. 4, a sliding pannel will disclose the record of OTHER TIMES.

"F. W."

The way was now plain; I rose and opened the cabinet, and the key soon dropt as before: there were papers within the recess. M. Willich immediately came to the same conclusion as Herman had done, and said, "Hold! we must be perfectly regular. My neighbour Schrieber, the notary, may as well step in, and

certify the papers by stamping them, and framing a public act as to the discovery, which we both can witness, and then the communication with Werner's actual representative will give us power to do for him any thing he may wish as to the papers."

In a few minutes, M. Schrieber was with us. He made an outside list of the number of sheets, stamped them all, and taking the memorandum as the guide to the discovery, left us to draw up the notarial act, having first placed his seal upon that part of the cabinet.

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## CHAPTER XII.

THE day appointed for my intended drawing from the picture of Werner having arrived, I was at the hermitage with almost a lover's punctuality. The amiable owner received me with that air of goodness, that reconciles all the struggling contradictions of the mind it invites. She was still what the intelligent would call a fine woman, and the symmetry of her form had only suffered a change in its scale—it was grand, but not heavy. There was a grace in her manner of presenting herself, which is sel-

dom seen but in ladies of exalted rank. Persons of inferior condition are checked by the danger of misapprehension. A coxcomb is so apt to construe freedom into levity, that a sensible man sometimes thinks the lady reserved, who is only discreet. Perhaps, after all, it would be too troublesome to try to mark by manner all the shades of distinction in our value for different persons—the practised politeness dwelling in forms, and going little beyond the circle of common phrases, gives at least no pain, and is best suited to every-day usage. But we had been recently combined in a little token of admiration, and her fair hands were graciously between mine, as soon as my approach allowed me to receive them. She led the way smilingly towards our production, and thanked me again for the pure enjoyment I had placed before her. "The opposite expressions of these dear young friends," said she, "are a sort of mental discipline to me—they correct the mood of my own thoughts; though I am unhappily compelled to apply most frequently for comfort to Caroline. On the present occasion, the divine sweetness, the intellectual self-possession of Sophia must arm me, and dispose me to lead you unfaltering to your task." We entered the study as she spoke thus, and I perceived the picture of Werner taken down from

the wall, and placed on an easel by the side of the drawing-board. A slight tremor seemed to have seized her nerves, and she apologized for it in the following ingenuous language:—"Though accustomed to see this portrait at a certain distance daily, I am weak enough, Mr. Sydenham, still to be agitated, when I thus seem to *approach* the person of the deceased in his resemblance. Excuse me for a few moments. I shall soon be my*self*—no, that is not the right expression. Once more, excuse me."

I was glad myself to take my first close inspection of the picture unwitnessed. In that examination, the painter, as well as his work, rushed into my memory, and a crowd of recollections connected with the occasion which led that unfortunate to sit for it. Her return into the study, however, recalled me to my present being, and I disposed myself quietly to commence my drawing. Mrs. Kreutzner said that she was not a little curious to see how I should express the blended style of colour by the crayon, with its sharp point, and she sat at a little distance from me for a short time, when she was summoned to attend to visitors in the drawing-room. She left me then to pursue my work alone, and I was not sorry to be at full liberty to indulge my feelings and my skill un-

observed, even by the gentlest of human beings.

Although the German painter was not a Reynolds, he knew what to look for in his sitter, and had shown a great deal of the wayward mind of Werner. My own discernment of the character in the picture might be suspected. I knew the man himself. But the want of harmony, which had struck Sophia, was decidedly true. The eyes and the mouth were at variance. Above, there was the sign of captious, scrutinizing suspicion,—below, the palpable empire of the sex; which rendered the man either a dupe or a victim, unjust to all that he ought to have trusted, and believing then only that he saw truly when he was blinded by passion. Yet vanity does not mislead me, when I say, that discipline might have done much for Werner. There was the groundwork of great intelligence, and nothing short of the unrestrained indulgence, which fortune prompts as well as permits, could have entirely frustrated the effects of his endowments. I passed over some glaring discordance with a rather benevolent hand, and without decidedly destroying likeness, rendered the hour's sitting rather more propitious to his memory, than the faithful German had done. Mrs. Kreutzner was quite transported with my delineation. "Mr.

Sydenham," she exclaimed, on her again visiting my labours, "did I say you should have seen Werner in his brightness? Alas! you must, inconceivably to me, have so beheld him, or you have complimented him with the excellence of your own pure mind, and sunk in your drawing all that we do not wish to discern in the picture. You have obliged me infinitely by your offering to my two sweet friends; your second effort you will, I hope, allow me to copy, for it restores the being I best loved, not only to me, but to *him*self."

"This drawing, madam," I replied, "shall be yours. For myself, I will, with your permission, make a slighter sketch;" but I silently determined, for moral improvement, that it should be faithful in every point that denoted the man.

I had gone as far in the delineation as I intended to do for the present, and had, therefore, placed the work in the drawer of the table I sat at; when we heard the voices of our young friends in the adjoining room, and enjoyed the little surprise we had planned for their first visit. Their uncle, M. Willich, was with them, and expressed a very lively satisfaction in the likenesses. "I will not question the praise of my nieces," said he, "since it is given by a lady to whom their virtues are indebted for their best

lesson." He then drew me aside to show me a reply, that had just reached him to a communication made to the legal representative of Werner. One paragraph of it I shall give in the characteristic language of the writer.

"I will not affect a greater degree of charity than I feel. The person alluded to never had the slightest regard for me; and, I believe, I may be said truly to have suffered by his conduct. I am laid up with a severe attack of the gout, and my foot admonishes me to avoid every unnecessary vexation. If the papers contain any thing that may put him right with *one* much-injured being, I shall be glad of their discovery; and am quite sure that Frederic Werner's *remains*, as these papers may be styled, will receive every proper respect from the hands into which they have fallen. You have my full authority to act in this matter. Should *property* be at all implicated, I will execute a more ample and legal instrument, if you will honour me with your aid. I cannot divest my mind, I see, of spleen, and beg your indulgence for my infirmity. CONSTANTINE WERNER."

"This gentleman," said Mr. Willich, "was the first cousin of Frederic, and nearly of his own age. His fortune is larger, I find, than his

forgiveness; but he is in a state of suffering at the moment, and we have yet to see what the papers may contain." My face glowed while he thus passed over the subject, and I was glad to be relieved by the necessity of talking to the young ladies, who now approached us. "Well, Mr. Sydenham," said my lively friend, "a very exact and a very tasteful immolation you have made of two poor simple girls, at the shrine of some *strange* divinity. And we should be quite in the dark to whom we have the honour to be sacrificed, did we not discover the shrine itself in the temple of the *goddess*:" and then she reverentially fell upon her knees before Mrs. Kreutzner. But she was a moment after in the excellent lady's maternal arms; yet not before the equally eloquent Sophia had received a kiss from her monitress and guide, between two eyes that spoke a language universally intelligible. My own share of this polite scene of acknowledgment, I was permitted to decline, on account of the powerful *inspiration* with which the sister Graces had obviously directed the pencil. Amiable and excellent women, how happy did you render the object of your sportive praise!

As to the drawings from Werner, I finished them leisurely, in parts of three most agreeable mornings; during which the accomplished widow

honoured me with still increasing marks of her confidence; and left little doubt upon my mind, that she would, at no very distant time, seek the relief she had just touched upon in a previous conversation, by a relation of all that was connected with Werner, and the arts which, to use her own expression, had dimmed his brightness. Previously to this disclosure of much that I knew too well, and internal struggles, which I could only imagine, I trusted that the examination of Werner's papers would furnish much of a consolatory nature. There was in my memory a rather vague impression of a severe compunction that had seized him, for his injustice to that pure spirit, Francina; and, if it should prove at all calculated to meet her eye, would from its sincere avowal of her excellence, be of great efficacy in healing the deepest wound inflicted. I thought, however, that the motion as to examining the papers in question should come from M. Willich to *me*, if I was to be a party in the process; and, indeed, he took the first opportunity of his nieces being engaged to pass a whole day with a relation, that we might decidedly have an evening to ourselves and, with suitable attention, consider and report upon them to their real owner. The day for making this visit arrived, and, on my handing the young ladies into their carriage, they bid me farewell till

the same hour on the day following, when, if I had a decent proportion of the *preux chevalier*, Miss Caroline said, I might take my best pistols, and my servant to load them, as long as might be necessary, and secure their safe return, in spite of all the gallant efforts of the boors, to detain them beyond their inclination. Sophia smiled at the frank declaration, and said four-and-twenty hours was no such mighty sacrifice to rusticity. "Four-and-twenty hours, Sophia!" she exclaimed, "very important matters take place sometimes in a shorter space than the natural day and night. Who can tell what profound discoveries Mr. Sydenham here may make in one half the period, with his love of the romantic, or the ideal? He may fancy himself, for aught I know, irrecoverably bound to the widow; and, in spite of disparity, offer up himself at her altar, as in effigy he has already done ourselves." I half started, as if the lively lady had penetrated the nature of my engagement with her uncle. Her sister chid her as an incorrigible persecutress; and I assured them of my faithful escort; though I rather thought the boors might not be greatly desirous to intercept the witty lady in her flight; a *day's shooting* might satisfy both parties, especially the *game*.

M. Willich and I dined together, and in the evening, after giving orders, that we were not

to be interrupted, we retired to my room, which contained the cabinet before mentioned, and placing the papers before me, he sat by my side, and begged of me to inspect them, and read aloud whatever he could be interested in, as acting for his friend. "I will not try to hide from you my conviction that you are *yourself* the really important object in the business; and I think I see an arrangement, of a very complex nature, to put you in possession of these papers. You seem, if I may say so, related to them and to their writer; some strong sympathy has led you into the very midst of this man's connexions and remains;—there they are; I believe the writer himself would select the same judge or advocate." I struggled for composure, and at length broke the notarial seals, and slowly unfolded the papers. One of the papers was entitled *Self-examination*, and was, in truth, a striking sketch of moral disorganization; there were occasional throes of virtue; but error that might be shaken, not removed, lay as a mountain upon the fitful imagination. The reader will expect some features of these reveries. A slender specimen will excite his pity.

"Again I have visited the syren. I have listened in breathless ecstasy to her voice.

The expression of her whole figure was no less angelic. Is this the mockery of fiends? Is this external merely? Let me consider her associates. The old Count de Blatz. A mere shade of the voluptuary of other times. What can I apprehend there? Public women, (I dislike the term, but it is truly applied,) public women exist upon patronage; it is the gale that carries their talents into port; it is an assay of their value, and stamps them as current coin. As if she saw what was passing within me, she apologized for an indulgent levity, when addressing him: 'He is a benevolent old man,' said she, 'and loves to forget his infirmities. Why should I remind him of them? You saw him place a beautiful brilliant upon my finger; could I snatch away the hand he had so decorated? Should I have laughed at the sigh which the gallantry of the old school breathed upon that hand when he resigned it? Did it not soon drop upon your own, as the contract in which alone it felt delight?'

"Soft, you! how is this? A compromise; a part acted; a boon accepted for simulated regard; the signs of passion not repelled, not reproved; worn out vanity kept in hope! In hope of what? Of *my* Leonora! Yours, Werner? false and impossible supposition. RIGHT, there can be none—no, none. If I could be-

lieve myself the present object of her choice, how stands the reckoning? How far does the very *contrast* about her now create the preference? Take away the rivals, and the prize for which they are banished loses its attraction. Should I myself equally desire the woman who was no longer sought? Is it the splendour of her fame that fascinates me, or Leonora herself? I find myself among her companions of the opera. Their familiarity shocks me! They pay her homage it is true; they applaud her *talent;* but I cannot discern the slightest mark of respect for *character*. Her honour, her fidelity, her devotion to any principle, to any duty; the notion of such things would produce an expressive BAH! from the whole assembly. The passions of the great have long been *sacred* among them; and they know no folly, but that of selling the charm about themselves below its fancied value. Was I born for commerce of this kind? Once I had higher aspirations.

'O, write it not, my hand!---The word appears
Already written!---blot it out, my tears.'

"Equally distinguished for piety and science, my father left me the heir of his virtues and his wealth. My mother, I dare not praise! I insult that purest of beings by gross and fran-

tic degeneracy. The angel whom she loved, and on whom she, in spirit, devolved her own love for *me*, to be even brightened in the transmission, Francina!— —

"She found a *taint* upon me of libertine manners. At first, more in sorrow than in anger, she reproved the idle usage of the world; and hoped so general a censure might awake, but not distress me! At last, conviction that I was *lost* settled upon her brow; I could endure its reproach no longer. The air of virtue blew cold upon me! The syren then spoke the cant of *derision* to me! When I could once endure to hear, from polluted lips, the *name* of Francina, the spell was broken, and the fiend assumed an undivided empire.

"But she did more than all this; she became busy in my concerns. She had emissaries at work, and they brought her matter fitted to her design. My cousin Constantine—there they fixed the cause of Francina's alienation and my dishonour. With great privacy they had met; the lady too had wept at parting, and scarcely could be supported into the carriage, in which they had traced her to his very door. In my rage, I swore that the villain should repent his treachery. Curses be upon my *own!* The delightful mischief became, not my accomplice, but the *confidante* of my vengeance. He

was a merchant, I blighted his credit—he speculated, I marred his ventures. I affected his fortune, large as it was, and embittered his creditors, who would have otherwise given any time he asked! But his integrity bore him through triumphantly. He shook the malignant viper from his hand, and found resources poured out that he could never have expected. I saw that he *knew* his enemy. But this I cared little about; I assumed a right to punish for an offence but suspected to be given; and, in my moral ruin, openness, manliness of character perished, and I practised the vengeance of a coward."

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I heard at this moment a heavy sigh from M. Willich, who looked at me all the time I was reading. He saw now my spread hand, shielding, as it were, my eyes from observation, but which could not prevent their tears from gliding through the fingers, and falling upon the manuscript.

"For the present, I wish to hear no more of this unhappy man's confession," said he. "I really have not nerves for it. My old friend should have spared me such a task. I am a man of business, and there is a *serenity* required, where you are mixed up with the interests of others. You can report all that is

material to me, if you have kindness enough to continue your labour; though I perceive you to be as deeply agitated as myself."

He soon after retired to his chamber, and I ordered some slight refreshment to be served where I sat, that I might continue my melancholy task.

How Werner had nerves to record his conduct, and the same strong sense of his injustice, yet failed to throw him at his cousin's feet, must be accounted for from a melancholy principle in our nature, that even remorse, keenly, deeply felt, is smothered, if not extinguished by self-love.

He thus proceeds with his narrative :—

"About this time, Leonora received an offer to sing in the opera at Vienna, which puts always the seal upon musical reputation. A prince of the house of H——— was the nuncio of these glad tidings, and he appeared to be equally surprised with her beauty and her talents. She received him at her hotel, after a terrific performance of Medea. When she took her place at table, the vengeance of the enchantress had not quitted her expression—the flashings of her eyes were absolutely too dazzling to be borne. For a few minutes she kept on her shawl, but laid it aside for a display of personal beauty, which was beyond

description or parallel. In addition to all this, she exhibited a blaze of diamonds set in the most tasteful forms. She gave, in a word, the most unrestrained indulgence to her love of triumph; and if I had ever entertained a wish for freedom, I now dismissed it as impracticable, and even unwise. Yet the object of all this did not escape me: the torments of the jealous seized upon me, and I became distracted about a woman whom I had never respected. I tired the apartments with my constant and protracted visits. I receded only after the last carriage had rolled away at a late hour; and often, wrapt up in my great Hungarian cloak, I slept, or rather watched away, the greater portion of the night in the porch of the hotel; and saw the lights slowly extinguished through the house, till the proud beauty, weary of her recent pains, was perhaps enjoying, in sleep, the hope of even a royal captive at Vienna. I then stole home, ere the eye of early labour should detect me, a spectre of the night, and unworthy of the day.

"We were shortly to set out for Vienna. It was taken for granted, that I should yoke myself to her chariot wheels. For what else was I now fitted? Her few remaining nights here were crowded. I interested myself even about the miserable trash of what names might

grace her boxes. A repetition of *Medea* was commanded by Prince H——, and among the names of the gentry, I started to see that of Francina, who had resolved to judge for herself of the beauty and the voice of Leonora. I was in the house, as a matter of course, the reporter of all the *bravas* and *caras*, that ring so precious in the ears of a Prima Donna. Leonora when she came off the stage, always hurried up to her box, which communicated with her dressing-room; and there, from behind the lattice, I saw Francina, when she entered the box which had been secured for her. She leaned upon the arm of my cousin Werner, it was true; but there was nothing in the manner of doing so, that at all countenanced the insinuations of Leonora's spies. There was another person who took a chair behind her's, and who seemed, beyond measure, happy, when, during the performance, she turned her head from the stage, to address any remark to him in particular. I was curious enough to enquire his name, and heard that it was Kreutzner: he was attached, they said, to the Prussian embassy, and a gentleman of great merit, though of grave and retiring habits.

"I now bent my whole attention to Francina, as if to penetrate her thoughts of Leonora; and she never withdrew her eyes for a mo-

ment, while she was on the stage. She honoured the magnificent woman before her with an action expressive of some surprise; and her hand was always ready to mark the wonderful brilliancy of her execution. As the interest grew upon us, and the tender passions were developed, I saw that her tears rendered her glass of no use to her, and that she held her handkerchief to her eyes. The piercing sorrow of Leonora, however, when the perfidy of *Jason* is unfolded to *Medea*, affected her too deeply for endurance—there was a stir of alarm in the box, Francina was withdrawn from the front seat for a few minutes—the box door was thrown open to admit a current of fresher air,—I hurried round the circle, till I reached the door, and drew my cloak across my mouth. At length, I heard the welcome sounds, 'She is better—she is herself again.' At that moment compunction seized me, and I could have sacrificed my life for atonement; but a shout of rapturous applause in the house, at the flaming consummation of the heroine's vengeance, hurried me back to my place, that I might be ready to receive the magician from her 'dragon yoke;' and she carelessly laughed, when I told her of the brightest triumph of her art. 'My ear,' said she, 'was quick enough to catch the convulsive half-shriek,

which proceeded from her box; and my dragons also saw how speedily YOU flew round to the fair sufferer. They saw, too, that, finding her recovered by the ready assistance of your *cousin*, you, at length, remembered, that the being, who had sacrificed *all for you*, was entitled to some slight attention on the close of her fatiguing exertions.'

"I disdained to apologize for an instinctive impulse of humanity; and my silence marked out, to so keen an observer, that a something discordant had been excited by her sarcasm. She added to it, by drily saying, 'that she begged pardon if she felt *my* injuries, when I seemed myself disposed to forget them.' I handed her into her carriage, and left her in a state of what I thought virtuous indignation. But I had lost the moral elasticity that recovers us from any irregular bent. Francina, too, was now publicly permitting the attentions of another.

"This night decided my lot for life. If I felt the throb of returning virtue ever struggling for circulation through my breast, it was *then*; if there was a moment after my fall, when the purity of Francina might have restored me, it was *then*. I now know, that she *then* finally cast me off, and expressed a degree of compassion and gentle forbearance. A report was

made to me, which I knew to be authentic, that she had thus noticed the charms of *Medea*. 'Leonora,' said she, 'is indeed a most fascinating creature:—her beauty is, in some degree, that of her profession; it is bold, striking, and irresistible. The timid graces that ripen into conjugal perfection are not there; they would only impede her triumph. But if Leonora be made for her profession, her profession alone in return can bestow the happiness she requires. Even I adore the wonders of her voice, and admit her sovereign power over the passions. She is a Cleopatra, who will charm in despite of honour, and interest, and conviction; but to break away from such enchantment is impossible.'

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"Generous, noble-minded woman, whom passion itself could not urge into injustice, and self-love could not win over to suppress the admiration she felt for her greatest enemy! The calmness with which she spoke of my enthralment the defence implied of my attachment to what was the theme of every tongue, and above all, the distinction between the public and the private captivations of what was beautiful in her sex, told me that I was justly weighed in the balance, and my former kingdom in her bosom destined to another.

"The next day a public notice was printed, that Leonora was suddenly and severely indisposed, in consequence of her wonderful exertions in *Medea*: but a private note from her woman informed me, that my cruelty had deeply afflicted her lady—that she had not slept last night at all, fatigued as she came home from the theatre—that she was writing to Prince H—— to give up, at once, the engagement for Vienna: and, by the blessed Virgin, (her own particular patroness,) her lady did not even suspect that she wrote to me: that she recommended me to come there immediately, on foot; that she would watch my arrival herself; and, at the risk of her mistress's favour, introduce me into her presence.

"I saw through the contemptible contrivance, yet I went; and that infamy might thicken over me, as a reward for the mean subserviency, I consented that Leonora should, for her *honour*, accompany the Prince of H—— in his carriage to Vienna, while my own, with its shameless master, brought up the rear. But the serpent had twined herself around me!"

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE examination of the papers of Werner produced that mixed sensation which might be expected. I suffered, it is true, in the recapitulation of his errors; but at the same time was gratified by knowing that their acknowledgment in certain quarters would produce a feeling of infinite value. As his cousin Werner appeared to expect, there were passages that tended "to put him right with *one* much-injured being," and I should have little difficulty in laying before her his sensibility to her virtues. As to his cousin, the case required more consideration: the confession opened a mass of atrocity only partially known or surmised by the sufferer—it had been as fruitless, too, as it was base; he had triumphed over his assailant, and wished, in fact, to hear no more about him. For the present, therefore, to say to the good old gentleman that the reference to *himself* was in the proper spirit, full of contrition for the delusion under which he had injured him, might be sufficient; when his health was re-established, perhaps, through Francina, he might hear more, and pronounce the words of forgiveness over the ashes of his misled relation. With thoughts like these I retired to rest, and

in a few minutes fell asleep. My fancy had however got her cue strongly, and displayed at will her "wild creations." I thought myself sitting again in the delightful study of Mrs. Kreutzner, the picture of Werner by my side, and gazing upon me with an earnestness that returned the steady observation I had myself paid to his features. At length, it seemed to brighten into projection and life, and voice was bestowed upon the coloured canvass, which in my dream excited not the smallest surprise. "Perhaps my better self," it said, "the burden of my follies, and worse than follies, for a time has pressed too heavily upon you—hitherto the work proceeds with all the success that I could possibly expect. The time shall arrive when this painful devotion of Edward Sydenham will itself produce his own personal happiness; and thus, relieved from my expiations, return him to his proper sphere, with every blessing that this world can afford him." I thought I felt the effect of this address penetrate to my very heart; and while I reflected upon the reply that so much comfort demanded, the picture seemed to raise itself, unsupported, to its allotted place; the velvet curtains slowly unfolded themselves over the frame, and shut the object of the vision from my sight.

In the morning I awaked, serene and unwea-

ried, and ready to undertake the escort I had promised to the dear sisters. Their uncle slightly asked what further discomfort I had met in my task, and I briefly told him the contents of the papers. He agreed with me in the sort of communication he should make to their real proprietor; and my horses being ready, in a few minutes I rode off, followed by Sillery, who had literally obeyed an order, both conceived and issued in sport, and carried his pistols and ammunition, as though the modern woods were as subject to robbers as those of feudal times. But let no one presume to despise and reject injunctions even sportively given. As we were returning from the pagans, as Miss Caroline called her rural relations, who certainly did not impede our march homewards, the road passed through the angle of a pretty considerable wood on our right, and my Swiss servant, who preceded the carriage, rode back to me suddenly, and said we should be attacked by wolves, who were coming down upon us. He then delivered a brace of loaded pistols to me, uttered the direction, "by the horses, sir," and passing me, threw up the carriage window, and merely said to the ladies, "do not stir, for heaven's sake!" In a moment he was by my side again: we dismounted and faced the enemy, now at a brisk pace advancing on his

prey. The horses trembled with instinctive terror, though probably now attacked for the first time, and seemed in truth unable to run. The troop fortunately consisted but of three of these monsters. Unused to the sort of combat, I threw away the first fire, which only startled them for an instant; but finding themselves unhurt, they soon rushed forward. Sillery's coolness made amends for my precipitation; his fire took effect, and a brace of slugs, from a heavy horse-pistol, shot the foremost assailant through the heart. As soon as he fell, his two companions turned round frightened, but unwilling to forego their prey. The Swiss now summoned me to attack them. We fired together, and the second fell; we then shouted with all the strength of our voices, and the third, entirely cowed, ran swiftly away, howling, as if slightly wounded. We stood silent for a minute or two listening, apprehensive that more might he brought down by the noise. We then reloaded as fast as possible, but saw that the danger was in all probability at an end.

Upon turning back to the carriage, we found the ladies listening to the driver, who in a few words assured them that we had conquered and were safe. However, it would have been highly indiscreet to have lingered on the spot. Our hasty ejaculations of thanks for our mira-

culous warning and preservation, had almost the swiftness of thought; and neither damsel being unnerved, so as to need our aid to keep them from fainting, after encouraging the horses for a few minutes, their terror subsided. Their ears however fearfully pointed, now and then, towards the quarter of their recent danger; but we had soon the satisfaction to reach the next village, which had been alarmed by the firing, and had despatched some of its stoutest rustics by the nearest avenue, with such weapons as their husbandry furnished, to our assistance. The ladies alighted at the house of a respectable farmer, whose dame came out to wait upon them, and drank each of them a glass of water at my desire. I felt their pulse, and judged rightly that they did not require the lancet. The lovely sisters looked volumes of acknowledgment, and now expressed impatience to be at home, from which we were then only two short miles.

Upon our arrival, they honoured the *knight-errant* with a sisterly embrace: gave their hands to Sillery, who looked proud and happy in the safety he had secured to us all. Their mother learned their danger, their deliverance, and the happy state of their health in one sentence, and clasped me to his heart, while the tears of grateful joy streamed down his cheeks.

The young ladies retired to their own drawing room, passed a few minutes upon their knees, and we met again in a composed but cheerful state; though the different tempers of the sisters did not yet venture to struggle through the partial dismay and grateful sense of extreme peril passed over, without injury to either themselves or their preservers. Sillery, in the course of the afternoon, took an opportunity of informing me that M. Willich had asked him after the state of his parents in Switzerland, and the canton in which they resided, and assured him that it was not an idle curiosity. The result was the grant in perpetuity of a modest but most desirable farm in their neighbourhood, sufficient for respectability and independence. "But, sir," said he, "I hope you do not think I shall be the less disposed to serve you faithfully, as long as you think me worthy or able enough to do so." Never for a single instant did this extraordinary man presume to act as if he thought his consequence increased by his bravery and skill. I styled him usually "Ami," "Mon frére," and other terms of endearment—among which the approximating "nous" was almost constantly employed; but he never forgot that they were used in condescension, and his respectful "Monsieur," and the grave inclination of his head, when h

plied to me, denoted the allegiance of his nature, and that the term master was not a mere word, "mouth honour, breath," which the heart would deny, if it durst, and reproached itself for uttering.

As we knew the rapid spread of alarm among country people, and that the flight of common fame was extremely likely to pass near the delightful retreat of Mrs. Kreutzner, Miss Caroline wrote a few lines to that lady by a special messenger. She had now recovered her spirits, and communicated her safety in the ideas of the most beautiful of fictions.*

"The Sovereign *Queen of Faery* is humbly informed, that the most favoured of her train, the nymphs *Sophia* and *Caroline*, had been this day paying a sylvan visit to their relations at ——, and were on their return; their escort, the Knight *Sir Arthegal*, so devoted to the service of the great Queen, was attended by Sillery, the *Squire of Dames*, who suddenly rode up to their car, and commanding silence from the trembling virgins within it, closed the door, and left them to their terrors. After a savage howling of monsters, mixed with sounds as of thunder close at hand, had overwhelmed

* The Faery Queen of SPENSER, a poem greatly admired in Germany, and to which indeed they owe the *Oberon* of Wieland, made our own by Mr. Sotheby.

your nymphs for a time with equal astonishment and dread, they heard the transporting shouts of victory ; and soon beheld their deliverers at their side, and their assailants lying dead a few paces from them—two enormous wolves, who with hunger pined had dared to 'howl at their brightness.' Your favourites straight recovered from their terror, and rewarded their champions, most dread Sovereign, with that tender yet discriminating courtesy, which your own command would have prompted, they are sure, on an event so deeply interesting, had they been comforted at that moment with your presence."

The messenger brought back Mrs. Kreutzner's congratulations. She thanked her friend Caroline especially for her recollection of the poet of chivalry, and said that she had been so allured into the recital of a danger, which if less guarded might have agitated her severely ; but the playful spirit of the message made light of the peril, and it was only by reconsidering the matter that she could estimate it truly. As it was, it had really very much affected her, but she hoped Mr. Sydenham would be so obliging as to ride out to the Hermitage, and give her an early opportunity of expressing her gratitude to him personally. I had intended to do so, and to put the *self-examination* of W—

ner in my pocket, that if any opportunity offered to introduce the subject, I might act as I should deem it best, either reading some extract, or leaving the paper itself, if she should desire it, to a solitary perusal and consideration. In truth, I had no doubt that the latter was the preferable course, and might best lead to the *confidence* with which I expected one day to be honoured, and to which I looked forward with anxious solicitude.

Events had now thickened upon me, and I owed the dear maternal bosom in England some proof, that no interest could ever be strong enough to detach her from my affections—divided they might be, but they were of that pure quality, that could not be alienated from duty. I thought myself fully warranted in transcribing for her the paper above mentioned; and a little connecting narrative, in which our adventure in the wood was not forgotten, would lead her into her favourite indulgence of viewing the character of her son. I knew the frame of her mind so well, that Francina Kreutzner would be in her estimate the first of women; and that she would ardently desire to see her, from the slight sketch already made by me, and the *making out* by the terrific pencil of Werner. The *stage* enchantment, which destroyed him in heart, in principle, in conduct,

was more calculated to interest an English lady than one of any other country. The blight of a domestic bliss is most felt *there*, where it is almost exclusively known. From the fascination of great talent it is miraculous indeed to escape: it can stand comparison—it is bold in its strength—it almost honours what it conquers, by furnishing an apology for the weakness. Return to duty is hopeless. In vulgar connexions, *time* is perpetually corroding the chain of the captive—the fetter is despised by the being who wears it. Profligate habits, however hidden, force their way at last to notice; a favourable moment arrives, and the prisoner breaks away from his unworthy bondage. In England, too, the sense of dishonour in such illicit attachments deters the vain woman from that splendour, which is a bar to society. The herd will shut her out. Her brows may be bound with fillets for the chase, but she is devoted in her *course* to amusement, and in her *end* is a sacrifice.

To my father I addressed a very sincere account of my state of mind, and besought a continuance of his indulgence. Though I did not at present make any advances towards public life, yet at most I but occupied the few years allowed for travel, in objects of pure interest; I did not injure the future by the pres-

ent, but offered every reasonable pledge, that I should be a better man from the first effects of my freedom—an instance among our youth of condition extremely uncommon. To my judicious friend Herman, I acknowledged the sagacity by which I had so greatly benefited, and hoped at his leisure for some journal of his time. All these matters stole far into the night; but, with a consideration that I have ever practised, I broke no rest but my own; and the great champion Sillery had long been fighting his imaginary enemy upon his pillow, before I applied the seal to the long disclosures I had been making, and left him three packets for England to be taken to the post-office in the morning.

The reader who has reposed in the inimitable down beds of Germany, knows how admirably they tend to steep the senses in forgetfulness. No images for that night solicited my fancy, or at least troubled my memory; and, in the morning early, I had a half-hour's most interesting conversation with M. Willich, who rose betimes, the first virtue of a commercial man, and thus arranged quietly the instructions for the day, when he should arrive at his place of business. I noticed his goodness to Sillery in the enquiry after his family. "Perhaps," said he, "I owe my life to that intrepid youth, for

I live but in the two girls whom he and you saved. I *can* reward HIM."

I found Mrs. Kreutzner alone and expecting me. There was a languor visible in her manner, that she could not banish, happy as she had been made by the escape of her two favourites. I noticed it, with a hope that she had no serious indisposition. She said none to which she could assign any thing particular either as to cause or effect; "but," said she, "your narrative of yesterday's deliverance will make me well." It excited her attention strongly, and she dwelt upon the whimsical injunction, to which we were indebted for the fire-arms which preserved us. "I should like," said she, "to form a collection of such strange admonitions; I mean such as could be authenticated, where I could be sure the parties did not draw upon their fancies, and piece out an event with circumstances that never attended it. The difficulty in conduct seems to be to choose the just medium—not to expect that every thing should be prefigured to our insignificance, and that *we* are proudly distinguished by superior care;—nor that, on the contrary, we are eternally left to the mere workings of events, without a friendly suggestion on certain occasions, so peculiar as to alarm us into safety.

"Forgive me, Mr. Sydenham, for recurring

to any thing of so little moment as my own state of health; but I absolutely, at this moment, feel a depression of mind, attended with a something like alarm, that the interest about your achievement cannot dispel. And I really am inclined to ask you, whether you have any thing of a contrary nature to impart to me, where I shall be called upon to suffer, at least as much as I have enjoyed?" I believe I looked grave, for with great quickness she exclaimed, "Nay, I see it is so—alarm me not, but speak!"

"Madam," said I, "in honest truth I have something to communicate of moment to your peace; but assure yourself that it calls upon you to *suffer* only as you sympathise. If I did not think the papers I have brought with me more likely to *heal* than wound, I should refrain from an unnecessary disclosure, and keep their contents from your inspection."

"They relate, I suspect, somehow to Werner?"

"They do, madam: they were discovered by M. Willich and myself, in a cabinet which had been his."

"Does he mention Francina? Does he do justice to the purest affection ever borne to man?"

"Yes, most admired of women, he does

this and more; but it is by no means my intention to witness the emotion he may excite in the most benevolent of hearts. I feel the sincerity of his contrition. I acknowledge the justice of his sufferings. I think I act as *himself* when I lay this melancholy avowal at your feet. With you it will be an expiation of his guilt—to others it may be made the means of reconcilement to his memory."

I knelt and pressed her hand with my lips, as I laid the papers upon her table. She looked, not offended, but astonished, and as at a loss how to solve the *emotion* I discovered. As if I had dropped the representative, and for a moment resumed the original character, I exclaimed, "Pardon, adored Francina, pardon your Werner's ingratitude." My voice, I suppose, became as suddenly his as the sentiment which it uttered. She appeared too deeply impressed with wonder to speak or move, but pressed the papers eagerly to her heart, and in tears of thankfulness silently followed me with her eyes, until I had traversed the suite of rooms and descended the staircase. I took the direct road home, and on my arrival retired immediately to my own apartments.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE two sisters hearing of the indisposition of their beloved friend, paid her a visit, and found her busily occupied in writing. She made no secret of the subject.

"My loves," she said, "you know of the attachment which once engaged me to Werner. You have seen that on some grounds, perhaps to your judgment weak ones, I still cherish his memory, and even devote myself to his tomb. Your friend Mr. Sydenham, in addition to likeness in features and in voice, which astonish and often overpower me into a doubt, 'whether they can be any other really than Werner's,' enters mysteriously into the relations that existed between us, and is the medium by which he still communicates to me, what is a comfort to my very soul. I was proceeding to afford that excellent young man a full picture of my mind when you arrived; but I rejoice at the interruption you have given to my work, and he will gain something in the clearness of my narrative, by the calmness you bestow on my agitated nerves. Well then, my own, and so you are both to be as much indebted to him as I am? He seems to have a special mission of beneficence, and literally to go about doing good."

"Why, yes," said Caroline, "but for Sir Edward Arthegal, and Sillery Talus, his squire, we might not now have the pleasure of hearing his praises.—But what think you of my amazing sagacity? Our German ancestors were certainly right—they held that there was something divine about their women, and permitted their sudden inspirations to guide the counsels of a tribe of warriors. Tacitus, like a true Roman, hints that they might not be very sober at the time. But we now are enabled to judge better than that censorious politician. Our rustic cousins, as you know, are rather impetuous, and the *prochain* (as Madame Sevigné observes) after dinner is somewhat difficult to manage. I therefore armed my escort to secure our return home against all resistance. The knight, however gallant and tender you may think him, allowed a sarcasm against my *wit* to escape him, and told me he thought a day's shooting would quite '*satisfy my game.*' Thus sportively originated the furnishing of Sillery's holsters, and the consequent satisfaction of sundry wolvish appetites on the road."

"There are some other matters, sister," replied Sophia, "quite as deserving of attention as your sagacity; I mean, that the papers now before our best friend, seem to have been discovered by the two gentlemen during our ab-

sence, who never breathed a syllable of the matter on our return. Here, however, they may plead the alarm for our safety, and the joy at our escape, which did not allow of any minor subject of attention. But the best reason is probably the true one, that we really had no sort of concern in the discovery; and they, therefore, left it to Mrs. Kreutzner to satisfy or not, as she judged best, our anxiety with regard to any thing that seriously affected her."

"Vastly well, indeed, my tender sister," exclaimed Caroline: "keep out of sight, I beseech you, any avowal of the slightest anxiety, or even curiosity, as to the gallant knight's visit to the Hermitage, and the peculiarity of his being the medium of making known this long unsuspected hoard of comfort, at the same time that he is allowed to relate his heroic adventure in the wood!"

"Thank you, my loves, for your pleasant raillery; but I am out of the reach of all attractions, and will never furnish laughter with a subject in my person, where passion forgets propriety, and what might be the mother, is perversely changed into the wife. The resemblance will never displace the original. But I love mystery so little, and so sincerely wish every thought I can form to be known to my sweet friends, that I shall conclude my

communication to Mr. Sydenham with a request that he will allow you to see all that I write. I shall send back at the same time, for your full satisfaction, the discovered papers, which are of so much moment to my peace, that you may see the justice done to your friend in the midst of frenzy and debasement. What the whole may suggest to minds like your own, I can but imagine. Let me hope at least that you will never be tried as I was; and if you should be, I shall have left you at least my example either as a guide or a warning."

I received this account of their visit from the ladies themselves, who really doat upon the accomplished widow, and are only alarmed lest the strong excitement of the discovery should be followed by a nervous indisposition, that might not submit to reason strong even as her's. But I had soon an opportunity of ascertaining this point. Mrs. Kreutzner devoted herself for many hours to a full exposition of her feelings, and I should be inexcusable if I withheld from the reader any part of that virtuous and affecting disclosure. It was written unreservedly, without attention to connexion, as a narrative would have required; but I feel that I was worthy of the confidence of such a woman. She addressed me as follows:—

"My dear Sir,

"The singular occurrences which have called upon you, and the affectionate attention you have paid to me, warrant the term of endearment by which I commence my letter. I shall continue it while the sentiment lasts, that is, to the close of my existence. Before I proceed to notice any passage in the *examination* before me, I shall leave upon paper the detail of my early attachment, as essentially completing a picture left imperfect by Werner; but free, I hope, from the wretched vanity of shining at his expense. Were *he* indeed to dictate the expression, his love of truth would forbid me the temperament of a single reproach.

"The family of Werner and my own had been long connected; and among the first notions of my youth, I was accustomed to hear myself named as the expected wife of Frederic Werner. I was at the proper age removed from home to receive the education supplied by a celebrated convent, of which the pensioners enjoyed a discipline somewhat allied to the plan of Fenelon. When I use the name of that *best* of men, I do so to intimate that the *mind* formed the strong feature of the system; and though the accomplishments, as they were styled, were not neglected, the love of purity, the habit of reflection, and the cultivation of

benevolence, constituted as it were our rule; and let me honour the memory of the sage and noble lady who was at our head, by adding, that in no religious community was sisterly love ever more apparent than in ours. We were so amply endowed on the foundation, and so admired for our discipline, that there was no temptation on the side of gain to injure our establishment. Whenever therefore a temper displayed itself in any pensioner, that seemed perverse, it was observed attentively, and if it did not yield to a gentle admonition, the young lady was at once returned to her relatives, with the best advice that the superior could give on the case, as it had appeared to her. Any contest in the matter was strenuously declined; and as far as it was possible for human nature to go, our community found its harmony keep pace with its obedience. I look back upon this residence of my youth as upon one of those lovely scenes of landscape, in which a tender sky is reflected upon a calm and sheltered lake—a few swans in graceful motion are gliding on its waters, and their snowy plumage given to a gentle gale assists and adorns their progress.

"My habits were studious, and the superior condescended to cultivate my taste. She had been bred in a brilliant period, when literature

became a proud distinction in life, and all Europe was emulating, according to its means, the Augustan purity of the writers of Louis XIV. She herself wrote with great accuracy, and spoke with infinite facility, a practice for which she was indebted to the perfect calmness of her intellect. It is crowding of unsuitable and discordant ideas that renders composition obscure, and speech vague, hesitating, and uncouth. Not enthusiastic, like Madame Guyon, she was eloquent beyond all competition among ourselves, and her disquisitions on the Saturday afternoons to the pupils, upon *female duties in the world*, mixed at once the wisdom of a retired philosopher with the wishes of a parent. She painted the storms of the voyage, and laid down the navigation by which they were best avoided or over-passed. 'There are,' said she, 'two modes of presenting to the world those who may be either its ornaments or its victims. One is to make them fully acquainted with all that disgraces as well as all that ennobles life, and trust this ample knowledge as armour adequate to the preservation of youth. Another is to keep as much as possible, from sight and knowledge, all that brings shame upon our nature, and to consider the beautiful figure of the Bible as more than a lesson to our first parents. It is true there may be eagle-sights which no glit-

ter can dazzle, and which, however strong the light, behold all objects exactly as they are—but as these instances are rare, and the human sight in general may be short, weak or imperfect, I should not recommend its vision to be quite unguarded—it may be safest, in a moral sense, constantly to *wear a shade.*'

"I hesitate not to ascribe to the lessons of this singular woman that I am now in existence. Less fortified, I should have sunk under disappointment—less disciplined, I should have become splenetic and unamiable. Never is all lost where the mind is regulated. It is said, and I believe it, that there are compensations for all calamities; but true wisdom alone can feel their efficacy. When I quitted the convent of —— my age wanted a few months of eighteen. The ideas that crowd into a youthful imagination on such an event are too obvious to require detail. With the approaching establishment the lover necessarily intrudes—a law which we cannot disobey points in the inimitable style of a great writer to the delicate subject of early love. 'By this word I do not mean the polite attention, the gallantry without hope or design, which has originated in the spirit of chivalry, and is interwoven with the texture of French manners. I understand by this passion the union of desire, friendship,

and tenderness, which is inflamed by a single female, which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her possession as the supreme or the sole happiness of our being.' This, it is true, is the *male* side of the medal, but I know not how modesty can better express the female part of the compact, than by the other side of the same coin. I did hope to be able to inspire, to justify, and to return such a passion; and I was not long in distinguishing the person with whom such an union might be expected; who combined in himself, I must still think, more requisites than fancy usually supplies, and who has never ceased to reign, even by his remorse, when his desires had fallen to a lower empire. 'She discovered a *taint* in me,' sayst thou, Werner? It killed her to discover it. She had clothed thee, as an angel, in garments of pure white; a slight spot was easily discovered there—Alas! you were perhaps unconscious how *soon!* and how I strove to banish the speck from my thoughts, as perhaps the error of my own sight, and not adhering to the idol I gazed upon with so much fondness. He who uses a *free* expression, before a woman of strict virtue, commits an outrage upon her delicacy, and at the same time shows his own depravation. It is not the countenance of DIAN only that must be chaste, her

*ear* is as easily startled as the timid fawn's whom she pursues.

"The father of Werner was a man of science. His studies of nature were, of the greatest value; he was a clergyman, his experiments increased his piety: as he knew the resorts better of divine wisdom, his veneration became boundless. Alas! does the system of such a man beget weariness in lighter natures? If sour or severe, the best conduct may be oppressive, but the happiness of *his* bosom dressed his face with smiles. You saw at once that he was a model which might be safely followed. Frederic was by nature *critical;* did that beget distrust of excellence? Could not he credit the *virgin ore* itself without torturing it by the crucible and the fire? He showed me that he had listened to some persons who did not think highly of the sex. Vile and ungrateful men, what are you in your *origin*, what will be your *honour*, where will be your *consolation* through life, if the virtues of your women be not a shining mark among you? O, by every confidence, by veneration, by exalted passion, preserve the fair blessing in its proper sphere;—to prevent it from falling, hold that it is impossible it should fall!

"If virtue may, in some lofty natures, wear the face of pride, mine was not so featured—it courted no experiment—it needed no humilia-

tion. But I submitted in sorrow to my disappointment. I reproved by a glance. For a time the effect of it remained—but a habit of levity had grown upon the object, and he struggled with it to avoid my censure. Restraint however at length became uneasy to him, and I saw indeed that he was lost to Francina. 'The air of virtue blew *cold* upon you, Werner!' Dearest of men, a *fever* was in the veins. But a life of melancholy is compensated by a single line of thy posthumous veneration. Away, my tears; allow me to read, a thousand and a thousand times, the proudest tribute ever paid to woman!

"'When I could once endure to hear, from polluted lips, the *name* of FRANCINA, the spell was broken!'

"But 'the fiend became busy in his concerns. She had her emissaries to watch the alienated footsteps of Francina—they were traced even to the house of her victim's cousin,' the grave, the disinterested, the excellent Constantine Werner. I had taken every precaution that I might not alarm. It was for that reason that I did not see him at my own residence. He knew the secret of my heart, he saw that it had rendered me miserable, and he guessed the cause. I confirmed his judgment by a candid recital of my hopes and their disappointment.

He had heard of some proceedings of his relation, offensive to himself, and not at all honourable to the principles of that gentleman. They excited his curiosity, and he was soon master of all the history of his dishonour. He mingled his tears with mine when he had heard me to an end; but he told me firmly that I must seek for happiness elsewhere. 'There are minds enough in the world,' said he, 'to whom Werner's attachment to an opera heroine would be a thing of course; an article of fashionable expenditure; a conveyance unsealed, and only witnessed in sport; which might end even without mutual consent, as it existed only for the benefit of *one* of the parties. But the mind of Francina was not made for such things. The romance of other natures is the truth of her's. A divided attention is an insult to virtuous love; exclusive itself, it demands an equal singleness from its object.'

"Perhaps it was merely to prevent me from sinking into the wretched apathy sometimes produced by a strong disappointment of the heart, that he took about this time the opportunity of presenting to me his friend M. Kreutzner. His very conspicuous public station, the excellence of his character, the solidity of his manners, and the notion, hastily formed, that at all events no claims were to be advanced be-

yond those of polite reciprocal respect, led me to give at an early period of our acquaintance a decided preference to his conversation, and a distinguished share of my esteem to a gentleman, who honoured me, in fact, with unbounded admiration. I remember the occasion on which he attended me to the opera, and should have spared myself the pain which I really felt, could I have supposed that the *character* would have done that, which its representative failed to effect. I had made up my mind on the subject—I was sure that, with respect to the actress and the singer, I could be just—that behind the curtain I should never look to form my judgment of the artist. The woman absolutely was dead in me. I was the warmest of her admirers on her first entrance—I was her captive when I had heard her for an act together. But the disappointment, the agonies of *Medea* were my own; and the tones that expressed them came from the very mischief by whom they had been inflicted. A faintness came over me, which excited notice, and I recovered by the assistance of my friends, to hear the vehement shouts and clapping of hands that followed the exit of the enchantress. Shall I say, that I half doubted my right to complain? But what a scene of humiliation followed for poor Werner! Yet let me pick from the disgraceful oc-

currences 'the proofs of tenderness that were then unsuspected by Francina,' and the 'last struggle of his virtue that felt the insult, when the syren would have monopolised his very *humanity*.' With the confession of his dishonour, which follows in the narrative, I have nothing to do. He had plunged into the turbid stream, and should not have demanded purity. The disgraceful journey to Vienna, however, was the first hint of my future destiny. From that day I began to see my own state with the eyes of worldly prudence; and M. Kreutzner at length silenced every objection that I could fairly make to an union. Of my duty as a wife he was fully assured. He knew that his own conduct would secure my gratitude; and if an exalted friendship never rose in my bosom to ardent love, of what could he complain, who knew the tenure by which he held his happiness? But I have comfort in saying, that he was calmly and truly happy in that union, short as it was; and by leaving me an ample independence, he gave the last solemn test of his approbation of my conduct and his own choice.

"One subject, Mr. Sydenham, it becomes me to press upon you with earnestness: I cannot but think it proper, on every account, that his cousin should never fully know the crimes with which Werner in his remorse has charged

himself. As to his vengeance, I am not without hope that his compunction enlarged his guilt. 'He shook the malignant viper from his hand,'—a terrible expression; but he had never warmed it in his bosom:—two beings more dissimilar were never found in one family. On this subject the excellent M. Willich, I am sure, will concur with us. Spare, I beseech you, both the living and the dead.

"I at first thought that I should be able to present to my young friends a more exact picture of the struggles of my own mind—but alas! so wayward is that mind, that the deepest reflection enables us only to note its contradictions; the causes escape our search, or they depend upon instinctive feelings with which our reason itself is often at strife, even when attempting their vindication. You may hear with some surprise of an attachment broken upon principle, and the affection surviving in spite of the conviction that the person was perverted. Yet is this no uncommon case in the calendar of female predilections. I was new to the world; my education was secluded, my temper calm, my heart virtuous, and my imagination tender and refined. I loved my own conception rather than any individual, and when Werner was introduced to me, with a serious view, I saw in him without difficulty

the features of my fancy; but I saw no more. At length, awakened from this dream of purity, forced to confess to my own judgment, that the man had rendered himself unworthy of my hand, I broke my bright but brittle chain, and accepted an alliance, without danger as without passion. Its duration was like the performance of some correct time-piece, always right, exact, and to be trusted—its hours were equable, and they measured only the felicity of reason and honour. The loss of M. Kreutzner was sincerely, not passionately lamented. I esteem his memory as that of my steadiest friend. But the illusions of the fancy had been veiled for a time, not obliterated—my thoughts recurred to a standard of more exalted happiness, which once had seemed attainable, and I doated on the picture which was so highly flattered. Still I clung to him with whom I had associated it, and the death of Werner was felt as the annihilation of every hope. A vague notion of other circumstances and other decisions, which *might* have saved him, and *for me*, long assailed me;—it deepened my regret:—I had become wedded as it were to his remains, and kept the anniversary of his death as if it had been that of his birth;—but he then in my imagination *was* born again, subject to no future

fall. Adieu, my youthful friends, I release you from my sorrows.

"FRANCINA KREUTZNER."

## CHAPTER XV.

I SHALL not attempt to record my feelings upon the perusal of Francina's letter. Whether as Werner or Sydenham, it excited the tenderest sympathy. But one thing sunk deeply into my mind, indeed as if it was the great object of the confidence; *that* it became me, so warned, to be doubly anxious as to my *own* future conduct;—that I ought certainly to pay no attentions that were to leave lasting regrets;—and that if I for a moment doubted my own steadiness, or thought my views liable to be changed by circumstances, it would be beyond all common crime, to render perhaps a second Francina as miserable as the first.

To the two amiable sisters, as desired, I communicated the papers I had received. They returned them to me (I thought) with more than usual gravity; and Sophia, in very remarkable expression, asserted that "under similar circumstances, there would not be found the slightest difference in her own conduct."

Caroline reminded her that fortunately her skill in physiognomy would preserve her from the danger;—the want of *harmony* in the features of the musical amateur would save her from all *operatical* derangement. "But how," she added, "is *my* dove-like simplicity to be armed against the enemy?" Sophia did not reply, but put her arm round her waist, and led her out of the room.

My friends in England were greatly interested by the candid confession of Werner, and Herman communicated as a matter of interest, the present condition of the enchantress who had destroyed him. Of her captivations it seemed her voice had longest preserved its power against the insidious attacks of time. She still sat at the piano forte, with dignity, and in the hearing of youthful professors, if entreated strongly, would condescend, to some passage of emotion, to show them what they had to acquire to rank themselves with Leonora. But the common salvo of vanity was, that "the taste in music was greatly *changed* since her days of excellence. That, to be sure, she was a great woman, a sound musician, and must have been a wonderful actress."

"I saw her," added Herman, "as I passed through Manheim, on my last visit to the Continent, and was very particularly introduced to

her, by a learned Abbé, a friend of mine, a man of a certain age, who appeared to be a zealous and prudent adviser, and was honoured by her for his peculiar taste in music. Indeed he had gone so far as to compose several operas, and a mass greatly admired at Potzdam. I must do my friend the justice to say, that I believe sincerely the passion for music was the only passion that held them together; and what I saw of her manners did not impress me with the slightest suspicion of her gallantry, though I knew that it is pretty generally attributed to the DONNE of the Continent. Had I then known of her, what I now do, I might have been more solicitous about her: but as she resides at Manheim, if you choose to mention my name there to Abbé Ponto, you will easily get the means of satisfying your curiosity, and I can have no doubt you will do so." "Nor," continued my friend, "is such a journey unadvisable on another account. You are residing, my dear Sydenham, where a powerful instinct has placed you, at a distance from your near connexions; and notwithstanding some affecting duties to be performed, in the society of youth and beauty and intelligence, likely to be impressed by your great merits. How your own heart may feel upon the subject I know not; you may be entirely engrossed by

what I shall call, for want of a term expressly suited to it, your *representative* passion, or you may not; the nieces of your host are not to be seen without admiration, nor to be known without affection of some kind. You will consider also, that there will, and must be, an option in such cases; and that honour requires any such *preference*, to be speedily made known. It is cruel, it is tyrannical, to affect a mystery on such a matter, and consult only our own convenience in the time of our declaration. Suppose even a case, in which the personal and mental charms are balanced, and that there is really a difficulty in making an election even then, we should consider that *our* interests are not the sole to be consulted; that there are two other minds liable to receive impressions, and to retain them; and that the insinuating poison of love, for an object of the other sex, is capable of severing the bond of sisterhood. The security against all these dangers is to make, if we do not find, occasions of temporary absence; the best business we can have is to prevent unhappiness to ourselves and others."

Thus, on the present, as on other occasions, I had an opportunity of admiring how singularly Herman entered into all my interests or feelings; how his wisdom waked, even if my own

inclined to slumber; and how also he seconded its impulses, for fear of any lapse, into which either passion or indolence might lead me. That admirable friend wrote to me a very pleasing account of a journey he had recently taken, in company with my father. Cambridge had not been forgotten, in his zeal for my honour; and my simple-hearted cottager, upon his mentioning who had desired him to call upon her, would not be diverted from her narrative of how she had received me, and of the story she had told me about Friend, the Necromancer, and of the benevolence with which I had supplied her wants, whether of personal or mental comfort. She had distinguished by a neat, though patch-work cushion, the chair in which I used to rest me after my walks out from college, and among those, to whom she related my kindness, few thought themselves worthy to occupy her learned son's seat. Herman said, that upon this frank testimony of her grateful affection, my father rose suddenly and crossing her narrow hearth, placed himself gravely in the chair so distinguished; on a wainscot table covered with baize, lay the bible I had given, with its numerous references. "My good dame," said my father, "I have heard your little tale with much interest. Your son, as you call him, does honour

to his gown. As an old member of the University, I should like to preserve both these relics—my studies would be improved by such a seat, and the best life be rendered purer by the guide he has left with you. I will replace them both, I assure you, by articles exactly similar, if such is your wish, or by others of more cost, if you allow me to indulge my own. In the mean time, add that trifle to your little hoard;" and he put a note of five pounds into her hand. "I am but little used to receive here," said my dame, "great gentlemen like yourself, and am ashamed to deny any thing you ask, while I touch your bounty. You are, no doubt, as considerate as you are liberal, and will make the proper allowance for what I am going to say. The chair was always mine, that I could make over to any friend of the excellent person who did not disdain to use it; yet I should weep at parting with it:—but the *book*, and life itself, must part from me together. If, however, you will condescend to leave me your name and address, the first time my son's tutor, Dr. Hervey, calls upon me, I will beg his reverence to draw up a bequest of the book, which I will sign, and he can witness, and it will make my end happier to know it so disposed of."

"Be it so," replied my father, "or rather

let the chair and the book be mine at the same time. But on the first day of January, and the first day of July in every year, till then, the Cambridge bank will be directed to pay *you* ten pounds, and this annuity of twenty pounds you will not scruple to accept from the *father* of your young friend."

The good old soul gazed at Mr. Sydenham with an expression that implied astonishment at her want of discernment that he *must* be the father of such a son, grateful submission to his pleasure, and reviving importance to be so distinguished. "She hoped she might be permitted to enquire after '*my lady*,' and if her ladyship should come down to Cambridge and honour her poor house by entering it, she would hear an account of Mr. Edward delightful to a mother's ears." My father assured her, that he had already in his mind planned such an excursion for his lady; and that, ere many weeks elapsed, she should hear more from them on the subject. She waited on them with village simplicity to the door of the chaise, and dropt her best courtesy to the waving hands of her two visitors as it drove away. During their ride, Mr. Sydenham thanked Herman for the *happiest* and the *proudest* moment of his existence. "It is a libel on our nature," said he, "to estimate the *hope* of joy

beyond its possession. A moment that realizes the parent's hopes for his son's VIRTUE, is a compensation for every uneasiness in life."

Herman added that he found me much in the heart of my venerable friend Mr. Hervey, and that my college inmates remembered me with esteem and regret. This letter was accompanied by one from each of my fond parents, in which I found little that calls for particular notice in this place. In fact, no point of difference existed between us. My feelings, strongly seconded by a concurrence of events, had led me to a journey of experiment in a search of happiness. As far as I had proceeded, every thing was propitious to my hopes. As much as I suffered on the occasion of Werner's disclosures, the suffering was confined to my own bosom, and my real sorrow wore the milder countenance of sympathy. Upon the gentle mind of Francina, the influence of the "self-examination" of her former lover had produced the happiest effect. He had, at every interval of reason, reverenced in her the *purity* most valued by herself; and, his mortal garb laid aside, had from the very grave renewed the claim of virtuous affection.

Without stating the motives on which I concurred in Herman's recommendation, I made the interesting widow acquainted with the re-

sidence of the former syren, and of the introduction that my friend himself supplied, by which my curiosity was to be gratified. I asked, ingenuously, her opinion on the subject of such a visit, and she gave me the following remarks, which I preserve as every way worthy of her, and affording additional lights upon her great and singular character.

"The Hermitage.

"My dear Sir,

"You are so safely governed in your career by the suggestions of your own mind, that I should doubt the wisdom of mine, did they differ from your's. But I entirely agree with you on the propriety of your excursion, for reasons which are obvious in common to us both, and some which may occur to myself alone. You will read, perhaps, with some surprise, the declaration that I wish I could accompany you to Manheim on this tour. I shall certainly not be deterred by any apprehension of scandal on the occasion. Besides, I could choose *one* female companion, to divide your attentions with me, and as to whom, I think I know, they would be very nearly as pure matter of politeness as to myself. For more I could not answer with so safe a conscience. I would not speak too plainly. If I know myself at all, mine is no strait-laced virtue, nor yet need I be afraid of

misconstruction in such an intercourse. Public women of any great celebrity make their *talents* cover the defects of their conduct; and we may know, therefore, no more of them than we choose to know. If they should be vain enough to flatter themselves into equality, (a thing that I believe rarely happens,) they court only their own mortification. The really correct woman, like the magnet, can either attract or repel as she presents herself; and casts off, at once, what would be a burden without profit.—Neither do I frame the wish, in the prospect that I might be gratified by the failure, through time, of attractions once so pernicious to my peace. Neither, were Leonora permitted to know who I was, should I wish to be soothed by her submission, by her real or feigned regret, at what has so long passed away; and which, perhaps, is only at last repented, because it can never be repeated; or from a less natural, and not purer motive, the expectation still to profit by conciliation.

"Perhaps you will take the trouble to ascertain the worldly condition of Leonora. Women with her attractions, as their actual and present influence has no bounds, are with some excuse improvident. Their sway, however, when it becomes less general, is often more absolute; and in their very decay, they not seldom attach

one at least to a kind of posthumous beauty and skill. You see how I even luxuriate in thinking upon paper; and send you my ruminations without a scruple, as a mark of my respect and confidence. I unveil my heart, because I think it pure; and I shall never be insensible to praise or attachment so derived. I understand that this M. Herman is a particular friend of your's, and that you correspond with him upon even *brotherly* terms, if the word friendly *is* of colder acceptation. He was acquainted with the Willichs, and I should have imagined would have felt some wish to accompany you hither. Perhaps I invade no confidence by simply asking *why* he did not? Answer the question, or not, as you please.

"Faithfully your's,

"FRANCINA."

I rejoiced extremely to find the interesting widow able to write with so little pain upon a subject that, until my disclosure, had always seemed to require her utmost fortitude. Admirable creature! and her really Christian spirit would contribute to the external comfort of her greatest enemy; whom she could see without triumph, and benefit without reproaching; whose humiliation she does not desire,

and would refuse to view! But what does her pleasantry imply? One female companion to whom my attentions would be as pure matter of politeness as to herself, and only one! Am I suspected, then, to feel more than mere respect for any other? Or is it imagined that some other may feel more than common courtesy towards me? Unpardonable presumption! But Francina, too, concurs with Herman, without being aware of his injunction, and she has determined my journey to Manheim, more strenuously than she was aware. My representative interests, if dreams do descend from Jove, are not very long to engross me; and my own are to be enhanced by my temporary sufferings for another. Be it so: till then, prudence, honour, even *love*, command me to be silent—they equally, I fear, enjoin my absence from this place.

"But what," said I, "is to be understood by the question as to Herman? Nothing can be more easy than to assign the reason he himself gave for not accompanying me, which hardly at the time appeared any reason at all; for if he supposed me to need no advice, so surely directed as he might infer by my impulses from within, why offer his correspondence, why, indeed, volunteer some admonitions? If such aid was at all necessary, the dis-

tance between us added nothing to its efficacy. Had he been near, he would have seen more clearly the emergencies as they arose, and the difficulty in my situation no sooner would present itself, than be removed. The objection at bottom, it should seem, must have respected himself rather than me. There is, therefore, one point on which Herman has practised reserve. The delicacy of his mind tells me where to look for it. But let me answer the widow. Such was my deliberation upon the subject. I wrote a few lines accordingly by Sillery, who, since his exploit, had become an especial favourite. She ordered him up stairs into her study, and he reported a considerable improvement in her looks, and an unconstrained cheerfulness with her invariable graciousness of manner. As I had expressed in my note an intention of riding out to the Hermitage on the following day, she, by three lines, entreated that "I would partake of the hermit's fare, and the unreserved chat of one who owed it to me that she could be again easy and happy."

M. Willich's numerous avocations had allowed, of late, few opportunities of private communication. I took occasion, just before he went to the Exchange, to mention my design to visit Manheim in a few days, and to request his commands if I could be in any way service-

able to one, who had bound me to him by so many marks of kindness. He said that nothing could have fallen out more opportunely; that he had a matter of some moment in that city, which he should be infinitely obliged, if I would undertake for him. Half an hour would make me master of the subject—the documents were all looked out, and perfectly satisfactory. The opposite party, M. Altdorf, he said I should find open to conviction, and, indeed, a person of worth and much intelligence; but people will form different views upon even clear subjects, and the legal advisers of the world have an interest in its discord. Even if great principle, and immense business, place an advocate above looking at his own interest, men cannot avoid colouring their cause by their self-love, and the advocate himself would often recommend a compromise, if he but suspected the ground *actually* occupied by the other party.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

I SHORTLY after set out to visit Manheim, the residence of the great actress, and arrived there without any remarkable occurrence. I

had now business to engage my attention, along with the wish to visit Leonora, and judge of her mind, and of any opening means to fulfil the wishes of Francina. I took some days to examine the state of my own feelings respecting her; and, as I approached the interview, was surprised to find so much of the feeling of Werner still awake in my memory, and likely to interest a second youth, with the relations which had proved so fatal to the former. In a good measure, I could only conjecture as to the likelihood of Werner's being even named at our interviews; unless, indeed, some personal resemblance, either of feature or voice, or some recollected habit, or peculiar expression, should strike the lady, and an involuntary exclamation precede the enquiry, whether I knew the family of Werner, or had heard any thing of his attachment to her?

The first step was to enquire for the Abbé Ponto, whom Sillery easily found; and I accordingly wrote a short billet to him, to let him know that, in seeking the honour of his acquaintance, I had permission to use the name of his friend Herman, to whom this was not my least obligation; and that I would take an early opportunity of paying my respects to him in person.

The Abbé politely anticipated my visit, by

calling upon me at my hotel in the course of the same day. I have seldom seen a more prepossessing character. It had enough of the clerical to add something to the respect for a finished man of the world. In England the union can seldom take place; a shining and social cheerfulness, from our censorious taste, is apt to be considered a proof, that the divine so distinguished is too much a man of this world; and whatever the feeling or the wish of our clergy may be, their exterior is commonly stiff, and their expression monastic. The fine arts are highly cultivated by many among them; but it is discreet to confine the passions for the decorations of life, within bounds short of enthusiasm. The Abbé of the Continent is under no such constraint. He lives as much in the world as any man; is entitled to the first society, and is commonly the *leader* of taste, wherever that fine flower of the imagination flourishes most. Such a man, in every view, was Abbé Ponto, though music was undoubtedly his favourite and first pursuit. My English readers, many of them remember the sparkling gaiety of Abbé de Lille, while reciting his own exquisite compositions: it was that sort of animation that bespoke my regard for the friend of Herman.

Abbé Ponto told me that our mutual friend,

concluding that I should use the introduction he had offered, had done him the favour to apprise him of it; and had spoken of me in terms which naturally rendered him desirous to acquire my esteem. That he understood I was passionately fond of music, and had studied it as a science, which would enable him to benefit by my judgment in some trifles which he was anxious to make as effective as he could. As to Leonora, he said that she was a good deal changed in her style of passing time; and would seldom be prevailed upon to exert her really still powerful talents. That he could most certainly give that introduction to her which I desired, and a young Englishman of distinction would be sure of polite reception, from a sort of partiality that she felt to that nation. That in the affluence of her fame, and the moderate competence of her fortune, she did not, however, seem to find all the happiness that he himself could wish her; but, said the Abbé, you may have been informed of some passages of her early life, which seldom settle quite happily upon the maturity of reflection. I do my utmost to produce cheerfulness in the salon, but the closet I often think more than balances the impression; and little starts of petulance in the dressing-room often renew the princess of the opera. But our intimacy suf-

fers no interruption; for little or much as it may be, neither party would willingly lose the happiness mutually derived from it. For yourself, continued he, my weight with her you have, and I shall give her notice of the visit she is to expect. After that, you will be at liberty to honour as many of her general evenings with your presence as you please; any particular invitations will come from herself; and from your prepossessing exterior, and the cultivation of your talents of various kinds, I do not know, said the Abbé, that, for my own sake, I ought to be *very* pressing on that head; and he laughed as he said it. He then, with infinite good humour, added, that his carriage was in waiting at my door, to carry us both to a little box of his in the suburbs; that I must dine with him then, before I had time to form intimacies more pleasant or profitable in the city; and that as his establishment was somewhat confined, he would thank me even for the aid of my man, who would go with us.

I was really charmed with the *heart* with which this fine old gentleman looked and spoke thus: and in a few minutes we were seated together in his carriage, as perfectly known to each other, and as frank, as if our ages had been similar, and we had grown up and lived together the whole of them. Sillery, on horse-

back, followed the carriage and led my horse, that I might return into town without putting the Abbé to the slightest inconvenience. The little summer-house that received us was indeed a toy, and a toy may make up in show what it wants in state. It was painted in strong relief, and looked what it was, *une maison de plaisance*, built only for fair weather, and an entertainment of the moment; where the pleasure was enhanced by surprise, and the exhilaration itself was often the result of the articles of the feast that had been forgotten.

On our alighting, he showed me into his study, which was fitted up as a music-room, and pointing to a very grand picture over the chimney-piece—"There," said he, "is the Tyranna, there is *Medea* herself; what Jason could desert such a woman?" It had been painted at Vienna, and represented her in that perfection of form and powerful action, which spoke now from the silent canvass. I pronounced internally the name of *Francina*, and stood serenely contemplating the picture, and the picture alone. The Abbé told me, that the original had presented it to him as a mark of her regard, upon his having been so fortunate as to secure for her a very handsome annuity, from the wreck, in fact, of her once princely fortune. She confessed, at the same

time, that she was still woman enough to feel little gratification at the sight of what she had been. "We are compelled," said she, "to carry down with us the keen sense of our errors, without the charms that once sanctioned if they could not justify them. Would that they could fade away together!"

I turned my eyes back again to the picture, and a tear dropped upon my cheek. "Abbé," said I, "these are melancholy thoughts. I hope your fair friend, though without her former glare, has yet days of mild and serene light perhaps more enviable than excessive brightness, and less delusive to the sight and the judgment."

"Days!" exclaimed he; "that I dare not affirm. Minutes were much of mild and serene happiness! But we must catch them as we can, and when they offer. The best invocation is there," and he pointed to the pianoforte.

"Then let us make our offering," said I.

He sat down at once without pressing, and taking a theme of great expression, indulged his fancy in strains worthy of his reputation. By imperceptible gradations he led me to cheerfulness, and dispelled the gloom that had, though in unequal proportions, invaded us both. We rose, as it were, refreshed by harmony,

well disposed to enjoy the other pleasures that awaited us at the table. The repast was chiefly his own produce, and his wines were the choicest that France and Germany could supply.

We remembered in our wine the friend who had brought us together, and the Abbé did full justice to Herman's character, which he seemed to consider one of great and various excellence. "All that remains to complete the felicity of such a man," said he, "is the choice of a woman worthy of his mind; and if I can judge of the impression, through the guarded and cautious language in which he spoke, he will not be under great difficulty in the selection."

To this I answered very frankly, that circumstances of a peculiar kind had often led us into communications on that subject, but that I never heard from him more than general praises, such as an intelligent observer could not fail to pronounce on the ladies casually mentioned by him.

A sudden thought here crossed mē that probably one of the amiable nieces of my banker might have captivated the traveller; and I now recollected his admission that he knew them, and his equipoise of their different but exalted qualities. Mrs. Kreutzner's odd hint allied itself in an instant to this speculation, and I saw

truly before me the attachment that really was in progress between the younger sister and my friend. The rest was easy—some difficulty about his own position in life prevented him from being more explicit; and as he could not himself propose at that juncture, he left the field open to his friend, if he should look in that quarter with the hope of success. It accounted too for his urgency, that I should not *mislead* for a moment where I entertained no doubt; and that he recommended the absence on business or curiosity which I was now, should I say, suffering for Francina's sake or my own? Shall I add that I admired the high principle which seemed to have governed my friend, as much as the delicacy which was its handmaid. I ought to acknowledge with gratitude, that called upon, as I had been, to sustain a most irksome and distressing part in life, my task had been alleviated by a surrounding attendance of the best of human beings. One of these was now before me.

In the full recollection of the record, rather than the fact, for the impression had been much weakened by time, I asked the Abbé whether he had ever heard Leonora mention a Count de Blatz, who had once been her devoted and passionate admirer. The Abbé looked at me with surprise, as if he could not tell how

reconcile my age with my enquiry; but he was too polite to put his feeling, whatever it was, into words, and I imagine he reconciled them by the supposition that some perhaps near connexion of mine had formerly known the old nobleman, and therefore without scruple told me what follows.

"Leonora has frequently mentioned him to me as one of her steadiest friends, and I still can bring him before me at a very advanced age, with his silver hair in bag, well dressed, his richly figured velvet coat and spangled waistcoat, the gold clocks that adorned his stockings rather than his legs, and the pink heels that added to the diamond buckles of his shoes their full testimony that their owner seldom allowed the dirt or dust of a public way to annoy him. The chair, the coach, the hall, and the saloon, were all that he trod on. He carried the old court about in all his pursuits, and the small silk hat, and the pocket muff which was decorated with ribands from the fairest toilets in Europe, were as steady parts of him as the ruder appurtenances which he derived from nature. One pocket of his coat held an opera-glass, which by his constant use of it one might suppose bestowed aid to his ear, as well as eye—the other pocket contained a superb snuff-box of Dresden china mounted in gold,

on the lid of which a fine enamel by Petitot of the voluptuous Montespan, which the Count inherited, left the taste of the Great Monarch entirely justified, at least during the empire of the passions. The common estimate of de Blatz was correct, he was a kind, well bred, polished nobleman, devoted rather too strongly to one pursuit. He lived at the *feet* of the great female singers in his prime ; and by their *sides* to the last ; for a long term their lover, but always their admirer and their guest. His place was fixed on system at their tables. He sat on the lady's left hand, which resigned the complimentary seat on her right hand to the stranger, or person of higher rank.

" At the toilet, when the nymph now glanced in the mirror at the increasing charms of her figure, and now poured out a passage of eloquent music, in the manner by which she meditated additional triumphs on the stage, our Count, an equal connoisseur in beauty and in song, applauded the decorations bestowed on both; and his judgment was always deemed final, being carefully and deliberately grounded upon the choice to which the enchantress herself most inclined. I have often thought," said the Abbé, " that such men are even public benefactors, though it is not in their aim to be so ; and we little suspect how the failing nerve

or doubting mind of the greatest singers may be fortified by this reliance upon friendly praise.

"His attachment to Leonora, as it began when he was in years, admitted of no change; he drew from her his most valued distinction and his greatest enjoyment. At his death he bequeathed to her a considerable sum in ready money, in addition to the valuable presents he had made to her from time to time. Leonora was never mercenary. She discovered some young ladies, whose father, nearly related to the Count, had given him great offence; and at a very critical period of their youth, settled the whole of it upon them, rendering them at the moment independent, and soon by suitable unions, honourably and happily placed in life."

I believe I looked surprised. The Abbé understood me, and thus replied to my expression:

"For the purposes of instruction to youth, it may be necessary to draw very broad indeed the lines which separate the vices from the virtues. It is good to remark the debasing nature of the former, and the unsoundness or caprice that will attend the attempt at any union with the latter. This may be the preferable course, because vice is seductive enough without the mixture of virtue as an apology. The liberal

mind will not however refuse to applaud what is good among the fallen; and the philosopher may properly view the whole species as a compound of contradictions; and without impugning the barriers of society, give the greater share of praise to the highest portion of goodness in the most untoward circumstances."

"It is such a view of life, Abbé," said I, "that was taken by the great dramatic poet of England, in a metaphor which the Continent might think wanted dignity—'The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.'"

"This fastidious taste of the Continent," said the Abbé, "is the threadbare affectation of Louis the Fourteenth's court. The utility, after all, is the highest quality of any thing. Antiquity has taught us to venerate the plough, and the *loom* may almost contest its honours. It is of nearly equal importance to be well cloathed and well fed. The moral truth that grows out of the metaphor, proceeds from a profound philosopher, which I take it a great dramatic poet must always be. Your Shakspeare and the French Molière are the masters of human life. We visit the stages of those poets for amusement, and bring home wisdom as a free gift."

"How happy," said I, "is Leonora, who is indebted to another graceful amusement for the same free gift of inestimable value!"

"I am too much gratified by your compliment," rejoined the Abbé, "to desire to qualify any part of it—otherwise, I should require for music a character beyond that of graceful amusement."

"And I should be ready perhaps to add to all that you would demand, Abbé, for your favourite science; but I referred only, in my instance, to one of its ornaments. How much I am to extend the consideration in that quarter, your goodness will soon enable me to ascertain."

In the evening a few neighbours at a short notice came in, and made up a musical party of considerable skill. The Abbé himself took the violin on this occasion, and I sat down at the piano forte. The violincello was as finely played as if the gentleman had professed it, though he was merely an amateur. We had a hautboy, that for sweetness of tone was even a wonder; and had Haydn, whose bust was in the room, been present in person, that mild good man would have condescended to bow his acknowledgements. But he was in truth the most unaffected genius that ever presided over instrumental music.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE anecdote as to the relatives of Count de Blatz had not, as a casualty, passed by without a due consideration. Leonora rose materially in my esteem; and I in vain strove to settle in my mind the feelings with which I should approach her on the day of our interview. What had been the influence of time upon her person? Some guide in such a query the present appearance of the excellent Francina afforded. Had even affliction spared the beauty of the one, while incessant triumph, both of her beauty and her talents, might prematurely have diminished the graces of the other? Temper and goodness, however, are so nearly allied, that where there is a petulance there is discontent either with ourselves or others; and if the mischief becomes a habit, it leaves its mark on the countenance. I settled that, of age nearly equal, Francina would now surpass her former rival in personal beauty.

After having formally asked permission to present to her a young Englishman, the friend of Herman, whom she remembered, the Abbé called, in his way home, to apprise me that he should have the happiness to introduce me to Leonora the next day at noon, if that suited me;

and he added he had no doubt, in the royal style, of my being most graciously received. The intervening time I devoted to the business in which M. Willich accepted my aid; and there seemed to be every disposition, on the other side, to give me as little trouble as could attend the adjustment of any matter in dispute. M. Altdorf was a man of integrity.

On the following day about noon, with a mind reasonably composed, I accompanied the Abbé to the very agreeable villa of Leonora. She had not affected much external decoration, and had indulged her professional taste with nothing beyond a bust of the father of opera, Metastasio, which was placed in a sheltered niche of the portico. Her hall was painted to give the effect of Italian marble, and two of the muses seemed to point the stairs to those who sought the presence of the accomplished musician. When we were announced, she arose to receive us; and, with her inimitable majesty of deportment, advanced a few steps to offer the encouragement of her hand to the young Englishman. She was very carefully drest, but not beyond the morning style of women of fashion, and looked interesting, from an evident desire to please a guest, whom her great reputation, as she imagined, had alone attracted to her retirement. I led her to the seat she

had quitted, and took my place by her side. The Abbé did not pronounce my name very distinctly, and she begged I would myself teach her how to speak it. I deliberately articulated the syllables, Sy-den-ham.

"But you will indulge me, also, with your baptismal name, I am sure," said she.

I informed her that it was Edward.

She put them extremely well together, and asked respectfully as to my family in England, and the occasion of my visiting the Continent.

"If a Frenchman," said she, "were to answer, that it was principally to see myself, I should bow, but not believe one word of the compliment."

"Madam," said I, "without a leaning towards flattery, I am sincere in assuring you, that to see you is a principal motive of my visiting Manheim."

"I was not aware," she replied, "that my reputation, in England, at all events, would survive the zenith of my dramatic talents. I had once an offer from the directors of your opera, but I had the usual Italian dread of your climate upon me. But," she added, "your opera season begins in the winter, and our singers have no time to shake off the colds they catch upon their journey thither. Unhealthy your climate cannot be, for the English

who used formerly to visit me, when I saw more strangers than I do now, had the finest complexions, and seemingly, the firmest health of any nation with which I am acquainted. I speak French to your young friend, Abbé," she added, "because it is the common language."

"Mr. Sydenham speaks German, madam," replied the Abbé, "if you prefer that language."

"As most certainly I do," said she; "for the greatest part of my life has been past in different cities of Germany, and many powerful interests present themselves to memory arrayed in that language." She added, turning gravely round to me, "I *think*, sir, in German."

I now made no scruple to use my German tongue in the conversation, and she looked steadily at me while I spoke.

"It is so," said she; "to speak any language like a native the organs must conform themselves. You really, Mr. Sydenham, look a different person as far as the face is concerned—but you are positively an Englishman?"

"Undoubtedly, madam."

"And of English *parents?*" (with great quickness.)

"And of English parents."

"But," said she, "I am singularly rude in thus questioning, at a first interview. Pray, sir, forgive me; and as I laugh at my own folly, excuse the freedom, and never ask why it was taken."

I bowed, but did not like just then to trust to speech.

"However, what respects myself alone may admit my question. Abbé Ponto has, I suppose, shown you my portrait."

"He has been so obliging, madam, and I think it sublime beyond any other. To this many things have concurred—the grandeur of the lady who sat, the character of the regal enchantress, and more than any thing, the piercing expression of the countenance."

"Well," said Leonora, "you are an able connoisseur, I have little doubt, and an amiable man I am sure you must be. The English are thought a sincere people. I am half inclined to put your frankness to the test, and ask whether, in your opinion, I ought to wish it too far off for any comparison with my present self."

"The picture, madam, belongs as much to history as to portrait. It is Medea herself. The charming representative has now laid aside the magician, and, with the character, all its

splendour and its danger, to be more truly graceful in her own.

"And all its *danger*," she repeated—"yes, sir, and let me confess, that to a woman, and a vain one, the advantage of retirement must be strong indeed to prevent regret. The professor, who withdraws her talents from the public, always hears their former applause, and sees the distant train of her admirers, when the goddess and the worshippers are changed alike."

She then asked me, whether we had any great native singers of her sex in England.

I answered, "None, I think, whom you, madam, would esteem *great*—pleasing as far as mere air, and that of a simple character, will carry them, we have several."

"While I was on the stage," said she, "I neglected the piano-forte, using it merely for occasional chords; and besides, I had the composer always to play for me. I now condescend (*condescend!* and she laughed) to accompany myself; and try, at least, to make the touch of the finger a little help out the failing tones of the voice."

I hoped she would allow me the happiness of hearing her.

She said, "I thank you for making it the subject of entreaty; but confess, that I fear I should have *invited* you to do so. The Abbé

shall give you notice of the time, for I am not always able to command my nerves. I hope you will stay some weeks in Manheim, and honour my public nights of cards and conversation." She then rang the bell for refreshments to be brought in, and challenged us to accompany her morning drive in the vicinity of the town. The Abbé consented for himself and me; and by his look assured me that Leonora was much taken with my manner.

Let me here indulge myself with stating the account of the enchantress with time, after having, upon actual inspection, ascertained the changes which had taken place since the Abbé's picture was painted. Her figure had gained something in fulness; but she became, in consequence, more like the antique. Her face, though unquestionably changed, might, by an artist, be thought improved; the features, with more strength, had more expression; and the eye had an aquiline steadiness, which fixed the object it gazed upon with a sort of fascination. There was, however, a total absence of any thing like levity, and no greater demand upon admiration, than might at any age be allowed to one whose personal attractions were of the very highest order. Gallantry, and let me say justice, avoided to tax her with the full mischief of Werner's infatuation. There were

many exculpatory circumstances to be pleaded for Leonora—none for Werner. The modest, retired beauty and virtue of an angel were not to his taste. He preferred the meretricious glare of brilliant talent and dazzling dress, of charms unveiled, and challenging homage, and he fell before them; he mingled with his rivals, like the knights of Tasso in the enchanted castle of Armida. Perhaps he had never really been even her Rinaldo.

I observed her very minutely, I now think, with the expectation to find some ground for censure; but her whole deportment was so noble and unforced, so cordial and graceful, that I felt shame at such a tendency in my mind. She walked firmly before us, and ascended the carriage unaided. Her maid threw over her simple bonnet a large lace veil, which descended nearly to her feet; and her grand figure was perhaps adorned, rather than obscured, by the transparent covering through which it appeared. As I saw the Abbé place himself on the seat opposite to Leonora, I sat by his side. It gave me further opportunity of studying the fair artist, who was, in truth, worthy of my homage. She took the occasional tributes of passing respect on the road as royalty would have acknowledged them, and informed me whose hats had saluted her, with-

out seeming to feel any vain complacency in the rank of the persons.

When the arts are highly valued, and all orders seem to struggle for distinction, some even as practical amateurs, and all as friends, we may forgive the real professor for feeling immense superiority, and concealing from himself the relative value of his art, which is governed by a scale that generally lies beyond him.

In our drive we alighted at a building, which I found was used for the purpose of musical instruction, and of which Leonora was a sort of patroness. The practice was elementary, but sound; calculated to give knowledge with power. The Abbé called out a very clever girl, and ordered her to sing a passage in the *stabat* of recitative. On one note the child wanted nerve, and failed of the due effect: Leonora drew her gently to her knee, and said, "See, my love, take your breath there, and you may bear yourself through the passage without pain. I will show you that I am right, the only way; and she sang the lines herself with a pathos that was irresistible, and power so sustained and perfect, that I absolutely trembled, as I should have done if the wonders it commemorated had been wrought in my presence. I hurried now towards Leonora, anxious to express my sensation. "Hush!" said she, with

much benignity, "my little ones here want encouragement—think but of THEM."

This pure, unforced scene of tranquil kindness, led me to hope that the Abbé had rather overcharged the inequalities of temper which he imputed to Leonora. However, I could easily suppose, that an amiable desire to give pleasure for a few hours, and the general routine of life, were things so different, as to be no criteria for each other. If there were regrets, that occasionally influenced the temper, the grand point was to ascertain, whether they sprung from virtue or vanity. I did not despair of being permitted an opportunity to decide this problem. I saw nothing, to use the Abbé's phrase, of the princess of the opera, in the sensible, the noble Leonora; nothing, to be sure, had occurred "to wake the nerve where agony is born." How would she talk of her former profession and its effects? During our return, she said—"But my young friend, Mr. Sydenham has been some time on the Continent, and he has not told me from what part of Germany he set out 'principally to visit the retired singer.'"

"I was residing, madam, at M. Willich's, the banker at Frankfort."

"I have not the honour of his acquaintance," said she, "but he knows my story. He has two

nieces, of whom I hear the most enviable report; and your countenance confirms it by a look that adds something to the common fame. They have a friend, who resides near them, as excellent as themselves; a widow, whose name, I remember, is Kreutzner; perhaps you are so happy as to boast of her friendship."

"I may truly boast of it, madam."

"Do not misunderstand me, sir; I do not mention this lady as within the circle of *my* acquaintance; but circumstances, long past, once brought us into a collision, which I shall always lament, and if I ever enter into her thoughts, it would be grateful to me to know, that she thinks of me without *bitterness*." I bowed in silence. "At a fitter time, perhaps, you may indulge me with your permission to enquire further."

"Abbé," said she, "you introduced to me this morning, as I thought, a stranger, an Englishman. I find him a German, in language and in knowledge; and seemingly acquainted with a very interesting part of my life. You will, therefore, see my self-love in a new light. I can bear sincerity, even should it condemn me." She accepted my hand as she alighted, and then my arm with the frankness of intimacy.

The Abbé and I soon after took our leaves. She thanked him for the very pleasant ac-

quaintance he had bestowed upon her, and repeated her charge as to the public nights, on which I promised faithfully to attend her. Notwithstanding the amiable manners which had distinguished Leonora at my first visit, I confess I anticipated more than a slight vestige of her former love of display. In fact, her person had suffered little, and the few notes I had heard from her, sublime as the theme was, from the slow time in which they were given, only proved, that she could still sustain, with ease, the immense volume of tone which she possessed. It was said, that she could be but seldom induced to sing: how far this was real disinclination, or only the spur to solicitation, I did not decide; but rather clung to the prejudices which attend the decline of life. Men seem to arm themselves against the return of those who have once quitted the lists. The victors who have been frequently crowned, they think may waive the competition with younger aspirants. It is a wantonness of triumph, an avarice of applause, that exacts *all* which it can command. But I fear I had not entirely cleared my mind from the resentments of Werner. The mild virtue of Mrs. Kreutzner had inspired but half her own charity.

On the first Thursday, I accompanied the Abbé to her public night, as it was called; and

found a circle of very elegant people, assembled for the purposes of conversation more than cards. The news of the day drew little knots of politicians to one part of the saloon. Men of science were in another, surrounded by the curious, who listened eagerly to the success of experiments, and the opposition of theories. A few men of letters played their part in a style unknown to England, and recited their epigrams, with great complacency, which were welcomed with shouts of laughter. The hostess, on this occasion, was the moderator of the assembly, or rather moderation itself. A glance here repressed something too earnest in manner—there a word thrown in composed a difference proceeding to extremes. Que les Philistins ne disent pas—" la discorde est dans le camp d'Israel." Let not the Philistines exclaim —" Discord is in the camp of Israel."

While matters were in this state, and Leonora, amidst the mingling noises of the rooms, could interpose that authority to which all alike deferred, there entered the assembly a French gentleman, whom every body seemed to know, and about whom immediately every body crowded. His name, which resounded from every corner simultaneously, was Garant. He was dressed in deep mourning ; his wig, though full powdered, dishevelled for the occasion,

rather, I think, than from hurry or agitation. A mortal paleness reigned in his countenance; and the white handkerchief in his hand, only looked like the linen in picture, by the person of one dead. His eyebrows ascended to the summit of his forehead—his mouth was open to the fullest extent, and it seemed to be miraculous that he could even articulate the announcement, which paralysed the whole assembly. "Voltaire is dead!" Oui, Messieurs, ce grand homme ne vit plus—le genie est mort. "Genius is dead! that great man is no more."

Whether my countrymen express only what they feel on such occasions, and really feel less, I will not hastily determine; but in England nothing ever struck me with half the force. The shock was electric, the contagion universal. I doubt whether the destruction of Lisbon itself, which, three and twenty years before, made the continent shake, and all men tremble from Gibraltar to the Isle of Mist, much exceeded the sensation; except that it is said to have rendered even atheism devout, an effect which the present news was little calculated to cause in the assembly.

After a slight breathing time to M. Garant, a perfect storm of enquiries assailed his ears; which he collected, rather by the subject, than the words employed by the various speakers;

and then, as might be expected, the flash of *personal vanity* a little preceded his report; and M. Garant, in a style that Le Kain might have envied, entered upon the particulars. "He had the news by express from Paris, a special express. In fact, his dear friend, the Count de ——, knowing the ardent love he bore to that great man through life, had no sooner witnessed his death, than he had, by the permission of the Duke de ——, passed an express through the barriers; for the poet did not die till midnight, and had perished by the laudanum that Tronchin prescribed for him." Fifty voices, male and female, at once exclaimed, that "they never could be brought to take laudanum." Fifty others, with the suspending, the discreet *mais* to precede, said, "Mais TRONCHIN est un grand homme." But Tronchin is a great man. To this there was not the least demur; and M. Garant, as speedily as he could break through the commentaries of those, who would talk when they should have been content to listen, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, proceeded to state, that the impatience of Voltaire himself had exceeded the dose of the physician, and had thus robbed the world of all the philological and poetical labours that, at eighty four years of age, that prodigy was on fire to execute.

A new topic was started by the cloud or crowd of commentators, above alluded to, whether Voltaire had died *en philosophe*, like a philosopher; or, at least, with the exterior conformity of a Christian? "Messieurs," said M. Garant, "the Abbé Gautier had taken his confession two months before he died, and attended him in his last moments with the Curate of St. Sulpice. He was then in the agony itself, but articulated his *respects* to them both, and begged to be permitted to *die in peace*. But the church intends to refuse the rights of sepulture." The Abbé, whose correspondent had expressed his indignation pretty vehemently, had now produced an effect, which refused to submit to gravity or age. At this moment Leonora rose from her seat, and waving that hand, which had fixed the gaze of delighted multitudes, entreated to be heard a few words on the subject of Voltaire. Cries of bravo! enthusiastically rang through the saloon for some seconds; at the end of which the gentlemen took their position in a circle about her, and with a composed majesty and graceful elocution, she thus addressed them.

"Gentlemen, I have presumed to solicit your attention for many reasons. The first and most essential is, lest the warmth of contention should draw the assembly into discussions, that may

violate the respect due to unquestioned genius, and banish the frame of mind that is becoming, when we learn that it has submitted to the common lot. I am proud to say, that Voltaire admired me in my day of triumph; that the refined spirit of gallantry rendered his praise of the singer a poetical homage also to her beauty. I became, like Clairon, one of his muses, and he was, at least, *my* Apollo.

"Among the prejudices which assailed the stage, I found the profession, of which I was a member, devoted by an unchristian sentence to infamy. That it was to be atoned for as a deadly sin, by abjuration and repentance, or its sons and daughters must forfeit the last mortal consolations of religion.

"Gentlemen, I gloried, and shall ever glory in my art. Voltaire, on this subject, in some lines addressed to myself, transmitted those verses which have embalmed the memory of Le Couvreur. To that admirable tragedian, they assured me, 'Greece would have erected altars.' I easily believed that opera boasted a closer alliance to the tragedy of Euripides, than the stage even of Racine and Voltaire, divested of the chorus and its music. I am confirmed in my opinion, by finding that few subjects are suited to it, but such as are either

already treated by the ancients themselves, or are taken out of their history.

"But I had nearer opportunities of studying Voltaire. I have passed some days with him in retirement, if that could be called retirement from the world, which the world alone occupied. He never asked himself but one question, 'how he might best *engross* the intellect of social life?' His toil was incessant, and he spared no pains to secure his effect. His correspondence alone is a library. In my time I have seen much of it. A great officer of state made his court to me by reading, at my toilet, the letters he received from Voltaire. The poet, I found, implied always, that the courtier was deep in the conspiracy against the church. *Ecrasez l'infame*, usually concluded his admonitions. I mention this in common candour, to show that he was HIMSELF as fallible as others, and that there is a bigotry *out* of the cloister. Where functions of the purest kind are to be pischarged by men, we must not wonder to see the passions of humanity pervade the ministry. Let us, therefore, judge of all things with charity.

"The loss of such a writer as Voltaire is felt, for a time, like the want of some necessary at our tables; but time also provides its substitute: the epigram will be less pointed than

his, but we shall always enjoy some such gratification of our self-love. For Voltaire himself, perhaps the stroke of death has been fortunate; it cut him off from designs beyond his declining powers to execute, and relieved him from hearing the disparagement of his amazing talents.

"We will here close our present meeting out of respect; and our next will probably bring forth some tribute to his memory, from the various hints that suggest themselves to all around me."

She curtsied low, and the whole assembly immediately broke up. I could not help admiring the address of Leonora, who, even indulging the prejudices of others, and her own among them, had yet so balanced the excesses of both sides, that neither party could be said to triumph. However such an effort might seem to require self-possession, it really was made by Leonora with the greatest ease and modesty. The subject had often occupied and interested her mind, and the persons whom she addressed had been long accustomed to value her opinions. In addition to this, the charm of sex was one to which their gallantry could at all times yield without pain, and thus discussion always stopped the moment it became disagreeable.

On our return, I expressed my English sur-

prise and pleasure at the scene we had just quitted, and how much my fair countrywomen would have been disconcerted by the tumult that was rising in the assembly. The grace, the nerve, the skill of Leonora, drew from me exclamations of a nature, as I imagined, to excite an echo from the Abbé. At first, I smiled at the hasty, but dry monosyllables of his concurrence, which rather closed than continued the theme; but, at length, with genuine *naïveté*, he confessed, that his mind was totally occupied with a *motett* on the death of Voltaire, which had suggested itself to him, from some contrasts of tone in the assembly we had just quitted; "and thus," said the Abbé, "harmony will be produced out of discord, and Voltaire be honoured by the very strife he excited."

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

I HAD now seen Leonora in some interesting situations, and thought that Francina's pure spirit would be gratified by the amiable side of a great, but faulty character. I accordingly put together, at intervals, the facts which I had

learned, and the observations I had made. Nor was I disingenuous in any part of my little narrative; for I dwelt upon the affecting and delicate reproof she had given to myself. As it may have escaped the reader, he will perhaps excuse me that I repeat it here. I blush to write it again, but my nature was to be so refined, to render me worthy of my future lot. When mentioning the widow Kreutzner, she used the following expressions, "Perhaps you are so happy as to boast of her friendship?" To which I hastily replied, "*I may truly* boast of it, madam." What was the corrective of humility to pride, that permitted itself an insult in its triumph? "Do not misunderstand me, sir; I do not mention this lady as within the circle of *my* acquaintance." This was, indeed, to know all qualities with a learned spirit of human dealing. It was thus, perhaps, that a Ninon had fashioned some of the happiest spirits of France; and, with all her errors, retained the respect of many, among her own sex, of unquestionable virtue and the highest rank; but she obliged them to seek *her*, with their own limitations to the intercourse; as knowing, that decorum can seldom be safely waived by the sex; and that all invasion should be resisted as impudence, and openly disgraced.

Francina's beautiful expression of the magnet is the truest figure upon the subject.

I had, on the subject of Werner, nothing to communicate. Leonora had passed over the medium through which she had once been opposed to Francina, as an object of regret, and I therefore could not lead to a renewal of the subject. It was only by some voluntary motion of her own, that we were likely to awake the feelings connected with that name; and to such a chance, slight as it was, I trusted my knowing Leonora's character as thoroughly as I wished. At my breakfast the following morning I had a note from her, desiring me not to pass her door without alighting, when I took my ride. I found her alone, and she thus accosted me.

"Mr. Sydenham will excuse my impatience; but I really long to hear his opinion of the scene that last night was acted before him; and am not without fear that my own efforts, as directress, may have offended his delicacy. If young gentlemen will be at the pains of supporting a character so high as his for sincerity and good taste, they must pardon the trouble given by those who covet their approbation."

"Madam," I replied, "however flattered by the appeal, my judgment will be unbiassed. It would be difficult to imagine a situation which

could have equally called out and displayed the very great qualities you possess. At the same time, it may be somewhat owing to the practice of the theatre, that you were so perfectly at your ease in subduing the tempest that raged about you. It was an effort to which I should myself have been incompetent."

"Nay," said she, "what little argument the case displayed you could very easily have disposed of: my sex, I am sure, achieved more than my reason. Then you were not displeased with me, sir?"

I told her, what I have already told the reader, that I greatly admired her elocution and her skill. I thus continued the subject. "If I have leave to ask the question, which my wonder prompts on this occasion, and on a slight intimacy am allowed the privilege of a friend, I would enquire, madam, by what concurrence of circumstances the great ornament of the lyric scene was fitted to become an arbitress among the learned themselves; and that professing a science so arduous as usually to engross the artist, her understanding has rendered her not less triumphant than her musical skill?"

"I can hardly call it a concurrence of circumstances," replied Leonora, "for the whole proceeded from a feeling common enough to the professors of theatrical talent; though

my *own* ripened into a solemn resolution to be something more and better than the mere passing idol of the public. If such persons were to write their confessions, Mr. Sydenham, (as we learn that Rousseau has done,) and they were to be honest, as they ought to be, what a struggling and discordant scene would even the proudest beauty have to exhibit, though in possession of the most splendid, the most unrivalled talent. She is surrounded by devoted admirers of her powers, some because it is the fashion to praise, others because they really have some knowledge of their value. If they pay this homage to the actress and the singer, the commerce is sufficiently clear and unambiguous; but the woman is usually mixed up with the artist, and she is beset by a thousand importunities, difficult to resist, and declarations of a love which dishonours its object. The feelings of her nature are excited with more than common pains. She listens with complacency to the endless theme of her beauty and her rigour, and finding both prudence and religion equally repugnant to admit her to chaste and pure engagements of the heart, she either lives as if she were without one, or bestows it upon some pleasing, but unprincipled creature, who becomes nominally her protector, actually her tyrant. I will not pursue this, by

even a hint of something still worse, by which he consummates her dishonour and his own.

"Frequently, indeed, the moments of disgust in such lives become poignant beyond expression; they are banished for the indispensable exercise of the talent, and their voice of complaint is stunned in the applause of the theatre; but they return. Lassitude succeeds to exertion, they invade the couch; sickness attends irregular habits and late hours, they occupy the pillow. A death occurs in the immediate circle of such folly, they redouble the salutary warnings, and sometimes gain the victory. I have told you, sir, that I glory in my art. I do so, and yet know that I have a soul beyond it! It will not have escaped your notice, Mr. Sydenham, that when I mentioned the widow Kreutzner, I said, 'it would be grateful to me to know, that she thinks of me without *bitterness*.' You bowed at the time in silence. I renew the hope along with the words. To THAT LADY I owe what tolerable happiness I enjoy. This, I see, gives you surprise; and, until I have explained myself more fully, must seem the last occurrence to be looked for. But you have not yet replied to my hope."

"Madam," said I, "that I did not at once do so, proceeded merely from my own emotion, as you might have perceived. 'Bitterness!'

But you will judge better from one expression, in a letter with which she honoured me, previous to my setting out for Manheim. From many sentences, all occupied by you, I select that which indeed is the pure *spirit* of the whole. 'Perhaps you will take the trouble to ascertain the worldly condition of Leonora.' This, madam, you will be the last to interpret a vain and impertinent curiosity."

"Sir," said she, "I should not dare to think myself improved in virtue if I could. The expression was not intended for my ear, though happily it has reached it. You will be able to assure her, that *the worldly condition of Leonora* is quite adequate to her own wishes; and that she lives in the enjoyment of health, and very general estimation among the gentry of this place.

"It was this woman's greatness of soul that ultimately awakened my own. I was deadly to her peace—the passion which I had inspired detached from her the man whom she adored; but her justice could not be invaded. She came to witness my powers; and astonishing as it may seem, sincerely admired her enemy. The charms of person and musical preeminence were no objects of pain to her. The distress of the dramatic character applied to herself, and she was overcome. The man, whose in-

fidelity had caused this anguish, was, for the moment, startled into *remorse*, and should then have left me forever. Pardon me for saying, that amid my triumph that he could not do so, I despised him that he did not.

"The period of reflection for *myself* soon arrived. I broke away from all that disgraced the profession, my leisure I passed in my study, and applied myself earnestly to the perusal of the best writers. My character, by imperceptible degrees, became firm and principled. Frivolity disconcerted soon bowed itself away from my parties; and profligacy grew tired of a hopeless pursuit. At length, I found my rooms visited by persons of high respectability, and of all countries. As I spoke three languages, as I may say naturally, from my youth, the study of the great authors of Italy, France, and Germany, engaged my *reason* only, without fatigue to the memory. Nothing was new in the terms but their employment.

"In the midst of these interesting and quiet pursuits, I (shall I say) lamented to find, that I had unconsciously excited a most ardent and honourable passion in a young gentleman of family and great importance. He lived but to admire and serve me. From the first, I saw that he respected me too highly to entertain a thought to my dishonour. I had heard of some

instances, wherein his reliance upon his own observation of my conduct had led him into some disagreeable contests, from which, however, he retired equally admired for his spirit, and pitied for, what his friends called, his incurable prepossession. I undertook *myself* the painful task of sincere expostulation. I did not spare the errors of my youth. I did not qualify them by 'unfortunate position in life,' 'treachery of friends,' 'depravity of connexions,' all of which an Italian destined to music is seldom without. I, however, failed altogether in the attempt to shake his resolution; he told me, that he saw the address with which I had kept out of sight the only things on earth that *could* have sullied qualities like mine; that he valued the object the more whose native force had thrown off the impurities that had gathered upon its surface. He expected his happiness, he said, from the *present*, not the past, Leonora; and for his own part, thought little of the perverse and idle prejudices of the world.

"I urged all the usual topics with earnestness. Whether they are ever effectual may be doubted; but the charms that have captivated a youthful fancy, pleading against their own power, are vainly employed. To one part of my address, he paid attention, and to one alone.

I solemnly assured him that I never would enter any family, as I should his, by indulgence and sufferance. To know that unpleasant references were foreborne in compliment to him, or in pity to his wife, would be poison to my peace—that I could have no security even for his own indulgence. Possession of itself moderates the intensity of our love, and if it entail any suffering upon us, we soon feel the arguments against our choice, which once were treated with disdain.

"To this declaration, he replied with indignation. He said he was himself incapable of such base absurdity, and that I only proved to him that he had not been fortunate enough to engage my affections. He begged, as the only favour he should request, that I would suspend my determination for a single week, and then pronounce his sentence either of life or death. I had been long accustomed to the alternative which these words so flippantly imply, and half despised the man who could employ them, either as menace or resolve.

"The week expired, and I calmly confirmed my resolution; of which, indeed, the time for reflection only showed me the propriety and the wisdom. The young gentleman passed the evening, as I learned, alone. Recently come into possession of a splendid property, he wrote

a will, bequeathing a considerable part of it to *me*, and the following morning closed his existence by a pistol, in the wood adjacent to his own mansion. Not many days after this melancholy event, I had a visit from the professional friend of the family, in the course of which he let me know that, in the midst of their distress for the calamity that had befallen them, they had yet found time to determine as to me;—that as the late wretched young man had by his last act proved himself insane, they meant to contest the disposition in my favour; and thought it advisable to give this early notice of their intention. 'You will be pleased to consider me, madam,' he added, 'as one acting in his professional capacity solely.' 'Sir,' I replied, 'I am slow to impute want of *just* feeling any where; but if it consists with good manners, which calamity is not permitted to disregard, may I request to know, whether poor Albert's family were unanimous in this hasty announcement?"

"'Madam,' said the lawyer, 'they were not; his sister, Miss Adelaide, in her tears, besought them to spare *your* feelings then, in credit to their *own*. So saying, she immediately rose and quitted the room.'

"Without a moment's pause, I took up a pen that lay near me, and on a sheet of unstamped paper wrote as follows:—

"I, Leonora ——, in the presence of —— Notary Public, hereby give, devise, and convey to Miss Adelaide D'Albert, sister of Eugene D'Albert, of ——, lately deceased, all the right and legal title that may be bestowed upon me, by a will made by that amiable youth on the evening previous to his dissolution, with the view to the same becoming her sole and exclusive possession. Should this be opposed by the family, then I resume what I have given, for the purpose of contesting it myself with them, to bestow it, if I succeed, again and on better grounds upon *her*. This, written on unstamped paper, and at the moment, I engage to confirm by the legal form which is considered most binding, and least subject to dispute.

LEONORA D'ASTE."

"'And now, sir,' said I, 'be pleased to read and witness that paper.' The notary did so. He put my seal also at the side of the signature, and bowing to me with respectful sensibility, took away with him the lesson I had combined with my donation.

"It was not long before the honest notary wrote to me a few lines, expressing, with a plainness that did him honour, his own sense of the transaction. He added that there was no ground for doubt as to the acceptance of my generous proposal, for their rejection of it would

make the family seem to envy the fortune of their own daughter. His candour added what extenuation could be made for people who knew not how to control the vindictive feeling that arose from their recent loss. But thus it is," added Leonora ; " such losses are intended by the great Disposer to correct vindictive feelings in our nature ; but some minds are so obdurate among us, that the heart must be literally *broken* by sufferings before the temper is fashioned to meekness, and charity towards all.

" The death of Albert was undoubtedly the severest shock that my profession brought upon me. Not ungrateful for his attention, and really admiring him for many excellent qualities that distinguished him (I say it not vainly) from the crowd of my young friends, I deplored the fatal rashness of his love, and all but joined in the severe censures that it brought upon me. There is an injustice towards those who live to exhibit their talents in public, which it is impossible to correct. Their perfections are treated as snares, which they voluntarily spread for the entanglement of the heedless, and they are punished for that fervid attachment which is excited not by the beauty or the merit only, but the position in which they happen to be placed. Permit me also to add, that the singer or actress who sinks under the splendid temptations that

assail *her*, falls with little sympathy. All the privileges, all the graces, personal and mental, of high birth or great wealth, are at full liberty to tender what snares they please to *her* youth and inexperience. The female heart is naturally turned to pleasure and to dress—they are allowed to play upon these failings, and use the woman's desire to seem more amiable, as the means of rendering her less worthy. When such men triumph, it is an eclat to their reputation—when they abandon, it is only a proper sacrifice, which they have at last made to their interest; or a mere change of the object without even a flimsy moral pretext. In all these cases the poor female excites no sympathy when she merits most, and is thus rendered false and regardless, or selfish and mercenary.

"From this event, Mr. Sydenham, I determined never even to listen to any lover a second time. I was not so independent as to refuse the friendships of the world, even such as we all find them; and although time may have spared my person more than is usual, and I have never had indifference to remark, perhaps I should say to complain of, yet I have followed my system without repining, and sought the distinction conferred by the cultivation of my mind, as best compensating to society my early errors and their unhappy con-

sequences. This feeling of humility keeps the virtue I cultivate from ostentation; and, without meanness, takes as my *due* the respect which is pretty generally paid me.

"You are the only man to whom I ever so fully unbosomed myself; but I have been impelled to do so on sufficient grounds."

She now assumed a greater solemnity of manner, and her voice, though unfailing throughout, deepened its tone, and riveted me in awful attention.

"You are the friend of the widow Kreutzner; and if the eye or the ear can be trusted, the PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE of Werner! I have avoided all recurrence to my intimacy with that gentleman. I could say nothing which to you would convey information. You inherit, in some inconceivable way, his taste, his feelings, his attachments; but they are purified and exalted by their new medium. Come to me, therefore, as often as you will, I shall feel my comfort announced with your name, and perhaps at last really hear, or fancy that I hear, the voice of Frederic Werner himself pronounce his sincere forgiveness of my errors."

To have heard this without emotion was impossible; to have doubted her sincerity for a moment would have dishonoured myself. All

that I had hoped was realized. The representative of Werner had *here* no atonements to make or to demand. He had died in the belief that Leonora was as uniform in her course as she had been alluring; and never suspected that the germ of goodness would burst through the corrupted soil in which it had been planted. Above all, he had never considered the cruelty of adding *his* share of temptations to those with which he saw her surrounded. His lavish and reckless expense left no wish unsatisfied, and he had no title to her gratitude, because he never once thought of her honour or her peace. Yet he could feel keenly for what he called an invasion of his *own*. His pride was offended by the *rivals* in her esteem—he expected the sacrifices, to which virtue has a claim, to be made with equal steadiness to vice; and forget that, among the profligate, the most splendid fool will be the most welcome. Yet thoroughly now awakened to a just sense of the past, and duly estimating the fascination of her sex and her profession, she had urged no recrimination against *him*, but in idea was contented to implore and hope his forgiveness.

I have here but thrown together the substance of the reflections with which my narrative presented Francina; and I longed to hear from herself, that her gratification in the result was at least EQUAL to my own.

## CHAPTER XIX.

ALTHOUGH the explanation of Leonora had not passed without infinite depression of her spirits, the pride of her profession determined her to keep her promise with me, as to enabling me to judge of her musical talent. The Abbé Ponto told me that he was arranging a concert with more than usual care, at which he hinted I should be indulged with an opportunity of estimating her power. That it was her wish not to spare herself on the occasion, and he himself, he said, would direct the whole, by sitting at the piano-forte, as best acquainted with her manner. She had made her selection of the vocal parts, and appeared to be absolutely renovated by the purposed assumption of her former self. He smiled when he said, "we shall have decorations too, of effect I promise you; but I must not forestall your gratification. Your card of invitation is already written in her own hand, and I rejoice to see her once more disposed to be brilliant and happy."

I told him that I felt some surprise at his intelligence, and had myself considered our late confidential intercourse as having dismissed the kind of amusement from her mind.

"Leonora," said the Abbé, "has often as-

tonished me by the full power with which she combines objects, that other weaker beings consider as incompatible and destructive of each other. You, as it appears, have witnessed the keen sensations in which she indulges; and which in your estimation would have been superior to control. You will find that she can be whatever she chooses to become; and that her resolves are always too firm to admit of embarrassment or change. For I did object to one article of the programme, because I do not know a more powerful scena in the whole range of Italian opera; and I argued that she should omit some of the lighter specimens of her powers, if her Medea was to be as transcendant as heretofore. She refused to concede any article whatever—she would display her diversity as well as her terrific energy—her glory was at stake, she said, and she would be all herself or nothing."

I heard him, I confess, with wonder. All the associations connected with the passions of Medea crowded upon me, and I saw that I was myself to suffer as well as to admire. However, from the struggle between the beautiful rivals under which Werner had sunk, I had nothing to apprehend. My judgment was the only faculty likely to be appealed to. Yet I unquestionably regretted her choice as an un-

necessary tax upon her fortitude, and half imagined the renewal of a distress which the ladies were no longer in a position to inflict upon each other. At length, however, the day arrived, and a great sensation was excited in the town. All her friends had full privilege permitted them, and all who were passionately fond of music obtained tickets through the various channels by which they were circulated. The Abbé, I suppose by order, did not use my little musical skill on the occasion. I was to consider myself entirely as a guest, and indeed the display was principally on my account.

The decorations were full of taste, and yet not costly—every thing was neat in the temporary rooms, and the general effect classical and uniform. As is usual, the brilliant headdresses of the ladies drew the eyes away from the canvass, and its rustic borders; and a large party was assembled at the appointed hour, and their tickets assigned them their respective seats in the kind of amphitheatre in front of the orchestra.

After the company had heard a very splendid overture, Leonora made her appearance, and charmed us with the graceful manner in which she paid her compliments to her friends. She was rather plainly attired than otherwise, but, comparing her with her visitors, I saw

nothing around me that approached the effect which this great artist had given to the simple white robe she wore, contrasted by the grand masses of her hair. She then gave her hand to the leading magistrate of the town, a venerable gentleman, and soon appeared in the front of the orchestra. We indulged ourselves then in the usual testimonies of approbation. She bowed to the leader, and her first note, which was to be sustained for a considerable time, evinced that she could have lost nothing of either her power or sweetness. The composition of a mixed character, ending with a brilliant and hurried forté, drew out that astonishing *spirit* that was peculiar to her; and she was so good as to repeat the air, at the incessant applause which asked for it. During the concert, refreshments at intervals relieved both exertion and attention, and our hostess, whether in the orchestra or among us, was the delight of the assembly.

At the end of the second division of our concert, she did not come among us as before; and I began to perceive that lights were placing at the back of the orchestra, and that a curtain concealed a temporary stage, which had been erected at her desire. This was for the purpose of giving to the selection from the Medea the full and proper scenic charm. Every eye

became fixed to the curtain. The Abbé had composed an introduction more immediately illustrating the act to be represented, and the curtain at length arose. The enchantress rushed on the stage with an expression that picture could only faintly fix for a single glance. It was a sight to make credible at once all the wonders of Grecian fable. I trembled with severe delight and wonder. The whole assembly seemed convulsed, and hardly able to breathe, from anxiety to catch the first vocal accents of a grief so mighty and irresistible. The colouring which she threw upon the exclamations of the recitativo—their bursting as it seemed from different recesses of the same agitated bosom, and as electric flames independent of each other, were so surprising to me, so seemingly beyond human strength, and this vast power still so under curb that passion never for an instant destroyed either tone or harmony, that I found myself a stranger, amid the wonders of a science which I had studied.

In a language not so calculated to receive the aid of music as the Italian, Mr. Glover has left us, at all events, the passion, the spirit, and the character of Medea. I quote it because it formed a part of the act which Leonora exhibited :—

"Confusion and amazement! Is he vanish'd?
Where am I?—On a rock, a desert cliff,
Which overhangs the unfrequented waves;
No plant, but moss, to hide its craggy sides;
No shelter nigh my tempest-beaten head:
And lo! two infants clinging to my knees,
Who join my grief, and call Medea mother!
O thou false hero, whither art thou fled?
Hark! the wind only answers my complaint!
It is the sea which murmurs to my groans!
Ha! what art thou, grim shape, embued with gore?
Why dost thou wave that Stygian torch around?
Art thou Revenge, from Tartarus enlarg'd
To aid Medea? Come then, shake thy brand
Before my steps! To perpetrate thy mischief,
The winds shall lend their swiftness, hell its fiends,
The sea its fury, and the sun his flames!" [*Exit.*

This fine preparation to the frenzied vengeance —the actual perception of the crime it has led her to commit; the recovery of her dignity; and the sublime ascent before the spectators, closed the entertainment which our hostess had prepared for us. The few aids she had from decoration were in a very pure taste, and proved her competence in every department of the profession. Leonora resumed her first dress, that she might shun all appearance of triumph, and the company were invited to a spacious tent in the garden, wherein a banquet was laid out; and at the upper end the great singer herself stood, until her guests had taken their

seats. She called me to a chair on her right hand, and in an under tone said, "Excuse the closing vanity of the artist." In the course of the evening, the Abbé led off a very sparkling glee from the words, "Viva la Padrona;" and a variety of voluntaries contributed that peculiar zest which musical people give, when they leave their studies for their pastime. "Trifles light as air," that circulate round the festive board alone, and derive from *that* their character and their charm; the inspirations of beauty and of wine. At times, during the evening, I thought Leonora seemed pensive and thoughtful. Exhausted she must have been, by the severe task she had imposed upon herself. I observed her twice, during the performance of some trios, lean back in her chair, and, with a scrutinizing eye, examine the whole company; and the second time she did so, as an interjection that she could not restrain, she uttered the words—"Could I mistake?" Finding me attentive to her manner, she smiled, and added, "perhaps I may one time or other inform you as to the cause of my revery. Do not, however, remind me of the subject."

At length she recovered from her fatigue, and whatever she had fancied, ceased to annoy her. She entered cheerfully into the conversation, and occasionally seasoned it with the

most original sallies of pleasantry, and characteristic sketches of the operatical world of singers and connoisseurs; of these indeed she might be truly styled "a glass that featured them." But it was delightful to see how carefully she sought a something really valuable to weigh against the levities and frivolous mistakes imputable to her subjects; by which those who most excited our mirth retained some portion of our respect—the leaven raised the composition.

"Yes," thought I, "here is the Leonora of other times purified from all that sullied either her natural or acquired greatness. Forcibly awakened from the seduetions of her perilous profession, she adds a profound and well-mannered wisdom to all the charms which once confounded herself and others; and how has this been done? not by a fanatical condemnation of the *skill*, rather than the error; not by devoting an elegant and benevolent *art* to reprobation, and its professors to perdition; but by showing, in the divine expression of a profane writer, that 'where virtue is, these are more virtuous;' and that the return, even from splendid error, if it proceed from moral feeling, rather than disappointment, is always honoured by the respect of those who really love the virtue which they teach.

'From this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.'"

Upon leaving my card at Leonora's door on the following morning, I heard that she had indulged herself, as it was styled, with a drive into the country, to visit a young lady, whom she greatly esteemed; and that she should stop with her that evening, and be back again in the morning of the next day. I met the Abbé not far from his own house, and he said that he longed to hear my opinion of the MUSE, as he properly called her. I fairly told him, that she far exceeded every expectation I could form; but that I almost doubted whether her powers as a singer were superior to the other gifts, which fitted her to be the delight and grace of cultivated life. He bowed *for* Leonora.

As I had accomplished every object now which led me to Manheim, I determined to return to Frankfort, after seeing Leonora, and asking whether she had any commands in which I could be useful. I found her, when I called, far from cheerful, but disposed to communicate without reserve to her English friend.

"You observed, Mr. Sydenham," said she,

" that something disturbed me, on the night of my little fête. I am about to tell you what it was. You will pity my weakness, if it be the illusion of my fancy ; and may probably know how to account for the circumstance, if it were a reality. I cannot, even to myself, now justify the recurrence to Medea at all ; because Ponto, kind-hearted man, delicately, but earnestly, dissuaded me from that choice ; indeed he was of opinion, that I should not be able to sustain the character, after the exertions I had determined should precede it ; and that I should, consequently, shorten the former, or omit the latter. Rebuke me for my pride ; but I resolved to surmount the stress, physical and mental, or fall under the effort. I calculated my nerve most accurately. I was unfailing, from the first note to the last ; not that I could dismiss, or that I even tried to dismiss, the intrusions of memory : for at the point of the scene of most exquisite sorrow with which Francina had formerly sympathized, as you know, I turned my eye, involuntarily, in the direction of the box she occupied in the theatre, as if it were possible she could then also be present. Do not despise me, sir ; but I saw her, if I see you now !"

My surprise kept me silent for a few minutes. All the arguments fitted to dispel such

an illusion presented themselves in that interval; but I could not use them, for I really feared that she had too severely tasked her strength, and that her fancy had become disordered. As to Francina's having been present, *that* I knew was as close to impossible as any thing could well be. She would have required my attendance; she would have written to me that she had changed her mind, and would see Leonora yet again; and merely caution me against discovering her plan. However, I thought it better to hear from Leonora, how the fair vision seemed dressed and accompanied; for fancy usually finishes her pictures to her prevailing disposition; and if the whole was of a melancholy hue, it would confirm my suspicion that the impression was one of pure delusion.

"Attend to me closely while I reply to you. A singer, so accustomed to an audience as myself, and knowing, with greater or less intimacy, all the ladies present, sees any diversity in the general look of the mass of figures, in an instant. I am sure that the vision (if it were one) did not offer itself to my sight at any previous part of the concert. But, at the moment I speak of, the figure of Francina sat before me in mourning, and she had thrown her veil aside, to apply her handkerchief to her eyes. When

I got off my narrow stage, I turned back to confirm or correct my notion. She then withdrew her handkerchief, and the moist lustre of her gaze beamed upon me with sensibility and benignity. The persons near her were of her own sex; but whether I had no discernment but for herself, or that they were really less striking, or more concealed, I could catch nothing positive; but my surprise alone may well account for this. *My dragons*, as I once, I remember, insultingly said, could bring me no intelligence. In a few minutes, I had thrown off the garb of the enchantress, but the vision had flown along with the character. I looked, and beheld you still sitting in the place you had occupied all the evening. In the tent I had, with the nicest scrutiny, again examined the whole party. I questioned the servants. They had heard of no strangers; and they were sure that nothing occurred out of the usual course. The tickets were, though liberally, carefully issued; for accommodation at a party is every thing with me. A mysterious and undefined gloom comes over me like a cloud, as it recurs to me. Tell me frankly, Mr. Sydenham, what is your opinion?"

I chose to conceal from Leonora my suspicion that she had grown *fanciful* on this occasion; so I said, that one of her visitors had

probably been happy enough to resemble Francina, who must be materially altered, in both countenance and figure, since she (Leonora) had seen her: that some accidental change of place among the guests had occurred after the great scene; and that the strange ladies had then retired, probably from having the feeling, by no means uncommon to lovers of scenic effects, that of cherishing the emotion excited in their breasts; that the gaiety of a mixed party, in such a state of the nerve, was what it would have been painful for them to endure: that I myself found it difficult, to comply at all times with the usage of life in this respect; but if, in the desire to witness all her efforts, I had kept my station in spite of my habit, I begged she would believe that I rejoiced to have done so on that occasion; for her *wit* was at least equal to her *pathos*, and she had given me a charm against all melancholy for the future, in the stream of humorous character which she had poured out before me. I left her considerably cheered upon the subject of the vision; and called myself at the principal inns, to ascertain whether any ladies, such as she described, had, on the day of her fête, suddenly arrived from Frankfort; but I could learn nothing as to arrival or departure; except the single instance of M. St. Amand, the venerable chief magistrate, who was himself attending

that night upon Leonora; and who, they said, unquestionably on matters of political importance, had left town on the day following the festival, without his family. I listened with some impatience, to the political prescience of the host and hostess of the Koenig von Preussen; but I reckoned their darkness on the subject a sure sign, that the only lady about whom I was interested, had never arrived, to occasion in person the strange effect on the eye of Leonora.

I can add here no other explanation, than that which Leonora herself caused to be delivered to me the very moment of my departure. It was a billet conceived in these obliging expressions:—

"Leonora is happy to remove an impression which Mr. Sydenham may be justified in entertaining respecting his friend. Every thing fanciful is now entirely dispelled from her mind; and she thinks she may in future venture to *trust* her sight, as to the objects really before her. More than this she cannot say; nor will she divulge the happy means by which her mind has recovered its tranquillity. Leonora has steadily resolved, however, to decline every future temptation to *dramatic* exhibition; and she anticipates but one more musical call, of any consequence, upon her, which she shall obey with equal pride and pleasure."

## CHAPTER XX.

Upon my return, I had M. Willich's acknowledgments for the settlement of his difference with M. Altdorf; and his amiable nieces received the wanderer, as they called me, with interest not at all diminished by my absence. Upon my enquiry after their inimitable friend, they said that she was well, and expected a visit from me when I came back. They added, that they never saw her more gratified than she was by the communication of my harmonious experiment. Miss Caroline asked whether the actual performance of Leonora *now* came near the effect described in the dreadful paper they had read of Frederic Werner's? "Though," she added, "Mr. Sydenham's declared admiration of the great singer, may subject him to some suspicion of partiality." Sophia looked grave, but silently expected my answer.

I told them that she retained still the full exercise of her astonishing talent, and that it was a kind of thing that so seldom occurs, it exceeded all expectation. Happily, too, for herself, the praise of the singer had now no drawback whatever. She added the general respect of society to its applause. I thought, however, that at times Leonora was unhappy, and even

weak and fanciful; and then I told them of the singular vision, which had brought again before her the excellent Francina, to witness the agony of *Medea*, which had formerly overset her fortitude."

"Saw FRANCINA!" exclaimed Sophia.

"Oh, then," said Miss Caroline, "she must of necessity be weak and fanciful indeed; but you, Mr. Sydenham, I suppose, saw nothing on that occasion but *Leonora;* and even I myself might have been there in person, (which I assure you I was *not*,) and you would never have sent a glance, beyond the circle of the magician, to detect me."

"I may escape blame on the present occasion at least," replied I, "for not detecting a lady who, as she professes, was not at the performance."

"Yet I should have been pleased with a lover of mine," said she, "who fancied me where I was not present, because it would at all events have proved that he was thinking of me in my absence. Besides, the character I speak of is one of the three classes who are all imagination."

"I hope," said I, "our lovely Sophia does not join her sister in this hard opinion of me, for not fancying that I saw one who was absent?"

"O no," replied she, with a sweet smile, "and I should myself excuse you for not seeing one who was *present;* particularly if she had taken the trouble to try to observe without being observed. It is time enough to discover the goddess when the cloud is removed; but the heroes are, notwithstanding, obliged to their obscure visitants, who evince their regard by inspecting their conduct. But let us not pursue the subject beyond its limits. Do you know, Mr. Sydenham, that I have been studying, in your absence, the great scenes of *Medea;* and I wish particularly to know how Leonora executes that thrilling passage—I mean the two lines which fancy the children clinging to her knees, calling her mother! while the tempest is beating about her head, and no shelter is near. Excuse my presumption, but it is not any thing like this?" She threw open her piano forte, and sat down—introduced it by the low murmurs of the unfrequented waves as an accompaniment, and sang the two lines in a way that transfixed me with astonishment. It was absolutely Leonora: I could not perceive the slightest difference whatever. The tone was the same, the look was equally inspired, and all the soul of art too combined to render the coincidence identical. And this, I said, and more, as soon as I had the use of voice.

"Now pray," said my arch friend, "do not be fanciful, and mistake my sister for Leonora. I should suppose it may be something like, for what Sophia does is the truth, and the only truth of the passage."

"I have faintly tried the rest of the scene," said the lovely harmonist, "but the maddening tumults that hurry on to the close, can only be expressed by an actress as well as singer, who commands her whole figure, and varies the strains by change of position, as well as the regulation of the voice."

"But you do not tell us, Mr. Sydenham, whether Leonora remains in her error as to Francina's presence during her great exertions."

"Somebody, it appears," said I, at length, "succeeded in removing the illusion, for she wrote to inform me so; though she will not name the means resorted to, which had so corrected the impression. It might be her friend, M. St. Amand, the magistrate, on his return; who might positively know where the widow Kreutzner was at the time."

"To be sure," said Sophia, "and that gentleman it must have been; he is intimately acquainted with my uncle, and could assure her that, if Francina had visited Manheim, she would most certainly have honoured his house during her stay there."

"Well," said Caroline, "as I have not the faculty of imitating what I never heard, and cannot remind my admirers of any excellencies but my own, can you give me any notion whether I may ever have a chance of hearing the original enchantress herself?"

"As to that, madam, yes." Here I hesitated, but at length, with no firm voice, I trusted my lovely friends with the following sincere language:—

"There is a period, to which I fervently aspire, when Leonora has voluntarily tendered her vocal congratulations. The mists are rolling off that obscured my view of the future; subjected to years of expiation for the faults of others, my present hopes are steady and cheering. But I must persevere in my object to the end, and when fully achieved, there *is* an angel in the world, whom I venerate as much as I admire, and who, I trust, will not disdain the hand it will be then permitted me to offer. Till when, my regard for her peace will keep me silent."

"And HER too," I suppose, "added Miss Caroline."

Upon paying the expected visit to Francina, I found no change whatever in the calm yet tender friendship for me, which it seemed natural for her to display at all times. On the

present occasion, I had accomplished, as it were, her mission; and gave her the full particulars of Leonora's festival—her strange fancy with respect to the sudden vision of Francina during the great scenes of *Medea*, and her notice that the illusion had since been dispelled.

"I should indeed be sorry," said Mrs. Kreutzner, "if any *real* appearance of Francina could now give pain to Leonora. I hope we are reciprocally better known to each other."

To this, I replied; "Madam, I assured that lady that you were certainly not there; and that I should have been informed of the fact if you had resolved to visit Manheim." I then alluded to the astonishing resemblance of her friend Sophia, in her execution of *Medea's* maternal sorrows.

"Sophia," said the dear lady, "has been my constant companion of late. She told me she was studying the music of the character of *Medea*, and I may say that I was happy enough to show her some features of her great representative; and she did become in consequence surprisingly like her, as far as it was possible for her to follow the original. She had been indisposed before she came to me; but I am no mean physician, I assure you, Mr. Sydenham, and restored her to M. Willich, quite recovered under my treatment."

I looked alarmed, I am persuaded, for Mrs. Kreutzner immediately added: "I perceive the ladies themselves have not mentioned the circumstance, and I need not have done so, since, as I can safely assure you, Sophia never was in better health than she is at present."

"Madam," said I, "to yourself I can happily speak my inmost heart upon every occasion. Miss Willich is dearer to me than I can find words to express. If the presages of my better genius can be trusted, my feelings of her merits need not much longer be detained from her own ear. At such a time, I shall hope your influence in my favour."

"On my aid you may securely rely," she replied, "because I think you worthy of each other. Still, however, taste is a capricious thing in such matters; but Sophia has great delicacy, and I should therefore presume she will be won by qualities similar to her own."

I saw the admirable discretion here of the widow, and only indulged my hopes, that I had been, at times, the subject of their private conferences.

"We yet," said she, "know nothing of the wishes of your parents. Mr. Sydenham may think his views for his son's advancement in the world require that his wife should be a native of England. Time, my dear sir, may

solve all points of seeming difficulty, and if my wishes could shape the events before us, they should all conduce to your union. For the present I would drop the subject. How much I have myself thought about you, there is no reason why I should decline to speak; and on one point, as I conceive, of infinite moment, I beg that you will favour me with your attention. I allude to Mr. Constantine Werner. I have seen that excellent man during your absence, at his own particular request. His sincere and brotherly affection to me, at all times, demanded from me the most explicit communication, as far as he might wish to be informed, respecting yourself; through whom had been derived what knowledge he possessed of his late cousin's sincere regret for the injustice he had done him. I frankly told him all that I *knew*, and more; I made no scruple to add all that I *thought* of the very uncommon union, that seemed to blend your interests and feelings with those of my ever-lamented Frederic. He heard me to the end without surprise, and rather solemnly addressed me thus: 'Francina, you have known me long. You are acquainted with the plain and level qualities of my understanding, and how remote I consequently am from every thing like flight or fanciful impressions. When the discovery of that unhap-

py man, my late cousin's papers was mentioned to me in a general way, I, as you have heard, expressed myself without reserve, that I did not wish to be troubled upon the subject; that the mischief meant had recoiled upon the offender's own head; that he had expiated the folly and the madness of his course, and that I considered the whole scene as closed for ever. It at length did occur to me, that though this, as to my own feeling, might be sufficient, there still existed another spirit incapable of comfort, until the confession of his errors had been followed by my sincere and hearty forgiveness. And the more I reflected upon the singular arrival of this young gentleman, Mr. Sydenham; the passport he seemed to have to the hearts of all connected with Werner; his conduct as to yourself, and his attention also to one equally conspicuous in our story, though less perfect than my Francina,—the more I became convinced that I ought to see and know him; and that very possibly this, my desire, but seconded one equally strong in him, and that the happiness of both might be increased by the interview. From engaging my thoughts occasionally, this notion at last forced itself into my constant meditation when alone, and sitting in pain upon my couch: it became also closely allied to my pillow; and few slumbers

passed away, without leaving on the memory some traces of the images that reason or fancy had connected with the subject. I resolved, therefore, to submit the whole to your judgment, and be guided implicitly by your decision.'

"I told Mr. Werner," said the widow, "that I had no hesitation in giving my voice for the measure he proposed. That I should have been a very slight observer indeed, if I had not seen a most remarkable chain of circumstances of which we were little more than instruments, connecting the whole atonements of his cousin. That this mystery could be solved only in the way suggested by his own judgment. I added: that I expected shortly to see Mr. Sydenham, on his return from Manheim, and that I should propose to him the making a visit to Mr. Werner, in compliance with his desire; and would immediately convey the result to him in the very words in which I received it."

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The propriety of such an interview, however, in some respects painful, was at once apparent, and I was led to wonder, that it had not been an early desire in my own mind. However, in cases so extraordinary, the natu-

ral place and order of the events are determined by a wisdom superior to ours.

I assured Mrs. Kreutzner of my perfect willingness to visit Mr. Werner, and begged that she would communicate with that gentleman on the subject, that I might not break in upon him unprepared for the explanation so desired by us both. I told her my present feeling was, that I should greatly surprise him by my emotion; but that I should not think of suppressing my real sentiments. That I should open my mind very fully before him; and felt sure that the interview thus prepared, would be of infinite importance to me. It might be the last of those links which united me with the destiny of Werner; and a new and happier prospect might, from that meeting, open to Edward Sydenham. The notion, suddenly excited as it was, sprung up into immediate favour with me. I began to rely upon it as an oracle, and I quitted Francina on the present occasion with a sense of pure comfort; I mean, of course, if contrasted with the mixed and turbid state habitual to my mind.

On my arrival at M. Willich's, I found letters from home. My father wrote himself on the affairs of the family. It seemed that my mother had not been able to still that apprehension, which she herself mentioned to me,

that her son would be lost to her, in consequence of the different interests, and all foreign, growing out of my early *delusion*, as he now called it;—that it had begun seriously to impair her health, and that the consequences must have their weight, if my heart had not dismissed its best affections;—that they had come to a determination to pay me a visit, and that their future plan would be formed, after accurately inspecting the ties that appeared to detain me in Germany;—that if any improvement in my mother's health resulted either from the journey, or the society of her son, they might be tempted to visit Italy, and their arrangements in England would be made with a view to such a probability;—that my friend Herman, with evident pleasure, at the first mention of the business, besought permission to attend them: and I hardly think I was surprised, when I read the following elucidation from himself of his views in doing so. As it will clear up some matters dropt, without explanation, by himself and others in conversation and by letter, and is quite worthy of him, I shall insert his letter. It was separate, and had clearly not been communicated by the writer to either of my parents. There was a gaiety in the tone of it produced by his own circumstances, and which he was too candid to conceal in compliment to what he

might suppose the less buoyant spirits of his friend. Thus he expressed himself:—

"My dear Sydenham,

"You know me capable of paying due attention to different claims; and will not doubt that I feel earnestly for your welfare, because I am a little exhilarated by what materially affects my own. First, however, let me give you my very sincere opinion as to that most excellent lady's health, which is, and must be, of the first moment to you. It is what some one has well described the 'sickness of expectation,' that has brought her into a languid and affecting state of almost constant silence and frequent tears, for which the only remedies are change of scene, and full knowledge of the subjects on which the mind dwells. When she has listened to you for half an hour, she will be far advanced in her recovery; for you will, I am sure, on her arrival, be without one single annoyance in the world. Mark now the confidence with which I speak this. I have calculated your progress, and can safely pronounce the close of your mission to be at hand. One of your grave reflections will here make itself up into language to rebuke me, for giving to another man's prospects the colouring of my own. I adhere strictly to my prophecy. Your's

must be a triumph after a victory. With more moderate claims, I must *myself* be satisfied with calmer success.

"But it is very unreasonable indeed, say you, to favour me with your gaiety, and show me no reason for it. The justice of your complaint is admitted, and I commence my apology and my tale together. A very considerable accession to my income, from a death on which I enjoy a contingent remainder, has opened my way to a felicity, that I could only, till now, permit to cross my fancy sometimes, as a passing vision; and so nicely did I guard this secret from every one, that I did not trust even you with the principal reason, why I could not accompany you to Frankfort. Were you never asked particularly why I did *not;* acquainted as I was with M. Willich and his family? If you ever were asked it, I am quite sure that your reply was not satisfactory to yourself: because it is impossible to be acquainted with those sisters, and remain indifferent. Delicacy alone kept me silent, and at a distance. I now *know* (but you will not enquire the channel of my knowledge) that we are brothers, and not *rivals*, as I at one time feared we might be. The train of events has led to disclosures that could not be foreseen, and the two friends stand revealed to each other as the admirers of

Sophia and Caroline Willich. I might, perhaps, have seen no great cause for anticipating a refusal, if I had made my proposals in my less affluent state; but they have, or will have, large fortunes. M. Willich, their uncle, is a great capitalist—they are his heirs. Francina lives but in her young friends; and Mr. Constantine Werner, if he should not adopt you, when he becomes acquainted with your merits, will be very likely to consider his old friend's daughters; and it may not, by that time, signify whether the bequest be made to Edward or *Sophia* Sydenham.

"I have neglected none of your recommendations, and have carefully kept up, by a punctual conveyance of your regards, all the connexions of either interest, friendship, or charity, by which you know yourself to be an Englishman. Germany will compensate, by one female attachment, the errors that grew out of another. I feel too happy for utterance, when I imagine the enchantment with which your mother will contemplate such a being as Sophia Willich. Should you, my dear friend, ever find that the finest and subtilest happiness needs some diversity, that the heart will sigh or sink under sublimity itself if prolonged beyond the capacity of the nerve, you will have, I hope, no distant resource in the mercurial spirits of

your friend, and those not less ethereal, that render inexhaustible and unequalled your then sister Caroline.

"The next month we certainly shall begin our progress, by easy stages; and I hope my second parent will have permitted your representative to dissipate on the journey nearly all her chagrin. Her mind, in the very note of preparation, will anticipate some of the full harmony that is preparing on all sides for our general meeting.

"HERMAN."

The sanguine expectations of Herman made a deep impression upon my mind. The arrival of my parents in Frankfort would, I hoped, facilitate some matters very near my heart. I resolved, if possible, to secure a house for them in the immediate neighbourhood of Francina, and I delighted as much in the fancy of my mother's intimacy with the lovely widow, as Herman could possibly do at her first sight of Sophia. There are so many considerations that must all conspire to cement a friendship between the best people of different ages, that perfect attachment is hardly ever a creature of the moment. The views known or imagined of the respective parties; the way their interests, their humours, their preconceived opin-

ions operate, all render such connexions progressive, seldom instantaneous: whereas an exterior of pleasing assiduity, and an age like our own, where the account of beauty has been settled, and self-love raises no alarm, leave little to be adjusted when either accident or business bring two really good women together.

I communicated the intelligence I had received to M. Willich, and his nieces. I thought I saw a little flutter sieze upon the younger sister, when she learned that Mr. Herman would be of the party, that augured favourably for my friend. "Aye, there," said the lively lady, you do give me hope of an aid-de-camp in my constant warfare with the vapours. Why does nobody think of cultivating a race of such beings, wise enough to keep the gay from being frivolous, and gay enough to prevent the wise from becoming tiresome?"

Sophia smiled, and replied, "a good hint my dear; and with your concurrence we will shortly try what can be done!"

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## CHAPTER XXI.

Mr. Werner did me the favour to notice how much obliged he felt by my attention to

his wish. He complained that the gout now used him so ill, that he could scarcely reckon upon any very considerable interval of ease; and that it was almost a cruelty to withdraw a young man like me from the society I enjoyed at home, to visit a helpless old man, like himself; under the most impatient, too, of all disorders. "However," he added, "he felt that he ought not to delay our meeting, and that if I would come out to him on the following Thursday, he would be proud of me as a guest for a few days, and would order apartments to be well aired for me against my arrival. My servant should have a chamber next to my own, and my horses would find themselves at their ease in his stables." As I heard nothing to prevent the appointment on that day, I arrived in the evening, and was, on my announcement, conducted to a range of very handsome rooms, forming one side of the mansion, which occupied three sides of a quadrangular court-yard. As soon as my slight baggage was disposed of by Sillery, and I had seated myself on one side of a cheerful fire, a very venerable and lady-like woman made her appearance, and brought me her master's compliments, and acknowledgments of the satisfaction he felt that I was under his roof, though he must deny himself the pleasure of seeing me until the morning.

She told me that the gout had last night made very alarming attacks both upon the head and the stomach, but that his medical attendant had happily driven the enemy again to the extremities, and with a good night she thought that he might be out of all present danger; though she did not imagine now that the disorder could be eradicated. Although this good lady had used the term master, when she brought me Mr. Werner's compliments, yet as it was evident she was the directress of his family, I entreated that, if the arrangements of the evening permitted it, she would give me the pleasure of her company at supper. She looked gratified, not surprised, and answered, that if at the hour of serving it she found poor Mr. Werner in a tranquil state, and disposed to slumber, she would try, at least, to represent his hospitality at table. Servants soon hear from each other the history of the families they serve. Sillery, when he came into the room, made me fully acquainted with the old lady's history, who merited every distinction that could be paid her. She was a widow, who had lost four sons in the armies of the empire, and M. Willich was the channel through which she received a small pension. It was that gentleman who had made proposals to her for his friend Mr. Werner; and the perfect respectability and time of

life of the parties guarded the situation from every thing that could be fancied ambiguous. The invalid absolutely required some such careful female about him; and M. Willich had no difficulty therefore in settling the compensation to her for so complete a devotion of her whole time, attention, ability, and tenderness. A genteel provision for her life was at once made irrevocable, and the good banker was the trustee for her, by the earnest desire of both parties. She had been in her present situation about three years.

What I had heard had powerfully increased my respect for her on her reentrance, and I took her hand, when the supper was announced as served in the adjoining room. At a glance I saw that there was perfect order through the whole. A card placed at her right hand told her clearly what we were to see during the repast; and she named the wines before us, of either of which she would feel honoured by taking with me her single glass, which she never exceeded.

Upon hearing that I was an Englishman, she said that she had not been unused to my language, and for one of my countrymen she entertained a very great partiality, though she had in vain enquired what was become of him; and it was four or five years since she became

acquainted with him. He was, she said, one of those singular and independent persons who laugh at the accommodation of carriages and horses. He had several times walked over the great countries of Europe, and at all times alone. She described him to me so accurately, that I could not but fancy he was a school fellow of mine, who was the most determined tourist that I have ever known; and upon my putting a few questions, as to his expression, and mentioning a particular action peculiar to himself, I was satisfied that it was Wilkins himself.

After supper she told me the mode of her becoming acquainted with the traveller. "I at that time inhabited a small retreat on the banks of the Rhine," said the old lady, "and with no other introduction than his intelligent and virtuous countenance, he formed an intimacy which gave him, during his short excursions about our neighbourhood, my lonely dwelling as a sort of head quarters. To the inns of the world he had as great objection as to the horses and carriages, and unless compelled, in fact, never entered them. While he remained at home, as he called my hut, he was usually writing, and I retain still in my possession a mass of paper in a parchment cover, not however containing the records of his travels, but

sketches seemingly of characters whom he had known intimately, and described from the strength of feature they showed. Perhaps, sir, you may not find an hour ill employed in turning them over; and if it should prove that you are really acquainted with the writer, you may do me the favour of restoring to him the papers he has forgotten to claim."

This I promised I would do, whenever his restless spirit returned him to England again. At that time, I added, he was said to be exploring the architectural wonders of the Thebais.

She brought the roll of manuscript, and placed it before me, and having given me the information that Mr. Werner was in a state of tranquillity which he seldom enjoyed, she wished me a good night, and respectfully withdrew.

When I retired to my chamber, I took the papers up with me. The moon was placidly looking down on the river Mayn in the distance, and when, from the noble mansion in which I then was, I had sufficiently gazed upon the rolling waters, I thought of the widow's hut, my school fellow and his wanderings, and sat me down at the table near the window, to examine, by a lamp very agreeably shaded, what characters either his experience or his

invention had supplied for my amusement. From its title, which had peculiar charms in my mind, I settled to read the following, which was a copy from the life.

ECCENTRIC LOYALTY ;

OR,

MARGARET MAC EVOY.

In the volumes of a great but splenetic politician, I find the following passage. " Loyalty, in the heart and understanding of an Englishman, is a rational attachment to the guardian of the laws. Prejudices and passions have sometimes carried it to a criminal length ; and, whatever foreigners may imagine, we know that Englishmen have erred as much in a *mistaken zeal* for particular PERSONS and FAMILIES, as they ever did in defence of what they thought most dear and interesting to themselves."

For a considerable time after the cause of the Stuarts was in fact *decided* in this country, there existed a class of beings, who, with all the mystery of a hidden worship, and with manners uncouth and unfashionable, dressed themselves in the hoarded finery of a former age, and excited a something like awe among the younger part at least of the families with which they deigned to associate.

Among my earliest recollections were mixed up the person and oddities of a lady, who

chose to be distinguished by the style of Miss Margaret Mac Evoy; and a more decided enthusiast it would have been difficult for any times to produce. Although she rather punctiliously retained the prefix of Miss to her names, (whether real or otherwise,) she was nearer to sixty than fifty years of age when I first saw her; and the occasion of my having that pleasure I relate just as it occurred.

One fine autumnal evening, in the year 17—, my mother and myself were sitting in the drawing room of our house in town, our tea equipage had been just removed, when a very old fashioned carriage stopt at our door, and a lady, who said her name was unknown, desired to speak with my mother, as Mr. W., with whom she was acquainted, happened to be from home. She was politely desired to walk up stairs, and she entered the room with that air and manner which showed that she had mixed familiarly with good company. My mother rose courteously and tendered her hand, and the ladies curtsied to each other in the rather formal but dignified style of that time.

The great point on such occasions I have observed is to get comfortably deposited on your chairs. The first glance of a lady always settles the external claims of the visitor; and so intuitive is the female perception, that she

reads, almost *instanter*, the whole purport of the communication, about which the tardy contrivances of human speech are to take their own time. Such explanations are always heard, if you observe, without impatience, because they are constantly anticipated to the very letter. *Nil admirari* might be the motto of the fair sex, it is so very difficult to surprise them. The lady of the house from politeness broke silence thus—"My husband, madam, I understand, has the honour of your acquaintance?"

"Many years have passed away since we met," replied the stranger, "and it was in a foreign land—but if time and a rather active life should have altered my person or my utterance, it will not be difficult to bring myself to his remembrance,—two mystical words," and she smiled, "will be sufficient for the purpose."

"I expect my husband's return every minute," rejoined my mother, quite at her ease upon the subject; for she was herself both young and handsome, and a glance towards the temples of the stranger had distinguished a quantity of strongly curling hair, as white as silver, with eyebrows of the same hue, that hung over eyes of a bright gray, deeply seated in their sockets. A front of black velvet gave its fullest contrast to the locks in question, and

a few jewels in very antique setting, glistened from their sable foil, and might have been denominated by a punster, the *hair*-loom of the family.

"Your son, madam," said the stranger, looking towards *me*. A bow, and a wafture of my mother's hand sent me to the knee of the visitor, who eagerly asked me my name. I told her that it was James. "Right, my boy," she exclaimed, "and remember there are but three baptismal names for the son of an honest man: —JAMES, CHARLES, and EDWARD!"

As I knew my father was a William, I began to look rather earnestly at the proscriber of his Christian name; but that gentleman now happily entered, to answer for himself, or rather for his god-fathers and god-mothers.

Our visitor was not a person to be forgotten, and she saw instantly that my father recollected her. "You, then, without either difficulty or hesitation," said she, "acknowledge an old friend in *Miss Margaret Mac Evoy*," and she spoke this strongly and deliberately. He at once understood her meaning, and never alluded to any other appellation, at least in whatever conferences passed before me. He enquired after some friends in Portugal, who had been very kind to him in his youth, and they talked over various occurrences in which they had been in-

terested; some of which my mother seemed to be acquainted with. I suppose from the narrations of my father.

I have already said, that my mother, from the first glance, had been perfectly at ease upon the grand point, so she made not the slightest scruple to leave the lady alone with her husband; apologizing to the stranger as she led me out of the room, and adding, that she always made a point of seeing me comfortably put to rest at my usual hour; and she thought her new friend would rather be pleased than otherwise, to find her so punctilious a mother.

The stranger placed her hand upon her forehead; and her eyes glistened, while she mournfully recited the beginning of a beautiful Scotch ballad, of which, in my maturity, I possess a perfect copy.

I hae nae kith, I hae nae kin,
Nor ane that's dear to me,
For the bonny lad that I lo'e best,
He's far ayont the sea.

While I was undressing, I begged my mother would tell me the meaning of the lines we had just heard; for the love she had expressed was quite unintelligible to me; but I incline to think the allusion was not then understood by my mother herself. As she was now anxious

to know more of a character that struck her to be singular, so she quitted me that evening sooner than usual, to get back to the visitor; who, however, had waited only to see her again, for she rose at her entrance, as my mother told me in the morning, and took of her a very affectionate leave. She added with a smile, that her husband would best tell her what a wild enthusiast she had been all her life, and should probably continue; that she hoped, ere long, to see them both again; and then giving her hand to my father, she walked firmly down stairs to the carriage that waited to take her away, and merely pronounced the word home to the servant as she got in.

I pass over a considerable space of time, during which we had only occasional visits from Miss Mac Evoy; they were irregular, and at intervals frequently of several months. She had sometimes been in the West of England, at other times, in the North of Scotland; and I remember the first notion I had of the manners of the Dutch, was given to me by this venerable and amusing lady. Though in years, she sang with a pathos that often drew tears from both my parents; and condescended to gratify my juvenile thirst for all that was peculiar or national in music. When, in advanced life, I perused the interesting collections of

the muse of Scotland, I found, to my great delight, the following ballad, which had charmed me, when a schoolboy, from the impassioned organ of our wanderer. I have heard from two of the most accomplished singers of any age, the famous "O had I the wings of a dove," and the effect was of a very high order; but neither the words nor the music, exquisite as they both are, throw into shade the simple strains of Scottish loyalty, with their Doric sweetness and rustic heart, which are animating indeed, when rightly given. It is the *affectation* of such attachments, that makes modern song contemptible. The *truth* of the sentiment in our ancient ballads renders them precious.

O gin I were a bonny bird,
Wi' wings that I might flee,
Then I wad travel o'er the main,
My ae true love to see.
Then I would tell a joyfu' tale,
To ane that's dear to me,
And sit upon a king's window,
And sing my melody.

The adder lies i' the corbie's nest,
Aneath the corbie's wame,
And the blast that reaves the corbie's brood,
Shall blaw our good king hame.
Then blaw ye east, and blaw ye west,
Or blaw ye o'er the faem,
O bring the lad that I lo'e best,
And ane I darena name!

There were times when our singular friend could hardly be said to be very safe society; her language was both bitter and unguarded. She had a wild notion, that the water bestowed a privilege which was refused her upon the land; and she was fond of a small party upon the river in fine weather, when under a smart awning, and after a cheerful repast, she volunteered some of the choicest favourites of the Jacobite Muse. Then fancy seemed to realize her wishes, and I joined in chorus innocently to "Carle an the King come," and "When the King shall enjoy his own again." To my father who was almost as systematic a philosopher as Mr. Shandy, all this seemed very exquisite 'Midsummer madness,' and such he called it; but on one point the sympathy between them was perfect—he hated the very last rag of puritanism, as he saw it on the sectarians of our own times; and constantly exclaimed, "that *power* was all they wanted to be as mischievous, aye, and as sanguinary as their predecessors." He had, consequently, one special favourite in her budget, known by the title of "*Lesley's March to Scotland.*" It is the very essence of sarcasm and derision: in its fierce scorn, language is given up to the sport of irony, and every thing precious in the vocabulary of fanaticism, coupled with terms low, despicable, and hateful.

Pinks of Election,—Dogs of Redemption,—Dunghills of Blessedness; such are the combinations poured out upon these saintly objects of "misery, scorning, and laughter." This is the original of the song, "Blue Bonnets o'er the Border."

Figure to yourself, reader, a woman of gigantic size, or seeming such from the energy of her soul, her lifted hand, her fierce eye, and a voice rendered scarcely human by hatred; its volume, its piercing shrillness, all strange and terrific—and you have before you the prophetic fury of a sybil—you have Margaret Mac Evoy. Such a change produced, too, upon a being of the kindest heart, and most winning manners. But the pinch of snuff which she took eagerly after her exertion, soon produced the effect of a little dust upon Virgil's bees.

Hi motus animorum, at que hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu, compressa quiescent.

But all the rage of this resounding fray,
A little dust thrown upward will allay.

The truth was, that "Lesley's March," however suited to her feelings as a royalist, was pointed at another age; and, though associated with the Stuart cause, excited no personal interest; so that a peal of laughter, in which we all joined, closed the march of the rapscallians, condemned, at least in song, to be ludicrous for ever.

After a residence for about a year in Staffordshire, not greatly to her comfort, she seriously proposed to my parents, to bring her income, an annuity, into the common stock, and become a member of the family; so as she had an apartment to retire to, if we had at any time visitors, who might not be entirely to her taste. And allowing for eccentricity, she was fairly entitled to be considered as a warm-hearted and affectionate relative. The arrangement was, therefore, easily made, and she was almost a rival to my mother in the attention to myself, an only son. She sat with me poring over my evening exercise, and wished for the learning of Ruddiman to help me in my difficulties. Something of the Latin she knew, as much as entered into the service of her communion. She was a catholic without display; her devotions belonged to her closet. Once only she took me with her to the chapel of one of the foreign ambassadors, that I might see, she said, what had been the service of my ancestors; but I then knew little of the world out of door. I remember we entered by the side portico of a splendid mansion, and proceeded into a lofty apartment, dimly seen from the exclusion of daylight, and the clouds of incense that obscured the enormous lights which burned upon the altar. The soft breathings of

the organ, not noisy and coarse, like the parish instrument which leads, and happily drowns, much of *our* unison chorus; the beautiful taste and expression of the choir, which, from the authority of Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, consisted, I was told, of the finest voices in England, quite overpowered me with delight; and from an altar, which had once been the inhabitant of Rome itself, was seen stretching up to the roof, a very admirable picture of the crucifixion, with all the sorrows of that great consummation, drawn with a truth and effect beyond all my weak power of praise. I take some credit to myself, that no pertness about me presumed to play the critic on the occasion. I was all gaze and wonder, all ear and eye; the foreign pronunciation must be a mighty disguise, for I ought to have understood nearly the whole service from my progress in the Latin language. However, from that day I have been decidedly of opinion, that of all services, the Catholic is the most striking; it is, merely considered as a work of genius, the most powerful that ever appealed either to the imagination or the heart.

Our friend, Mac Evoy, never, to do her justice, dropped one word that had a tendency to proselytism. She seemed to think a union, of whatever was worthy the name of church, a measure practicable; and which human passion

only prevented. I have seen her turn over our book of Common Prayer, and point to the identical passages of both services. To return to her prejudices, which were political. I incline to think, that the gentle and steady influence of a regular family, as well as the silent progress of time, considerably abated the ardour of our Jacobite lady. But she would sometimes indulge in a fit of spleen, which the view of *Hanover* square was sure to excite; and she usually extended her drive to Cavendish Square, in which the equestrian statue of William Duke of Cumberland, pointed toward Culloden. "Ah!" she would exclaim, "that fatal 16th of April, 1746, broke the mighty heart of Scotland! and one of its anniversaries will break mine!" Oddly enough, in this prediction she was correct. Her snuff-box, on such occasions, was resorted to with great eagerness. It had a portrait under crystal upon the lid; this she would gaze on for a few seconds, drop a tear upon the likeness of the unfortunate wanderer, pour out something very unlike a blessing upon his conqueror, go over the errors of the fatal day, and sigh as she named Kilmarnock and Balmerino, the Duke of Perth, Elcho, Lovat, and a long list of the faithful.

There was one piece of luxury in which she indulged, whimsical enough, considering her

feelings—a punctilious attendance in St. James's Street on the birth-days of our royal family. On these occasions, she would write to an ancient nobleman for the use of his carriage. It was, I well remember, of the darkest green, and built in a peculiar style. It bore an earl's coronet on the pannel, and was punctually sent whenever asked for. In this respectable vehicle, with my mother, and frequently myself, she would take a convenient station, from which she might inspect the long line of coaches or chairs in their progress to the palace. I never knew a Scottish lady, who, to use the language of Ophelia, was not "as good as a chorus" in whatever concerned birth and title. Miss Margaret knew, by a glance, the liveries of the servants, and the arms on the pannels of the carriages of our nobility. She knew a vast deal more than this. She knew the dates of their creation, the services of their ancestors, and to what odd chances they were sometimes indebted for their honours. The prejudice must indeed be strong, that can do any thing but admire the blaze of beauty that assails one on such occasions. The splendid care and cost with which the fairest women on earth are attired; the smile of complacent triumph with which they seem to *announce* themselves to the crowd; the cluster of servants in livery clinging together behind them; the taste of the car-

riages, and the form and spirit of the noble animals who draw them, might disarm a cynic philosopher, but not a political zealot. I have no doubt that our Court Guide *herself* must have attracted considerable notice. She was a vast mass of black satin, sat high and forward on her seat, and with no friendly eye continued to scrutinize the fair creatures as they passed; who, in their turns, might wonder what sable Urganda they had unconsciously offended.

As to my mother, on these occasions, she really admired the gorgeous pageant before her; and as dress is always interesting to a female, entered into the materials and the forms, the colours and the ornaments, that had caused so many sleepless nights to the dress-makers of the *haut ton*, and which were to occupy, the next morning, so much unintelligible space in the fashionable newspaper. For myself, a school-boy may be pardoned, if he preferred the active movements of the horse-guards to prevent the enemy from *breaking the line;* the formidable menace occasionally to the sons of Jehu; the naked and directing sword; and the playful action of the war-horse among the crowd, treading as gently as if they or Mr. Bull were troubled with corns; or prancing as proudly as if they anticipated the future honours to be achieved by their noble race.

But whatever were the prejudices or the

amusements of Miss Mac Evoy, they did not linger till extreme old age before they sought the common asylum. In her last illness, our Jacobite lady was attended by a Doctor Charles Stuart, who had been graduated at Edinburgh, and shared, or at least she fancied he did, the attachments of his patient. Her complaint was a failure of the digestive organs. A few days brought on excessive weakness, and her latter end was tranquil, though her life, I conjecture, had been stormy, and romantically active. My mother had felt great interest about this eccentric lady, and attended with sincere affection to every wish she uttered; seldom quitting her chamber for more than a few minutes at one time, after recovery was hopeless. A little before she expired, she pointed to a small cabinet of filigrane, which stood upon her dressing-table. My mother rose from her bed-side, opened it, and brought to her a very beautiful crucifix, which she kissed devoutly, placing it upon her bosom. After a paroxysm somewhat severe, she pronounced these words—

"May the king enjoy his own again!"

My mother's attention was excited by the effort, which seemed beyond her strength; the lips trembled with fervour, and a heavy sigh which succeeded, announced that the struggle was over, and that this zealous and affectionate woman was no more.

I remember her funeral distinctly; and the survey of her little property, for the most part trifles, precious only to herself, from some associations of her earlier days. As she lived upon an annuity, which ceased at her death, no heirs ever set up a claim as to what she left behind her; and I think the trust assumed, at her desire, by my father, left him, after converting her effects into money, somewhat out of pocket, a circumstance far from singular in his benevolent course of life.

Undoubtedly I might raise a smile from some witless person, by describing the relics of a Jacobite lady; but *heart* is every thing with me, and I can respect the ornaments of even a mistaken cult. One trait more of her I will not suppress. We had, I remember, in the family, Tickell's fine quarto edition of the works of Addison; a book in which our poor friend delighted much to read. She was accustomed to say that "politics had never committed a more deadly sin, than when they made Addison a Whig; they left him nothing that his fine taste could love or admire, but what sprung from the adverse party originally, or still only existed in it." On the whole, however, she bore with him, without any marked discontent; and enjoyed his singular *humour* with rather a refined spirit; till, one day, she happened to wander into the Freeholder; where, in the thirty-sixth

number, Mr. Addison amuses himself with inventing annals of fourteen years of the Pretender's *reign*. The fourth year has this passage:—"He ordered the Lord High-Treasurer to pay off the debts of the crown, which had been contracted since his accession to the throne; particularly a *milk-score* of three years standing."

"It is poor wit that jests with poverty!" was all the notice she took of it.

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The perusal of this sketch, written by a school fellow, and really interesting by its ingenuous plainness and veracity, disposed my mind to a calm, and yet reflecting state. I went to my rest without the slightest apprehension that Fancy, if she awaked, would be troublesome with her pictures; and I looked to the coming interview, without a feeling but what was soothing, and even enviable.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

In the morning my obliging friend, the widow, entered the breakfast-parlour with a countenance that gave me the sincerest satisfaction. Mr. Werner had experienced great relief from the refreshing sleep he had enjoyed, and he

had fancied that the effort he should make to receive me would have the credit of rendering his limbs again of some use to him. I told the good lady that her volume had been the means, I believed, of giving me one of the most tranquil nights I ever passed, and that I was singularly indebted to the accident which placed it in my possession. A servant now approached her, and merely bowed, upon which she rose and said: "Now, Mr. Sydenham, I will, if you please, show you to the door of the room into which Mr. Werner has had himself removed, and there my ministry will end." In a few minutes I was in the presence of Constantine Werner. I never beheld any thing richer than the benevolent smile with which he welcomed me. I gave myself up entirely to the impulse of my nature, and carefully, but warmly, embraced the venerable man. I then, at his motion, took a seat exactly opposite to his, and we for a few seconds silently gazed on each other. At length he thus addressed me. "We are, my dear young friend, I trust, thoroughly known to each other; and in the best form of knowledge, our *actions*, judged and related by witnesses to them of worth and honour. I shall not trespass at any great length upon your time; but it will be a convenience to my nervous state of body and intellect, if you permit

me to speak to you uninterrupted, lest I should have to regret the omission of any material part of what I purposed to say to you. However, it may be accounted for, I feel and acknowledge that you are the evident channel by which much regretted wrong is compensated; and I cannot but admire the courage, the zeal, the gentleness, and the purity, by which a faulty character has been, in a great measure, redeemed. Francina owes to you the happiness of her remaining existence; and without you, I should have died unconscious of the deep remorse, with which my cousin was struck for injuring one, who strove only to save him from his own passions. But I have a task to perform, which I do not shrink from in the least: it must be uttered with all the fervour of religion, and I therefore call upon the departed, as well as the present, to hear the entire forgiveness, which from my inmost soul I pronounce, of all wrongs, known or unknown, that Frederic Werner, when living, could accuse himself of doing me. If ever man was permitted to speak peace to a suffering spirit, and ensure its peace by doing so, LET THAT BLESSING NOW ATTEND UPON MY WORDS. If by some resort of nature, perhaps rare, but surely not impossible, he does *himself* now listen to me, in a form worthy of his unmixed and refined merits, I in his presence, as in yours, pronounce my sincere forgiveness!" He look-

ed, as he said this, like one inspired. For myself, a faintness came over me. I no longer felt myself Edward Sydenham, but fell at his feet, as Frederic himself must have done, in tears of tenderness and rapture. The energy of Mr. Werner's mind had bestowed a sudden vigour upon his frame; and he raised me himself from that position of humble joy. At the same moment I seemed to hear sounds of gratulation from a voice that I had never forgotten. The spirit that once spoke the words, "Unhappy mind, thy wish is granted"—now said, "Thy vicarious task is ended—be thou blessed!"

I raised my eyes to the passing clouds, as if I could follow in its flight a visible messenger to mortals; and my equally delighted friend acknowledged the aid which had been so astonishingly bestowed upon his infirmity. Far from finding himself exhausted by the earnestness of his mind, he felt confident that it had suddenly restored him to an unexpected strength of body.

After an interval, during which I saw no sign whatever of debility, Mr. Werner turned the conversation to my visit to Leonora, and he made a just and generous apology for her early frailty. From my mere habits as a man of business, it has occurred to me frequently, that the Italian character, more than any other, combines its qualities in the strongest contrast to

each other; its brilliant genius reflects the pure sky above it; its deep and irresistible passions are the volcano under its feet. Leonora, it seems, was under no delusion when she fancied Mrs. Kreutzner present on the night of her concert. She was actually there, he told me; but finding that I had not been intrusted by herself with the knowledge, he was whimsically provoked that he had been so indiscreet as to drop a hint of it. The ladies themselves must have enjoyed the ambiguous language by which I had been securely misled; and Leonora herself, as I now saw very clearly, by her note at my departure, kept up the mystification, that was expected by her fair visitant, and properly guarded the punctilio of her sex. But I could not repress the wish of vanity, that Francina had but yielded to the desire of her lovely friend *Sophia*, in taking the journey. It now struck me as peculiar that Caroline should pointedly assure me that she herself was not there; and avoid the comprehensive "*we* were not;" which said by one sister in the presence of the other, implied that, in fact, she could answer only for herself. I ought to have expected something of this kind from that spirit of whim and pleasantry.

After passing a few very agreeable days with Mr. Werner, and finding him in a far more comfortable state than he had been for some years

past, and as he expressed himself, his improvement being still in progress, it became now necessary for me to return, that I might receive parents so dear to me, and give them the happiness of seeing their son relieved from the "divided duty" which had, till now, destroyed the singleness of his character. And it was indeed wonderful to myself, how rapidly all that had made me wretched passed away, like the fierce "vexation of a dream," and nothing seemed to result from my past engagements, but a tenderness of soul, the precious lesson of severe experience. I now looked through the long course of trials, under which my excellent mother must have suffered; the disappointment of every usual expectation, and the very distant hope, that *hardly* supported her enfeebled frame. Now, however, prepared as she would be by my father's aid, and the no less effective inferences drawn by my friend Herman, I indulged myself in almost boundless pictures of the fancy, and yet hardly reached the truth of that happiness which was so near at hand. If I slept during so anxious an interval, (of which I sometimes even doubted,) imagination continued its task, and I saw my parents still expressing their joy at my return to them.

As soon as I learned their arrival, I hastened to their house, and found my friend Herman at

the door—his prudence had restrained their impatience. He hastily embraced me, and in fact bore me into the apartment in which my parents were seated, expecting my arrival. In a moment I was at their feet; and Herman left us to ourselves, and to the crowding emotions that should never be either witnessed or restrained. As a guardian, he placed himself at the door of our temporary paradise; and preserved us from intrusion that must have been unwelcome, however well designed.

Speech was denied us for some minutes—what could the unequal interpreter have expressed? I felt the gracious tears of her who bore me, upon my cheek, and the strong clasp of my father encircling us both, and sobbing out his manly transport at the scene in which he was an actor.

At length I found myself able to articulate what my mind was labouring with, and they listened to me with complacency and sympathy. "The task which was enjoined me is discharged, my best of parents. It has led me to more than usual knowledge, and laid me under more than filial obligation. Without your indulgence in my wayward course, I should have been distracted with the struggles of the principle that impelled me, and my nature perhaps rendered gloomy and unamiable. But your love lent me aid to bear the weight laid upon me—

the burden has been withdrawn *for ever*, and fresh sources of happiness have been opened to me, as a reward for an infliction so severe. You will soon personally know some of the excellent beings who have distinguished me by their favour. You will more than repay them by yours. If, out of such new connexions, any nearer relations should spring, from my admiration and your own, let me say, that your sanction will at least be justified by the virtues as well as graces of the object."

"We are already captivated by three of your friends," said my father, "and your mother pronounces two names at least with fervour equal to your own. But enough for the present; let me now congratulate with my other son. Where is our dear friend Herman?" That excellent man, hearing his name ejaculated, entered the room, and received the thanks and praises of us all. My father assigned the beautiful reasons of the parable for his own joy. "This, my son," said he, "was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

However desirous my mother was to confirm my father's declaration by her actions, both Herman and I insisted that this first day should be consecrated to ourselves, and the uninterrupted joy of our re-union. "Besides," he added, "although I hope I have not disgraced my presage as to Mrs. Sydenham's health, yet

I cannot allow her, at the slightest risk, to gratify the impatient zeal that her arrival has excited. What has *to-morrow* done that it should be robbed of its happiness, and that too for an elder brother, that has already indulged in full and even heaped measure? And now," said Herman ingenuously, "I must borrow from very ardent friendship one half-hour for myself. I shall use the freedom of making an appointment for this family, by which I am sure of giving delight to every individual in the party." I guessed that Herman referred to the Willichs, and I apprised my parents of their vicinity to the Hermitage and the adorable Francina. The reader is already acquainted with my friend's delicacy and difficulty while in the smallest doubt as to his own position in life—but the change of circumstances gave the most ardent desire to be *known* to entertain the sincere esteem that he felt for Miss Caroline Willich, and to ask permission of her uncle to declare himself her suitor. This I cannot doubt he will frankly obtain.

After our friend Herman's departure, my mother in plain language confessed that she was acquainted with my wishes; and that neither she nor my father had formed views of an alliance for me with any English family, if my fancy should prefer the merits of a foreign lady. "Besides, whatever the advocates for chance and

accident may maintain in such matters as to others, every thing in my son's course," said she, "bears the evident impress of a special intervention, and I cannot doubt that his choice will, in herself, be the adequate reward of his virtue." On the theme of my Sophia's merits it may be believed I was not cold on the present occasion; but my father said, with much reliance on my own judgment, that the sisters who shared the affection of such a being as Francina, stood quite high enough to satisfy the paternal ambition of a plain but independent English gentleman.

Herman returned to us with the sunshine of success beaming upon his countenance, and informed my parents that their son's friends would in the morning personally express the pleasure they felt in their arrival. The worthy banker had been through the day sending for our accommodation every supply that strangers require at their first arrival in a foreign city; and in a few hours my beloved parents began to find themselves at perfect ease.

In the morning, immediately after breakfast, arrived the purest of earth's daughters, the tender, the accomplished Francina. I hastened down to give her my hand as she alighted, and my father himself received her at the entrance. Upon the stairs she acknowledged his attention with graceful esteem; and with delightful ea-

gerness exclaimed, "Mrs. Sydenham knows *who* is thus intruding upon her?" My mother, still infirm, hurried from the sofa to embrace her, and seemed to need support. The vigilance of Herman placed him at her side in a moment, and he said to her, "See, madam, here is restoration in person—who can behold that lady and not be well?"

"I am well," said the dear lady, "at least my heart is strong within me, and that is the channel by which we must here communicate."

Mrs. Kreutzner replaced her on the seat from which she had arisen, and placing her own knee upon a small cushion in front of it, "let me thus express my reverence for the mother of him, through whom I have been rendered happy."

My father gazed upon her with the most anxious scrutiny—but she was qualified to meet it. The nobleness of her carriage, the free and unconstrained expression of every feature of her face, and every member of her frame, left none of those aching voids, which want filling up in the manners of the MANY—they perfectly fascinated my parents; and I was not surprised when my father drew me aside and whispered in my ear, "As I look at that admirable creature, her story has all the impossibility of a contradiction in terms—she could never *but* be the sovereign of every thing ra-

tional. Have you any more such wonders, Edward, in Frankfort?"

"You will judge yourself, sir, almost immediately. Herman and I have, however, little difficulty in saying YES to your question; but the rivals must be contented to share their myrtles with their model and their guide. The two sisters combine, however, to form a perfect Francina."

My dear mother had so deeply meditated the character now sitting by her side, that she needed but to find her vision realized, to become the fond sister of one whom she so greatly resembled. Life has few finer scenes than the cordial union of two pure and cultivated natures in a bond of love that is so little subject to casualty. At an earlier period of existence there is a *rivalry* in the pretensions of women that may dissolve their harmony; there is the subtle or the violent power of *passion* to mine and subvert it. The two beings before me saw every thing with the same interest, and expected only additional ties to render it still stronger and more lasting.

I soon found that Francina had been listening to the tender luxury of my mother's narrative, as she retraced the series of my innocent but painful progress up to the season when revery warmed into action and adventure, and I could no longer resist the impulses of my destiny.

Mrs. Kreutzner rose when the dear parent concluded, and exclaimed hastily and affectionately, "Glory in such a mother! she is something more angelic than I had hitherto seen in woman." Then turning herself to my father, she said, "You will excuse the preference, which I am sure you pay yourself—permit me now to solicit the honour of *your* friendship. I have been to you both the innocent cause of much past uneasiness; but power, far superior to mine will make the rich compensation, for which, indeed, I am every way too poor."

"Madam," said my father, "consider me as an affectionate brother, who, on his arrival from a distant land, finds a sister every thing that his hope had prefigured, and his heart demanded. Allow me to study, in strict intimacy, the way to deserve such a blessing."

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Why does my faultering hand draw the above line to suspend awhile my narrative, and my eyes fill with tears as I review the delight that at this moment burst upon me? Reader, I know not who thou art, thy age, thy condition, thy temper, thy feelings, or even thy sex. If of my own, thou hast probably experienced the moment when, with the strong fervour of youthful passion, thou didst first present to thy parents, the fair one of thy choice; in whom thou

couldst discern nothing that was not perfect; though confident that her fame was unspotted, that her connexions were respectable, that her mind was well stored, and her person the theme of general praise, didst thou not feel a check to thy breathing, a palpitation of thy heart, as thy restless eye flew from her curtesy to the countenances of thy parents, and thy ear ached even at the tuneful accents of her tongue, until both eye and ear were certain that thy choice was *ratified*, and thy mistress likely to become thy rival in the HEARTS that loved thee *best*.

If, reader, thou shouldst be of the sex of my Sophia, thou mayst have passed the criterion to which I allude, and canst remember thy sensations. Though a conscious purity left thy graceful steps no difficulty, and thy breeding secured thee from all embarrassment, yet it was no display on thy part of confidence. Unaffected loveliness was the expression that thou didst bear about thee, and thy eyes were soon withdrawn from observation, to give the reader scope to the scrutiny thy pretensions had provoked. Even thy regard for him, who brought thee there could hardly announce itself, until thy nerve had caught from the surrounding air the thrilling tidings of parental satisfaction; nay, even then a gentle sigh was scarcely suppressed, when the thought of new connexions rose

to thy fancy, and to become the adopted daughter of another house insinuated the doubt whether the removal from thy own might not open to thee miseries before unknown. Yet in the hurry of these apprehensions, the pressure of thy hand by the enamoured youth, his glance of triumph in thy success, thy name trembling upon his tongue and wafted like a charm to thy willing ear, have had force enough to still thy alarm, and resign thee unreluctant to his wishes.

Pardon me, my gentle though unknown friends, if, in the endeavour to recall the feelings of youth, my aged brain has wanted some of the diviner notions with which you yourselves retrace or anticipate your first introductions. That of my Sophia to my own parents was the actual reason of my thus addressing you, that you might piece out my imperfections with the sense of your united virtues and accomplishments, and render my unequal delineation worthier of the object and nearer to resemblance.

The carriage of M. Willich was announced to my parents, and my father and Herman instantly rose and proceeded to hand the young ladies out of it, and conduct them up stairs. "I have presumed," said my father, "to gratify my own impatience before that of my wife. Mrs. Sydenham, ladies, is, I thank God, able

now to receive Miss Willichs. It is Miss *Sophia*, who now honours me with her hand?"

Sophia bowed to him, and acknowledged the name. "Her sister, Miss Caroline, has, I perceive, an abler arm, but one not more devoted to her service than mine."

"Why, then," said she, "I shall still look, sir, to *your* family for protection;" and she gave him the hand she smilingly withdrew from Herman; and in this arrangement they entered the drawing room; my father enjoying the grateful sprightliness with which she acknowledged his son's rescue of her, and Herman smiling at the naïve manner, which so happily resembled his own social pleasantry.

Mrs. Kreutzner herself conducted them to my mother, and bespoke for her two young friends a full share of her maternal affection. "Scarcely adopted myself, I present them to you with confidence, for I know their worth."

"Such lovely beings," my mother replied, "are apt to engross the hearts that open to them; but let me a little gaze upon my sweet friends."

In a moment the dear woman was seated between them, and folding in her arms the worthy emulators of Francina. I knelt and kissed the hand that pressed the waist of Sophia, while Mrs. Kreutzner, my father, and Herman looked down upon us in silent joy. Such w

the group that struck the eye of M. Willich himself, who had broken away, as he expressed it, from profit and loss, to enjoy a commerce in which every thing was gain. My father made the proper acknowledgments to the benevolent banker, and presented him to my mother. "What you now receive, madam," said he, "is little, all of me, that I myself regarded is in your arms."

Minds so well prepared for union were, without difficulty, united. No worldly motives interfered to cause objection, for interest and affection pointed the same way. M. Willich desired only suitable matches for his nieces, and their destined husbands were not so romantic as to disdain their fortunes, nor so craving as to desire them greater than they were at first stated to be. The two friends were united to the two sisters on the same day, and interchanged congratulations and blessings in the sanctuary itself.

The reader will here be anxious to know, whether my own mind, in any instance, reverted to the subject of its former pains, whether the life of Werner was ever felt in that of Sydenham? The answer must be NEVER, farther than its inhering tendency to improve my nature.

I never knew through what channel Leonora was instructed in our movements; but she

paid her promised visit on a condition, which she would on no account permit to be violated; namely, that she would assist at our concert only as a professional singer; and depart as she came, attended to and from her seat only by Abbé Ponto. In vain I represented through him, that she had a high place in our respect, the result of her generous conduct; that we were strangers to that stiff and stately presumption, which forgot the fluctuations of human life, and the insecurity of all human excellence; she persevered in her point, and left us expressing our wonder and regret together. She concluded her vocal subjects with a passionate invocation of happiness upon our heads, and her eyes showed the emotion of the singer to be genuine.

Mr. Constantine Werner became so convalescent as to pass a few hours of the day along with us. He came, he said, to express his regard for me in a plain, substantial way, as became a man of business. He knew his friend Willich intended a handsome provision for his nieces; but whatever sum he bestowed upon Sophia, he resolved to settle the like upon me. It left my father, he observed, at liberty to enjoy his entire fortune while he lived; and at his decease there might be younger claimants upon his bounty. He did not forget to deliver

the good widow's congratulations, with a special injunction as to the volume left with her by the wanderer.

All that I need add to this narration of the uncommon destiny which I have unfolded is, that on the day after my wedding, I received a letter, of which the hand-writing was too peculiar to leave me a doubt as to the writer. I sat down to read it with the most eager curiosity. It was highly interesting indeed.

"To EDWARD SYDENHAM, ESQUIRE.

"When I formerly addressed you, it was to point out to you the course which in my judgment led to your best interests. I said, that 'you would need no further admonition; that like other travellers you might at once gratify your curiosity, extend your benevolence, and correct your errors.' All this and more HAS BEEN DONE; you have confirmed together your VIRTUE and your HAPPINESS. You will now need no other guide than the excellent being whom you have bound indissolubly to your lot.

"But on the present happy occasion, I would leave nothing so uncomfortable as *doubt* upon your mind. Your MONITOR has no imposition to guard by secresy, and wishes to derive from further mystery no part of his importance.

"That I can infallibly discern the *quality* which distinguished you from others, you can

now without scruple admit; repeated opportunities to prove this the world does not afford. My *personal* knowledge of my fellow-creatures, however, depends on the usual means of introduction and communication: I knew WERNER professionally, YOURSELF by mere accident. Soon after I began the *new* practice of medicine in Germany, I was called in to a consultation on the extraordinary case of Frederic Werner—he was then in extremity. My enemies, Drs. Hehl and Ingelhousz, were in attendance upon him. They asked me my opinion of his disorder, and smiled, in scorn, when they heard me pronounce the word *remorse*. But I had been told something of their patient's history, and moreover knew that, in certain natures, remorse might prove as deadly as the low fever, which when it comes on is only one of its symptoms.

"The case strongly interested me, but I shall not here exhibit the progress of the malady—I am merely to record its singular close. I was sitting by his bed-side when, in the agonies of death, with dreadful energy he uttered the following ejaculation: 'O that I could return again into the womb, and spring once more into a world in which I have trifled with time and abused the blessings of my condition!' I looked earnestly in the face of Werner; the eyes had closed, the pulse was still, the chest ceased

to heave, the sufferer was no more—but instead of features writhed with anguish, his countenance now expressed a heavenly composure, as if consolation had arrived at the very moment he expired. Scenes of death-bed changes are familiar to the *humane* physician; his skill suffers no offence in the common dissolution of his kind. I know not that, much earlier in the malady, I could myself have saved poor Werner; but it would not have been by physic I should have attempted his cure.

"When, years after this event, I had succeeded among the scientific of the French nation, and established my theory by *healing multitudes*, I passed over into England, where I was told a fresh inquisition had been embodied to censure or stifle the new science. In London I found my early friend Fuseli, writing and even publishing in English, which we had studied together. He was using at the same time his magic pencil to display on canvass the poetic creations of your country, and the heroes of his own.* Among the extraordinary occurrences of his life, he mentioned to me the unaccountable fact of a pupil of his, named Sydenham, who drew with the greatest accuracy and spirit, as if from nature present before him, German *scenery* and *individuals* of GER-

* See the composition of WILLIAM TELL by that painter.

MANY; though he had never been out of England! My friend treated the subject as deeply mysterious. It excited my curiosity strongly. I asked the parentage and residence of the youth, and resolved, as I should find occasion, to observe this phenomenon. The dying wish of Werner now recurred to me, and it flashed into my mind suddenly that his prayer had been *granted*, and that an *identity* of mind might connect the two persons of Werner and Sydenham.

"In pursuance of my design, I now enquired after your habits, and found, as I expected, that you were much in foreign society. Our interview at the tavern on the night of the hurricane, you well remember, nor would I willingly forget it. I did not then wear the ordinary garb of physicians; there was nothing in common between us. I always trusted much to my exterior, by which I found all descriptions of men greatly impressed; and I knew so much of the secrets of nature, as to allow to time itself little power over my features. I joined your friend and you during a conversation exactly suited to my object, and I soon saw that I had surmised truly as to the identity between yourself and Werner. If I could have doubted my own science, your obvious *alarm* at the name of the deceased, carried conviction home to my reason. I anticipated, naturally, your

growing anxiety to know more, or more positively, of the strange intruder, and the motives to his disclosure. As you had intended it should, your ingenious advertisement one day caught my eye as I was indolently turning back the file of Public Advertisers in Batson's Coffee-House. As an odd coincidence, the almost inseparable friends, Dr. Schomberg and the illustrious Garrick, were sitting in the next box to me. I wrote an answer to your question where I sat, and as I knew your address, sent it to your residence by a porter. I had reasoned upon your case, as you probably did yourself, and urged you, by foreign travel, to visit the proper scenes for beginning the atonement so essential to your peace.

"Our rencontre at Canterbury, however, was on my part quite undesigned. I was then on a visit there to my learned friend the dean; and attended the cathedral service, as you probably did, from the complex feeling of religious duty, and admiration of the strains in which music had harmonized our supplications. From one of the stalls in the choir, I easily recognised your person; but I judged that you were on your route, as I wished you to be, and I had really nothing to add of a nature so pressing, as to render it advisable to dissolve the little mystery between us, which I intended should be salutary. Since then, I know that every

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essential aid has been rendered to your progress. You have been led by an infallible wisdom to an infallible result. May the rest of your life be happy!

"In now taking leave of my young friend, a little may be said, without vanity, as to myself. Objects of infinite importance to mankind claim ME wholly. In addition to simplifying the healing art, I design to work a mighty revolution in philosophy. I am destined to unfold unknown principles to the world, leading all to profound and benevolent results. But prejudice assailed the grand discoveries of Newton, and purblind physicians dispute, or deny, the MAGNETIC POWER which I have *detected*.

"I have already said enough to reveal me to one of your endowments; but while I close this explanation, with the expression of most cordial esteem, I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of subjoining the name of

"MESMER."

Such was the letter from this most extraordinary man. He was the real inventor of ANIMAL MAGNETISM; but I have always considered that his most unfailing specific was the *imagination* of the patient. It is not, however, for me to judge him, either as physician or philosopher. Theories like his spring and fall in one age, to rise again in another and flourish

perhaps for centuries. The philosophy of EXPERIMENT alone *permanently adds* to science.

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Here I shall close this narrative. I have reached that point of my existence, when the connexion of the two lives was *dropt* entirely. I describe the scenes only in which it influenced my present being. The world at large will not perhaps regret, that this amazing privilege has been peculiar to myself. I do not think that they ought. Yet, in fact, most men are permitted TWO LIVES even here; *one* of ACTION, with its *usual attendant* ERROR; the *other* of REFLECTION, and, as it ought to prove, of ATONEMENT. To carry on the parallel, neither are THEY without a mysterious friend and guide, to whom the *magnetic* MESMER was but as a shade; who comes upon them unannounced, and knows them through all disguises. He is plain, too, and generally alarming in his addresses, and urges them to take the only course that conducts to their real interest, their peace, their honour, and their final happiness. The reader *feels* that I can only here mean the power of CONSCIENCE.

EDWARD SYDENHAM.

THE END.

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